

# MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

No. 6.

## ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

The foundation of an American academy in Rome, and other current notes from the world of art—with engravings of some of the best canvases exhibited at this year's Paris Salon.

### AN AMERICAN ACADEMY IN ROME.

A very important recent incident is the incorporation, under the laws of the State of New York, of an academy in Rome for the promotion and advancement of the

fine arts in America. This means that an institution is to be founded and maintained in the imperial city for the benefit of American fine art students. Under favorable conditions and proper restrictions, it



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"BESIDE THE SEA."

*From the painting by Edouard Bisson, exhibited at this year's Salon.*



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"A LUCKY HUSSAR."

*From the painting by Alonzo Perez, exhibited at this year's Salon.*

will afford every advantage for advancement in architecture, sculpture, or painting.

The work of the academy is to be prosecuted in Rome, but its results will be seen in America. American students having acquired proficiency in their art in an American institution abroad, will

come back to their own country to work. The principal offices of the corporation are to be in New York, and its business affairs are to be managed here. The directors of the academy are Augustus St. Gaudens, John La Farge, Edwin H. Blashfield, Daniel C. French, J. Q. A. Ward, Charles F. McKim, and Frederick





"TELLING A STORY."

*From a photograph by the Maison Ad. Braun (Braun, Clement & Co.) after the painting by Emile Adan, exhibited at this year's Salon.*



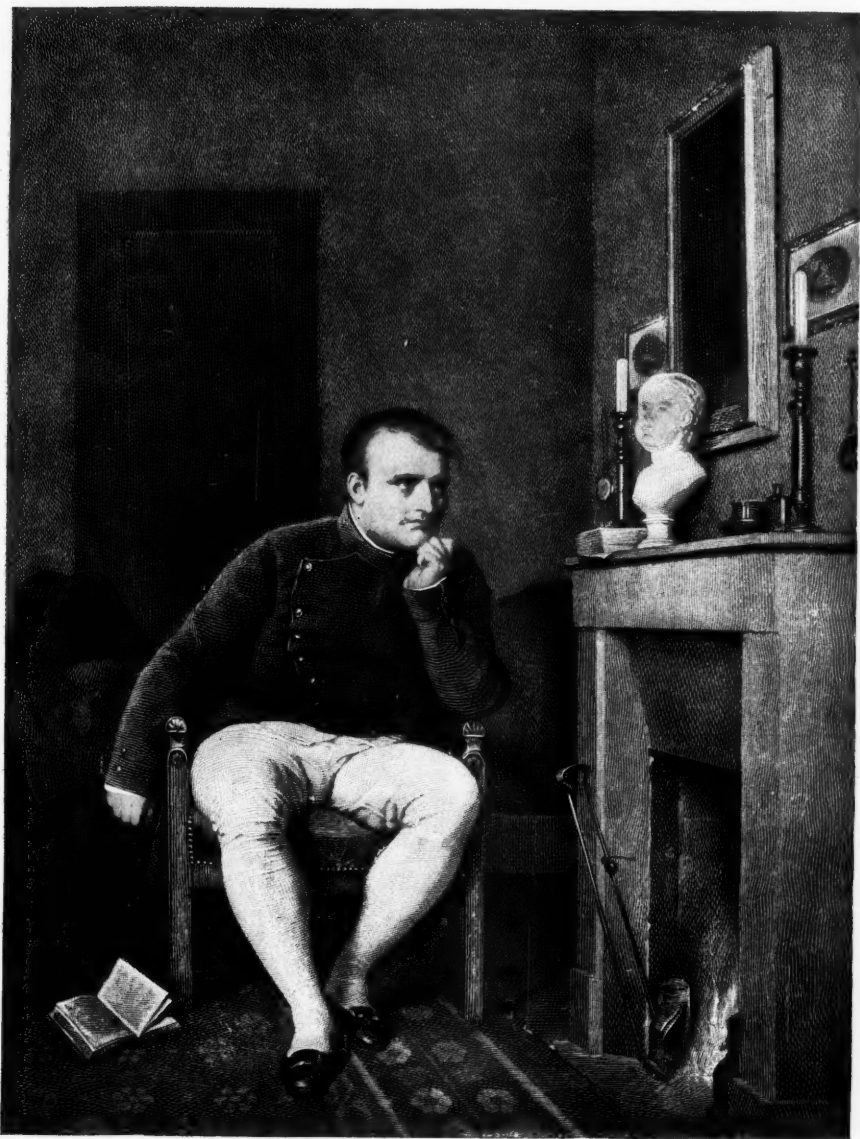
"JEANNE D'ARC AND THE HEAVENLY VOICES."

*From a photograph by the Maison Ad. Braun (Braun, Clément & Co.) after the painting by Jacques Wagrez, exhibited at this year's Salon.*

Crowninshield of New York, Daniel H. Burnham of Chicago, and Frank W. Chandler of Boston.

It is something of a commentary on the question of "art for art's sake" in Amer-

ica, or at least it is a side light on the much discussed "incentive" to art in this country, that our National Academy of Design, which opens its season early in October, should offer as money prizes, to be divided among the students of all



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"NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA."

*From the painting by E. A. Guillon, exhibited at this year's Salon.*

its classes, just four hundred and thirty five dollars.

\* \* \* \*

A valuable collection of seventeen oil paintings depicting memorable scenes in the life of Washington has just been presented by thirty Boston men to the pub-

lic library of that city. The pictures are considered to form one of the best existing collections on the subject.

\* \* \* \*

National art seems nowhere so strong as in France. The most recent indication of this is the organized movement of Pa-



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"JUST BY CHANCE."

*From the painting by E. Blair Leighton—By permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, 14 East 23d St., New York.*

risian art lovers to purchase pictures for their city's great national gallery which might otherwise go into private or public

collections out of the country. The society has the pleasant name of "Les Amis du Louvre."





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"BUTTERFLIES."

*From the painting by Jean Bauduin, exhibited at this year's Salon.*



# THE COMMUNE OF PARIS.

BY MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL.

In Three Parts—Part II.

The ruinous madness of the Communistic leaders, the grotesque parody of a government they set up in Paris, and their desperate and bloody struggle against the cordon of steel and fire that daily closed in around them.



ON the 1st of April, 1871, the Commune had organized its power, as far as it ever was organized. Delegates of war, foreign affairs, justice, and so forth, were appointed, supposedly to have the administration of these departments of government; but there never was any practical administration of affairs. The chiefs thus named were men without knowledge or experience; and they acted like schoolboys come into the possession of a hundred ton gun, to use against their enemies. Nobody was quite willing to take charge of it, and nobody was quite equal to taking charge of it.

In this, as in everything else, the Commune presented a unique spectacle. Instead of a few resolute men seizing power and holding it, as the case has always been heretofore in these great convulsions, all alike seemed unable to direct the vast force of which they suddenly found themselves possessed. The names of the men who in turn succeeded each other, emerging from obscurity one day, to be engulfed in forgetfulness the next, are not worth recording, and it is a vain proceeding to follow minutely their shifts and subterfuges, their turnings and windings, their lofty assumption of power and their abject renun-

ciation of it. Their legislative action was chaotic. Half the time they did not themselves know where power resided. Yet they assumed more than any municipal government in modern times has ever dared to assume. In 1789 the Commune overawed the National Assembly, but did not attempt to rule without it, as the Commune of 1871 did. The municipality of Paris attempted to deal directly with foreign governments, and actually claimed what the free cities of New York and London never claimed—that no soldier should set his foot within Paris without the consent of the municipal authorities.

In one thing alone were they all strong, capable, and united—and that was in the disposition to pillage, confiscate, and destroy. In one thing only were they prompt and efficient—the hoisting of the red flag everywhere; and in one thing only were they thorough, and that was in abolishing, as far as proclamations could go, every-

thing that had previously existed, from the grade of general, which was declared undemocratic, down to French grammar, which was officially declared to be a dead thing and unworthy to be practised by patriots.

To show, however, how little this Communistic band of ruffians represented Paris, it is only necessary to glance at the sham elections held on the 27th of March. Only about one fifth of the registered voting population of Paris took part in these elec-



GENERAL BERGERET'S STAFF.

*"A collection of tatterdemalions dressed in the most theatrical costumes, and armed with pistols, knives, swords, and carbines, like pirates."*

tions, and in three of the twenty arrondissements into which the city is divided, the Communist electors were over-

thrown. One hundred and six members of the Commune were elected, but at the first meeting only about fifty five turned

up. It became necessary, on the 16th of April, to have a supplementary election to fill vacancies. At this the showing was even worse. General Cluseret, who was then minister of war, and in command of 150,000 men, got 1,968 votes, while General Dombrowski, the commandant of Paris, got 65.

coolness of the crassest ignorance, of the destinies of the finest city in the world, is moving and amazing. These men tried to imitate the men of 1789, but genius was as scarce in 1871 as it was plentiful in 1789.

There is an axiom that the occasion produces the man, but it failed signally



A TYPICAL SCENE AT NEUILLY.

*"From the day of the sortie until the armistice on the 25th of April, the wretched inhabitants lived in their cellars."*

Nothing is more tedious than studying out in detail the vagaries of this alleged government. First there were nine members, called the Central Committee. After a few weeks they were set aside in favor of a Committee of Public Safety, consisting of five of the worst scamps that ever went unhung. When the collapse finally came, not more than fifty men could be found of those who claimed to have been charged with the government of Paris. The sight of the working engineer, Assi, with Bergeret, the stone mason, and Girard, the watchmaker, disposing, with the

in the Commune of 1871. No Mirabeau arose to stun the world with the thunders of his splendid eloquence. No Barras appeared to direct events by his administrative genius. No Danton was found, who by the tremendous power of his personality could rouse all France, as well as Paris, to defense, and could look on fourteen armies placed in the field within a few weeks by Republican France. No Camille Desmoulins stood forth, to move and inflame the people by his written and spoken words. There was not even a successor to Robespierre in stealthy per-



THE DEFEAT OF THE NATIONAL GUARD SORTIES.

*"The insurgents would be dispersed, and when they wanted to get back into the city they would find the gates closed against them."*

sistence and quietly determined wickedness. All were alike commonplace in everything, except a love of evil; and in one respect only did they resemble other revolutionists—to quote the savage epigram of Danton: "In a revolution the authority ought to belong to the greatest scoundrels." They were certainly very great scoundrels, but they were vain, foolish, and weak scoundrels as well.

The French Revolution drew within its vortex the greatest minds in France. Not so the Commune. They made much of the few educated men they had, like Henri Rochefort, who was a gentleman by birth, and who, feeling his deficiencies in the matter of vituperative language, used to attend the fish markets to learn the art of scolding from the fish wives. There were among the Communists a few dissatisfied army officers, two or three men who had passed brilliant examinations, and a singularly large number of foreign anarchists, brought to Paris during the activity of the "Internationale" a few years before. Such elements may be

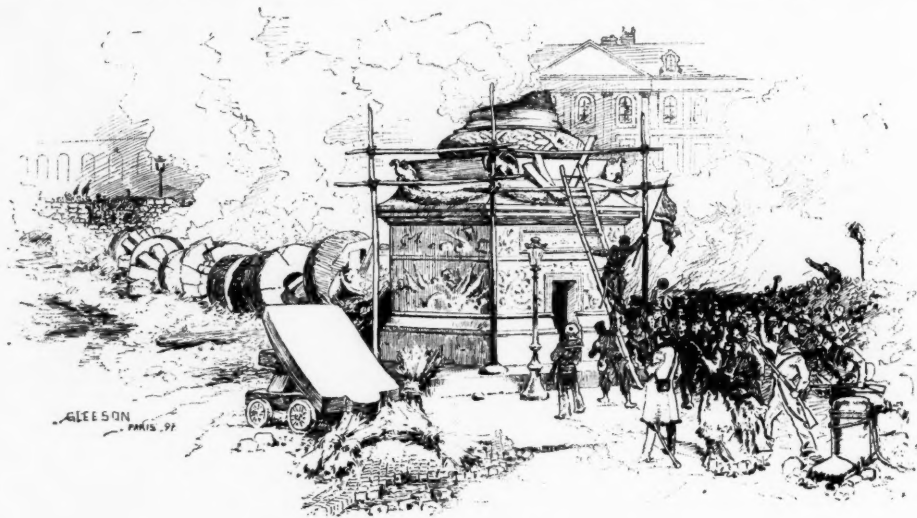
found in all great cities, and should they get control of large bodies of armed men, like the national guard, who are reluctant to give up their arms and pay, the scenes of the Commune might be repeated anywhere.

The total absence of military leadership among the Communists is also remarkable. They fought continuously, and generally with the greatest bravery, from the beginning of April to the end of May, and never won an engagement. The government troops, although slow in being collected, yet steadily tightened the cordon around Paris, and never lost a foot of ground they had once acquired. They nobly sustained the reputation of French gunnery, and their bombardment was a very different thing from the Prussian bombardment, which Paris could have stood a good while longer had but the Parisians had anything to eat. It was said that scarcely a shot from Mont Valérien went astray or failed to explode.

The Parisians themselves showed how much more formidable was the French to

the German bombardment. During the siege by the Prussians, so careless did the people become—men, women, and children rushing forward to look at the shells as they fell—that the authorities were compelled to issue a decree that the police should arrest all persons indulging in such dangerous curiosity. No such warning was necessary when the Versailles began to drop shot and shells into Paris. The population became so terri-

town that the mind could imagine. The law abiding people still looked for help from Versailles, and hoped from day to day for succor. Meanwhile, the Central Committee of the Commune began issuing decrees, which caused a stampede from the city on the part of all who could get away. One of the first called upon all the men between nineteen and forty to serve in the national guard. As the better class of Parisians were very certain



THE DEMOLITION OF THE VENDÔME COLUMN.

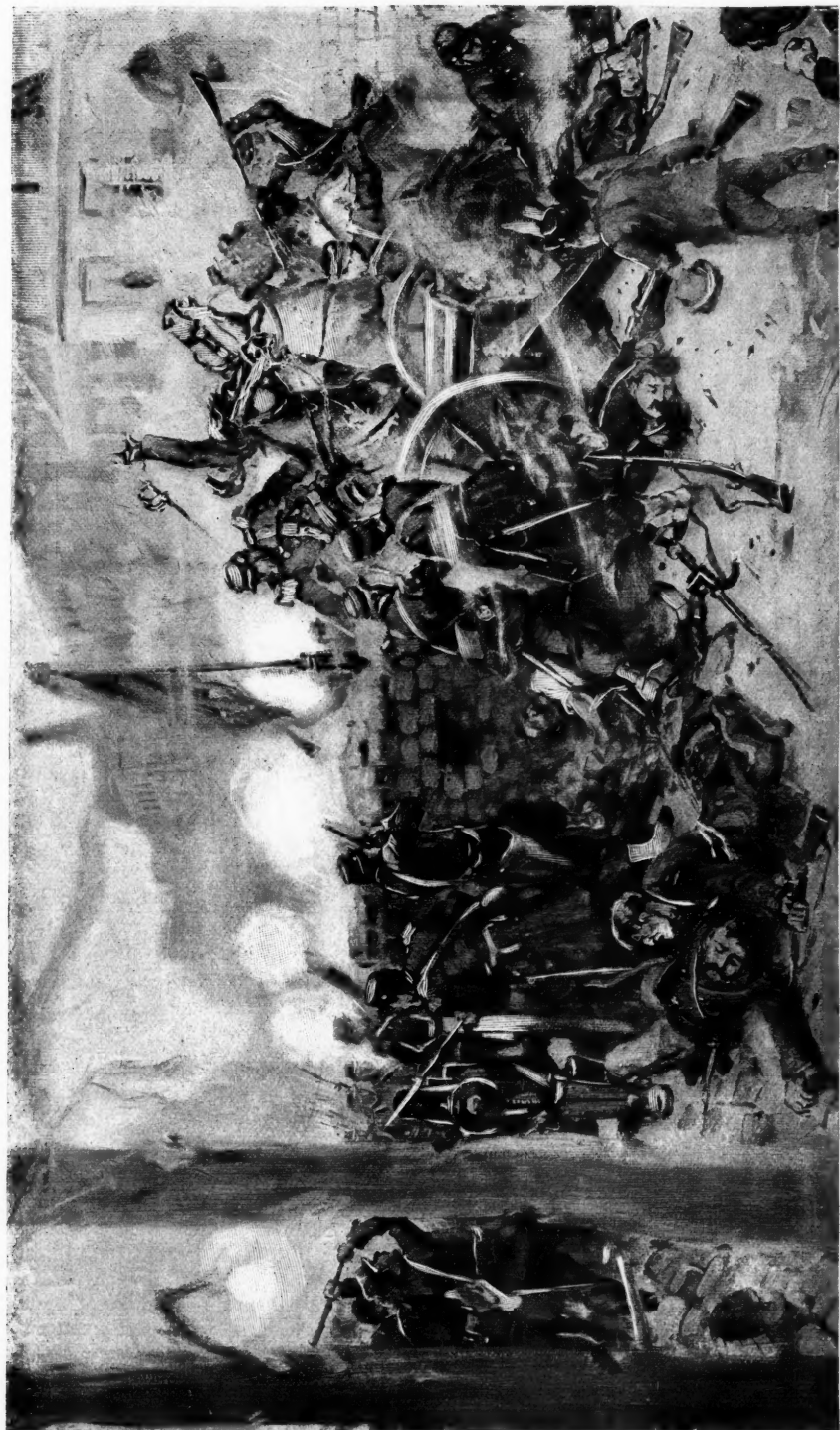
fied, after a day or two of it, that whole quarters were evacuated, and the people in the streets ran from the places struck, instead of toward them. There were many days when the bombardment far exceeded anything known during the regular siege. It is well known that the danger from a flying shell is decreased about three fourths if the persons near its track will fall flat on their faces. When the scream of an *obus* was heard, everybody would instantly fall flat—to the amusement of the gamins, who sometimes diverted themselves by shouting in the ear of a sober citizen, "A shell!" for the delight of seeing the sober citizen throw himself flat on his face in the street, the roadway, or wherever he might be.

About the 1st of April the city began to assume the sinister appearance which grew worse and worse until in a few weeks Paris was the most melancholy looking

that the red revolution and all connected with it must eventually be annihilated, they had no mind to enter into its service—and had to devise means to escape the vengeance of the Commune then or that of the regular government afterward.

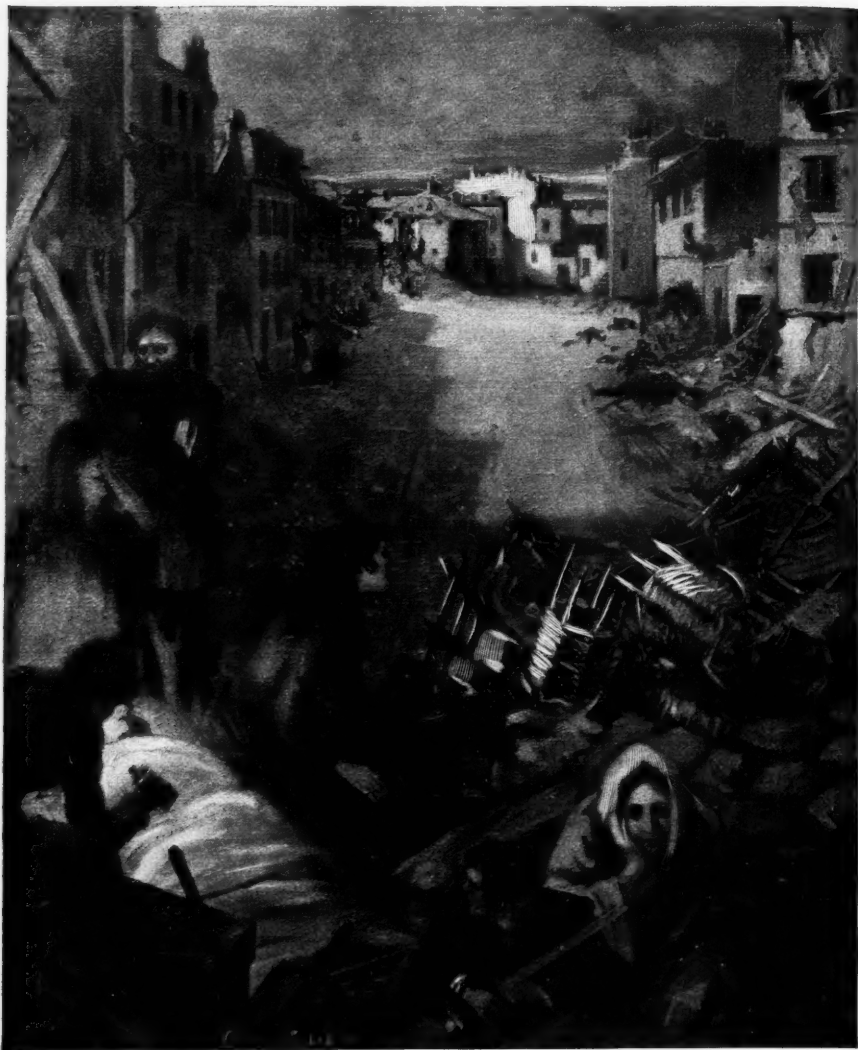
The easiest plan was to sneak out of the city, as the gates were opened regularly for the feeding of the millions of persons. The Communists were more than willing to let the women and children go, but they strongly objected to the men getting away from them. Nevertheless, ways were found for many to escape serving under the red flag. Men got out in empty casks sent for charcoal. Gentlemen dressed themselves up as market gardeners, and slipped past the sentries in carts. Others, disguised as drivers of *fiacres*, would manage to pass through the gates on the pretense of having been ordered to go for national guard officers





FIGHTING IN THE SUBURBS OF PARIS.

*"The fighting daily grew more furious, as the Versaillesists steadily and surely advanced, and the insurgents found their fortifications falling about their ears."*



NEUILLY AT NIGHT.

*"Neuilly was a battle ground, swept by shell and shot, and its wretched inhabitants could only come forth at night, when the horrors which met their gaze drove them back to their miserable hiding places."*

doing duty outside the walls. In all, it is estimated that three hundred thousand persons left the city between the 1st and the 15th of April.

Nearly every Alsatian and Lorrainer in Paris wished to leave the city, and was willing to plead his newly acquired German citizenship to accomplish this. By the courage and ability of the American minister, Mr. Washburne, a great number of them were enabled to escape. When

the Prussian embassy left Paris, Bismarck, who knew very well what manner of man the American minister was, requested him officially to look out for the interests of the Germans in the French capital. This was a difficult and dangerous business, but it was so well performed that Bismarck paid no heed to numerous hints given by Mr. Washburne, after the treaty of peace was signed, that a representative of the German government be sent

to Paris. The chancellor was shrewd enough to see that the American minister could serve him infinitely better than a German representative could—and was conveniently blind and deaf to Mr. Washburne's diplomatic requests that he be relieved from his honorable but onerous task. Bismarck was willing to supply all the money that was needed for the transportation of Germans from Paris or their maintenance there; for the extra force of clerks necessary at the American legation; for anything, in short, for which money was of use. But he was probably of the same opinion as Henry Labouchere concerning diplomats regularly trained in governmental offices: "They are little better than old women when called upon to act in an emergency." Mr. Washburne was not that sort of a diplomat, and Bismarck, having got the services of the most capable man in the diplomatic corps during a frightful emergency, very wisely retained them as long as he could—to the advantage of the Germans in particular and humanity in general.

The diplomatic corps, which left Paris in a body—except the American minister—had every reason for going. It would have been a mortal insult for any European government to have had any relations with the insurgents. Lord Lyons, the British ambassador, very justly said that, without detracting from Mr. Washburne's courage and devotion in remaining, he was differently situated from the other foreign representatives. The United States had no interest in the struggle beyond a purely friendly and humanitarian one; and it was possible for the American minister, while maintaining the closest relations with the Versailles government, and keeping an office open always at Versailles, whither he went back and forth unmolested, to remain in Paris, where his services were inestimable.

The Central Committee, which undertook to treat with foreign governments, and even with the Prussians, sent notifications to all the diplomatic corps, through its alleged minister for foreign affairs. Mr. Washburne alone responded, and was the only diplomat who ever appeared at the foreign office during the Commune. The Versailles government

did not fail to give him an unofficial intimation that it was not agreeable to them that the American minister should hold communication with the insurgent government. Mr. Washburne's reply was that while it was far from his intention to do anything unacceptable to the Versailles government, he was enabled, by remaining in Paris and communicating with the insurgent leaders, to do something toward the salvation of life and property. M. Thiers and M. Jules Favre undoubtedly acquiesced in this just and reasonable view, for nothing more was said to him about it.

As for the Communist leaders, they seem to have respected the American minister when they respected nothing else. Not once were the passports he issued to persons and the protection papers he gave to property violated. He was not powerful enough to save the lives of the Archbishop of Paris, President Bonjean, and the other hostages; but he was enabled to go to them in their extremity, in the face of violent opposition, and used the word "must" to the Communal authorities, which probably no other mortal being did. When he went to ask for this permission, he said plainly to General Cluseret—who had held a brigadier general's commission in the United States army—that he "must" see the archbishop. Cluseret yielded. Later on, when the illustrious sufferer fell into the hands of the vampire, Raoul Rigault, Mr. Washburne approached Rigault with the same calm determination, and got the same permission from him.

Of the national guard which garrisoned Paris it is difficult to get an exact idea, but it is likely that the effective military force of the Commune never exceeded eighty thousand men—brave, well armed, with plenty of artillery and ammunition, but poorly disciplined and worse officered, with old and young, the active and the feeble, all huddled in regiments together without the slightest segregation. Of the rest of the national guard, which originally numbered about 250,000 men, many regiments remained loyal, while much of this vast force seemed gifted with vanishing qualities, and melted away mysteriously day by day. In the middle of April General Cluseret, the

head of the military force at the time, was issuing pay and rations to 125,000 men; but although that number was easily found when it was a question of bread and pay, a large section became invisible when fighting was the order of the day.

There were enough of them, though, to make it necessary for the Versailles authorities to collect a large force to conquer them; and having halted and hesitated and coaxed and wheedled, when the revolt was made up of a few regiments encamped on the Buttes Montmartre, the government now had to send 150,000 men to rescue Paris. The insurgents, seeing that their military force was as strong as it was ever likely to be, while the Versailles were collecting an army in earnest, realized that they must strike a blow at once, and determined, at the first meeting of the Central Committee after the 27th of March, to make a sortie in force. The 3rd of April was fixed upon, and on the 1st of April the concentration of troops begun on the south and northwest of the city. They professed to believe that the troops of the line would fraternize with the national guard as soon as they came within sight, and proclaimed the fact that Mont Valérien would be surrendered to them without firing a shot. This last proved to be a disastrous mistake.

On the morning of April 3—a day of ideal beauty—more than seventy thousand soldiers marched out of Paris, in three columns, toward Versailles. The first column, of 35,000 men, was under the command of "General" Eudes, who had been in jail under a charge of murder until liberated by the Commune. This redoubtable leader expected to have a quiet and uninterrupted march to Versailles by the way of Reuil; but scarcely had he got his huge and unwieldy force upon the road, with the woods of Verrières on one side and Meudon on the other, when the crack of musketry was heard, and a large detachment of Versailles troops, posted in the woods, poured a galling fire into the Parisians. Then the mitrailleuses got to work, and it was seen that "General" Eudes had led his men into a *cul de sac*, where there was but one thing to do—and that was to turn around and run away.

The insurgent troops fought better than

might have been expected, but they were no match for the Versailles, who behaved with a cool courage that made their defeats by the Prussians the more remarkable. The insurgents were poor artillerymen, the horses had never been under fire before, and by plunging and kicking and running rendered the guns useless. For several hours the insurgents sustained the attack, with confusion in their ranks, but without cowardice. By noon, however, the column of Eudes was in full retreat toward Paris. They halted at the plateau of Chatillon for the night, but next day they abandoned that strong position, which was at once occupied by the Versailles troops, who never gave up ground they once occupied, and so drew the wall of fire tighter every day around the city.

The column under "General" Bergeret did no better. Bergeret was a stone mason, and had no acquaintance with the art of riding. He therefore started out to the field of battle in a victoria and pair. He was surrounded by his staff—a collection of tatterdemalions dressed in the most theatrical costumes, and armed with pistols, knives, swords, and carbines, like pirates. Twenty thousand men followed the stone mason. They were to proceed by way of Mont Valérien, and fully expected this mighty fortification to be given up to them without striking a blow. Vain hope! The Versailles government had sent out a small, but picked force, to meet these men. There was a belief that they might return to their duty, if strongly appealed to. When they reached Valérien, they were totally disappointed in the attitude of affairs. The advancing column of Versailles, composed of steady troops, and a detachment of sailors—these latter, by the way, covered themselves with glory in every position in which they were placed during the terrible days of 1870 and '71—made a resolute attack upon the mass of insurgents.

The latter wavered, when Dr. Pasquier, a surgeon much beloved in the Versailles army, obtained permission to carry a flag of truce to the insurgents. He advanced, preceded by a trumpeter with a white flag, and followed by two soldiers, toward the bridge of Combevoix. Two insurgents walked towards him. It was then



about eight o'clock in the morning, and the little group at the bridge was in full view of the many thousands of soldiers on both sides. Dr. Pasquier and the two insurgents met and talked for a few moments, when one of the insurgents, suddenly drawing his revolver, shot Dr. Pasquier through the head, and the doctor dropped to the ground and died without drawing a breath.

A shout of rage went up from the Versailles troops, as the brave man fell. Instantly firing began on all sides, and the Versailles troops charged the insurgents with overwhelming fury. Mitrailleuses were brought up with almost inconceivable rapidity, and the vigor of the attack became irresistible. The insurgents were routed at all points. The rout became a panic, and Bergeret was foremost in the flight.

Couriers had been sent back to Paris, carrying despatches, representing that the insurgents were on the way to Versailles, and even at Versailles, where they were reported to have captured forty thousand prisoners. While these wonderful bulletins were being read out at Paris, the crowd could not always restrain its laughter, although it was a dark day for the great city. The news of the forty thousand prisoners captured by Bergeret's column was received by some one's yelling: "But only twenty thousand men went out under Bergeret!" The courier, without paying any attention to this interruption, bawled out:

"General Bergeret behaved with the greatest gallantry, and had two horses killed under him!"

"Before him, you mean," cried another voice. "He went out in a victoria!"

About this time the stragglers were coming in from all quarters, beaten and discouraged. The third column, of about twenty thousand men, under the command of General Duval, had had no better luck, although it showed greater steadiness. It advanced from the forts of Issy and Vanves toward Meudon. The heights of Meudon were well provided with cannon, commanding the valley below, through which the insurgent army had to pass. A steady and well directed cannonade made bloody gaps in their ranks, but they closed up with wonderful pre-

cision. They even made a desperate attempt to scale the heights, but each time they recoiled at the muzzles of the guns, from which poured forth a storm of destruction. General Duval was killed, after showing bravery which won him the admiration of his enemies. Driven back at last, the insurgents retreated slowly, taking time to butcher the few prisoners they had captured. The gates were opened to them, and after many hours of fighting they returned, less thousands killed and taken prisoners.

The killing of Dr. Pasquier and of the prisoners had so infuriated the Versailles troops against the captured insurgents that it was with difficulty their lives were saved. General the Marquis de Gallifet had several Communists executed by way of reprisals. It was said that at no time had the fighting between the Prussians and the French been any more desperate than in the encounter at the bridge of Combevoix, and no less than twenty one Versailles officers were killed near that point on that fearful day.

This was the first and last sortie in force, but the fighting daily grew fiercer. Neuilly became so great a battle ground that from the day of the sortie until the armistice on the 25th of April the wretched inhabitants lived in their cellars. On the 6th of April, Bergeret, who, like the rest of the Communist authorities, reveled in proclamations, issued one in which he said: "As for Neuilly, the great aim of our adversaries, I have fortified it formidably, and I defy any army to take it." The next morning Mont Valérien waked Paris with its thunders, and Neuilly became untenable for the insurgents.

Within Paris lightning changes were taking place among the Central Committee and the military leaders. Citizen Assi, chairman of the Central Committee, who had devoted himself chiefly to the harmless amusement of driving about Paris in a splendid carriage, which six months before had belonged to M. Thiers, and twelve months before to Napoleon III, was suddenly packed off to the Mazas prison. His offense was that he reminded the Central Committee that some of their acts were not strictly legal according to their own code. He was followed to the Mazas by Citizen Bergeret, whose



military career was cut short, and his command given to "General" Dombrowski, a Polish convict, who had escaped from Siberia.

The star of Cluseret, minister of war, was now rising. He had come to the United States during the civil war, and being a plausible fellow, had insinuated himself into the good graces of Sumner, who procured for him a commission as brigadier general, in spite of President Lincoln's distrust of the Frenchman, who had "adventurer" written all over him. Cluseret immediately took out naturalization papers, and as far as could be judged, beyond drawing his pay and becoming an American citizen, his services appear to have been *nil*. He returned to Paris, and got into trouble with the authorities under the empire, but went free through the efforts of Mr. Washburne, then lately appointed minister. This turned out to be a fortunate circumstance, as Cluseret knew something of civilized warfare, and, while bad enough in all conscience, was not quite the monster that others were.

The Versaillesists were daily growing stronger, and it was seen that there could be but one issue to the siege; but meanwhile, there was a shorter way of reducing Paris. This was by cutting off the supplies, as the Prussians had done. They had taken the mighty city, not by fighting her, but by starving her. Paris produces nothing, and the stoppage of supplies for one week must have starved the two million persons within her gates. But M. Thiers and M. Jules Favre chose rather to lose thousands of the bravest and most loyal of the Versaillesist troops, and to permit the worst horrors of modern times to occur in Paris itself, rather than to inflict a few days of pain. Had their food been stopped, the Communists would have been as eager to surrender as any one in the city of Paris. M. Thiers had been one of the foremost advocates of the plan to make Paris a fortress and to trust to luck for the feeding of the millions. With a determined enemy like the Prussians, it did not succeed—and need not have succeeded at any time. But up to the very last days of the Commune, those who had money could get luxuries, and the Communists, having the wealth of the richest city in

the world to levy upon, always had money.

As a sample of what might be obtained up to the very last days of the Commune, two bills of fare furnished to the blood-thirsty Raoul Rigault, prefect of police, and his private secretary, at the Trois Frères, the most celebrated restaurant in Paris, have been published. This is a sample of how this "friend of the disinherited classes" lived, when poverty and ruin stalked abroad in Paris:

*Breakfast on May 10.*

	FR. C.
Nuits . . . .	15
Clos Vougeot . .	12
Bread . . . .	50
Hors d'œuvre . .	3
Sole . . . .	3
Chateaubriand	
aux truffes . .	3
Chicken . . . .	12
Salad . . . .	1 50
Cheese . . . .	75
Oranges . . . .	2
Coffee, liqueurs .	4
Cigars, Cazadores	13 50

75 25

*Breakfast on May 15.*

	FR. C.
Pomard . . . .	5
Nuits . . . .	10
Clicquot . . . .	13
Bread . . . .	50
Hors d'œuvre . .	1 60
Mackerel . . . .	3
Côte provençale .	3 75
Chicken . . . .	12
Salad . . . .	1 50
Cheese . . . .	50
Ices . . . .	3
Coffee, liqueurs .	3
Cigars . . . .	6

62 85

On the 4th of April, after the unsuccessful sortie, the Central Committee issued six savage decrees, which practically abolished all security for life and property in Paris. About the same time, after having proclaimed that the liberty of the press was the corner stone of freedom, they suppressed all of the respectable journals in the city. These six decrees were called the laws of the hostages, and their results were so infamous that some of the wretches who planned them afterwards thought it necessary to apologize for them. The decree relating to hostages set forth that for every Communist executed by the Versaillesists three of the hostages held by the Communists should die. They proceeded to secure as hostages Mgr. Darboy, archbishop of Paris, M. Bonjean, president of the court of cassation, a number of the best citizens, and more than sixty priests.

The subsequent murder of these inoffensive persons was undoubtedly the blackest page in the whole history of the Commune. The heroic story of the victims has been told many times, but the account given by the American minister cannot be surpassed in its touching sim-

plicity. President Bonjean must ever stand as the type of the upright and unflinching magistrate. He came back to Paris after the 18th of March, when others fled from it; he declined a parole of forty eight hours to visit his family, for fear he should not be able to return in time, and laid down his life for the honor of the court he so worthily represented. Of Archbishop Darboy Mr. Washburne says: "For myself, I can never think of this illustrious martyr without being overwhelmed with emotions that I am scarcely able to express." And of the unfortunate priests, he says that they were "hunted down like wolves. Their fate seemed to me to be very hard. They remained in Paris during the siege, suffered unheard of privations of cold and hunger, visited the sick and wounded, and upheld the courage of the people."

Archbishop Darboy was arrested on the charge of conspiring with the enemies of the republic—while, in fact, he had pleaded with M. Thiers for a reconciliation with the Communists, and was deeply attached to the Parisians, always disposed to take the most lenient view of what they did. He entertained most liberal ideas on all subjects, and had carefully abstained from meddling with political affairs during the empire. He had asked the emperor to leave him as much alone as possible, frankly admitting, at the same time, that he should mention the emperor as little as possible. It is another evidence of the magnanimity of Napoleon III that he respected the archbishop's independent attitude, and held him in high favor.

The Jesuits and the Dominicans had closed their schools at the beginning of the siege and had turned their buildings into hospitals, where they faithfully nursed the sick and the wounded. The Christian Brothers devoted themselves to the work of bringing the wounded in from the field, and several of them met death while engaged in this noble work for humanity. The sisters of charity, and of other religious orders, were not behind in these labors, so worthy of the Master they followed, and like the priests, more than one of them died as true soldiers on the field of battle. But this did not save the rest from being shot down, and some-

times even torn to pieces. It is a remarkable evidence of the belief of the Communists in the ultimate goodness of these people that many of the insurgents—Cluseret among the number—sought refuge with priests and nuns when the Versaillists entered Paris, and in no case was succor refused them. In some instances, Communists remained concealed for weeks by the religious whom they had persecuted, and then finally escaped.

The next step after throwing into prison great numbers of innocent persons, especially religious, both men and women, was the confiscation of what the Communists called the treasures of the church. This meant the sacred vessels, pictures, and the like. The act gave great dissatisfaction to the lower classes, who regarded these things as their share of art and beauty. As the *Moniteur* said: "Democrats, respect democratic art, which, perhaps, the Christian religion alone has placed at the service of the poor as well as the rich." But this availed nothing. Henri Rochefort, who had let his old father subsist on a miserable pittance granted by charity, while his own profits from his newspaper were estimated at six thousand dollars a month, was foremost in advocating this confiscation. The better classes of people were excessively alarmed at it, as they foresaw the beginning of a general pillage.

Later in the month of April, religious services were prohibited, and the churches turned into meeting places for political clubs. The rage against the priests grew more fierce, and spared neither young nor old. A venerable curé more than eighty years of age, who had spent fifty years in well doing, was dragged before Raoul Rigault, the prefect of police. The old man, following the ancient fashion, mildly addressed Rigault and his associates as "my children."

Rigault, who was then about twenty seven years old, interrupted him brusquely, saying:

"Citizen, you are not before children, but in the presence of a magistrate. What is your profession?"

"I am a servant of God," answered the curé.

"Where does he live?" asked Rigault.

"Everywhere," answered the old man.

"Send this man to the Conciergerie," was Rigault's reply, "and issue a warrant for the arrest of his master, one called God, who has no permanent residence, and is in consequence, contrary to law, living in a perpetual state of vagabondage."

Rigault was of a different opinion from Napoleon, who officially recognized the Christian religion, for the reason that "no nation can exist without religion," and unluckily for the prefect of police, the world has decided that Napoleon was a man of sounder views and more imposing personality.

Fighting still continued all day and every day. Very early in April, trade and commerce were paralyzed, and the people had nothing but their savings to live on. There was absolutely no communication with the outside world. The postal service no longer existed. People were afraid to show themselves on the street. The cafés were little patronized, and had to close at ten o'clock at night, the hour when Paris usually begins to wake up. There were no cabs on the street, chiefly because most of the horses had been eaten. Poultry and vegetables could be obtained by those who had money, but few persons except the Communist leaders had money. The gamins found great amusement in clustering around the butcher shops, when ladies, who had never gone to market before, went and bought a pound or two of horse flesh, shuddering and making wry faces the while.

The insurgents tried to arouse the enthusiasm of the masses by parading soldiers—hitherto the most charming spectacle on earth to a Parisian multitude—but in vain. The artillery dashed about, and the people cursed them for getting in their way. Regiments of national guards were paraded, and the spectators laughed at their awkward maneuvers and outlandish garments. The few prisoners taken from the Versailles were marched hither and thither, but instead of hooting them, the crowd watched them in silence, and occasionally shouted "*Vive la ligne!*" The prisoners themselves showed the greatest dislike to the Parisian populace—a new thing, for until then the French soldiers had

always been acutely sensitive to their reception by the people of Paris.

Among the first treasures which the Commune sought to plunder was, naturally, the Bank of France, one of the greatest financial institutions in existence. The story of its salvation is one of the most brilliant records of courage and address in the annals of the world. Will it be believed that this great bank, holding in its vaults a treasure of three thousand million francs, in a city given over to licensed pillage, got off with the payment of a little more than seven millions of francs to the Commune? The wonderful recuperation of French finances in 1871 and after may be attributed in a great degree to the soundness of the Bank of France—and this was achieved by the heroism and common sense of five men—the Marquis de Ploenc, deputy governor, and the four regents of the bank who remained in Paris. The governor ran away, which turned out to be a fortunate thing, as it is scarcely likely that he would have exhibited equal bravery and finesse.

On the 6th of April the Central Committee demanded possession of the bank's treasure, but the deputy governor artfully pointed out that if its securities were touched, the national guard would find worthless the notes in which the troops were paid. This was a serious consideration, and gave pause. The truth is that the loot was so vast, that no man or body of men could agree as to what should be done with it. The Central Committee appointed one of their number, M. Beslay, as a commissioner for the bank, and for fear of the people whom they professed so to love getting any of the treasure, gave the deputy governor a battalion of the national guard to defend it, while they squabbled over the prospective disposal of it themselves.

M. Beslay was as nearly respectable and intelligent as a Communist could be. The Marquis de Ploenc established the commissioner in an office at the bank, and succeeded in showing him that to loot the bank would be to turn the national guard against the Communists. The soldiers were early instructed that if a hand were laid on the treasure all their twenty franc notes would be worthless.

The deputy governor and regents could not avoid occasional requisitions, but seeing the violent jealousies and animosities among the members of the different governing bodies of the Commune, they took care to inform all of these warring factions when a requisition was made, declaring the consent of all necessary—with the result that less than eight million francs were actually paid out. They even succeeded in keeping the red flag from flying over the bank, pointing out that it was as well not to indicate too definitely to the mob where the treasure was; and as the Central Committee had no notion of sharing such plunder with the people, this suggestion was heeded. In the sixty seven days during which the Commune lasted, no colors were hoisted over the bank.

The Marquis de Ploenc did not fail to give M. Beslay credit for his behavior during this time, and the Communist commissioner was treated with the utmost leniency eventually by the Versailles government. The battalion of national guards which protected the bank was allowed, as a special mark of favor, to retain its arms.

Meanwhile there was bloody fighting going on. During the second week in April, Marshal MacMahon assumed command of the Versailles troops, and his vigor and determination were soon felt. But he was not yet strong enough to make a general attack, and the Versailles continued to let the insurgents open the gates daily, and all day, for the admission of supplies. The Prussians so little understood this state of affairs that they repeatedly offered to lend their assistance towards reducing the city. Naturally, this was declined, but it was repeated so often that M. Thiers had grave fears that the Prussians would interfere by force.

The martial character of the French people showed itself in the Communist troops, which without leaders and without discipline, blind and ignorant, yet fought bravely. In default of commanders, they had no staying power, and carried on a sort of guerrilla warfare—but they killed a good many Versailles. They would march out of the gates quite gaily and determinedly for a skirmish, but they could not long stand the heavy and con-

centrated fire of the regulars. They would be dispersed, and when they wanted to get back into the city, they would find the gates closed against them. The Central Committee was beginning to fear the effect of the continual return of beaten and disheartened soldiers. They struggled hard to keep Forts Issy and Vanves, and to regain Neuilly, but three weeks of continuous fighting found them hemmed in the closer to the ramparts.

The syndics of Paris, representing more than eight thousand merchants and traders, appointed a delegation to go to Versailles and try to arrange an accommodation with M. Thiers. They were politely received, but M. Thiers assured them that nothing could be accepted short of an unconditional surrender. But on the 25th of April, an armistice was arranged, to last from nine in the morning until five in the afternoon, that the inhabitants of Neuilly might leave the cellars of their houses, where they had lived in terror for three weeks. During all this time Neuilly had been a battle ground, swept by shell and shot and musketry, and its wretched inhabitants could only come forth at night, when the horrors which met their gaze drove them back to their miserable hiding places. The appearance of these people was pitiable in the extreme. At five o'clock they had escaped, and the battle began again with redoubled fury.

On the 29th of April, the freemasons made a great demonstration. A large proportion of them in Paris were Communists, and openly allied themselves with the Central Committee. But there was a determined and respectable minority which refused to countenance these proceedings, and repudiated them in the name of freemasonry. The Communistic freemasons assembled in a body at the Hôtel de Ville and marched, with music and banners, to the ramparts, with the intention of planting their masonic flags alongside the red flag of the Commune. The procession was, like most of the Communistic processions, at once terrible and laughable. One gigantic ruffian paraded in front, carrying a red flag and a white one, and on the latter was inscribed "Love one another"! These flags were fixed to the ramparts, and the commandant of the nearest post in possession of the Versail-



lists, himself a mason, stopped the bombardment for a short time, while he received a deputation of the masons. Finding they were acting in violation of the authorities of their order, he refused to respect the masonic flags, and they were soon riddled by musketry. The commandant, however, courteously sent a deputation to Versailles, which saw M. Thiers; but the day for making terms had passed.

The fighting daily grew more furious, as the Versaillists steadily and surely advanced, and the insurgents found their fortifications falling about their ears. Still they fought on, with a kind of savage gaiety. They had nothing to lose but their lives, and they knew, from the temper of the people and the troops, that these would be held cheaply when the day of reckoning came.

In the last days of April, the cannonade became terrific. The Versaillists had a hundred and fifty great guns trained on Paris, and they bellowed by day and night. Both sides had mitrailleuses in plenty, and a strange feature of the struggle outside the walls was the fighting between the ironclad locomotives, which each possessed. Of most of the railways leading out of Paris, the insurgents controlled a part, and the Versaillists a part. A mitrailleuse, mounted on an armored locomotive, could be run out, and could do fearful havoc; and each side practised this singular mode of warfare.

The continual screaming and bursting of shells made certain parts of Paris, especially the fine quarter around the Arc de Triomphe, almost untenable, and the arc itself was struck twenty seven times in one day. It escaped total destruction because of a platform built around it, and protected by sandbags, where the insur-

gents meant to make a stand, for it was now understood that it was only a question of time when they would be driven inside the walls, and a Parisian mob can never resist the delights of street fighting, in which it excels.

Within the Central Committee dissensions raged. The lie was frequently passed, and the doors of the Mazas and Conciergerie prisons began to open for men who had, a few weeks before, been hailed as the saviors of their country. On the 30th of April Cluseret stepped from his position as minister of war into a cell at Mazas, and Bergeret, who had been incarcerated on the 9th of April, stepped out. Rossel, a young engineer officer who had deserted his colors, was made minister of war in Cluseret's place, and it was not many weeks before he resigned, with the remark: "I have the honor to demand a cell at Mazas." He was unexpectedly gratified, and marched off to prison.

It is unprofitable to recount the list of scamps who held brief and chaotic terms of power during this period, but each appeared to be worse than his predecessor. Two men—Rigault, prefect of police, and Ferré, his assistant, began to acquire a horrible notoriety. Domiciliary visits, confiscations, and arrests were the order of the day. First the churches were sacked and then the houses. The first signs of the mania for destroying inanimate things manifested itself. Henri Rochefort urged the destruction of the houses of M. Thiers and M. Favre, which soon took place. Courbet, the artist, agitated incessantly for the annihilation of the Vendôme Column. Law they had destroyed, and they loudly proclaimed that property must follow. They now entered upon that stage of madness which was to culminate in the horrors of the last days of May.

*Molly Elliot Seawell.*

#### BEYOND.

A SHIP went courtesying into the west,  
How strong she looked, ah me!  
For the mosses are tangled across her breast,  
And her jolly crew have a long, long rest  
Under the moaning sea.

*Anna Neil Gilmore.*



## A BAD CHARACTER SUIT.\*

BY FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

A clever story of military life in British India—The comedy and the tragedy in the checkered career of Private George Afford and the faithful Peroo.

A FLOOD of blustering yellow sunshine was pouring down on to the prostrate body of Private George Afford as he lay on his back, drunk, in an odd little corner between two cook room walls in the barrack square; and a stream of tepid water from a skin bag was falling on his head as Peroo, the *chisti*, stood over him, directing the stream now on his forehead, now, scientifically, on his ears. The only result, however, was that Private George Afford tried unavailingly to scratch them; then swore unintelligibly.

Peroo twisted the nozzle of the *mussuck* to dryness, and knelt down beside the slack strength in the dust. So kneeling, his glistening curved brown body got mixed up with the glistening curved brown water bag he carried, until at first sight he seemed a monstrous spider preying on a victim; for his arms and legs were skinny.

"*Sahib!*" he said, touching his master on the sleeve. It was a very white sleeve, and the buttons and belts and buckles all glistened white or gold in the searching sunlight; for Peroo saw to them, as he saw to most things about Private Afford, body and soul!—why, God knows, except that George Afford had once—for his own amusement—whacked a man who, for his, was whacking Peroo. He happened to be one of the best bruisers in the regiment, and George Afford, who was in a sober bout, wanted to beat him; which he did.

There was no one in sight—nothing, in fact, save the walls, and an offensively cheerful castor oil bush which grew, greener than any bay tree, in one angle, sending splay fingers of shadow close to Private Afford's head, as if it wished to aid in the cooling process. But despite

the solitude, Peroo's touch on the white sleeve was decorous, his voice deference itself.

"*Sahib,*" he repeated, "if the *huzoor* does not get up soon, the captain will find the master on the ground when he passes to rations. And that is unnecessary."

He might as well have spoken to the dead. George Afford's face, relieved of the douche treatment, settled down to placid, contented sleep. It was not a bad face; indeed, considering the habits of the man, it was singularly fine and clear cut; but in youth it had evidently been a superlatively handsome one also.

Peroo waited a minute or two, then undid the nozzle of his skin bag once more, and drenched the slack body and the dust around it.

"What a tyranny is here!" he muttered to himself, the wrinkles on his forehead giving him the perplexed look of a baby monkey. "Yet the master will die of sunstroke if he be not removed. *Hai, hai!* What it is to eat forbidden fruit and find it a turnip!"

With which remark he limped off methodically to the quarter guard, and gave notice that Private George Afford was lying dead drunk between cook rooms Nos. 7 and 8; after which he limped on as methodically about his regular duty—of filling the regimental water pots. What else was there to be done? The special master whom he had elected to serve between whites would not want his services for a month or two at least, since that period would be spent in "clink." For Private George Afford was a habitual offender.

Such a very habitual offender, indeed, that even Griffiths, the second major, had not a word to say when the adjutant and

the colonel conferred over this last offense, though he had stood Afford's friend many a time; to the extent even of getting him reenlisted in India—a most unusual favor—when, after an interval of discharge, he turned up at his ex captain's bungalow begging to be taken on; averring, even, that he had served his way out to India before the mast in that hope, since enlistment at the depot might take him to the other battalion. The story, so the adjutant had said, was palpably false; but the silent little major had got the colonel to consent, so Private George Afford—an ideal soldier to look at—had given the master tailor no end of trouble about the fit of his uniform, for he was a bit of a dandy when he was sober. But now even Major Griffiths felt that the limit of forbearance was past. Nor could a court martial be expected to take into consideration the trivial fact which lay at the bottom of the observant little major's mercy; namely, that though, when he was sober, George Afford was a dandy, when he was drunk—or rather in the stage which precedes actual drunkenness—he was a gentleman. Vulgarities of speech slipped from him then; and even when he was passing into the condition in which there is no speech, he would excuse his own lapses from strict decorum with almost pathetic apologies.

"It is no excuse, I know, sir," he would say with a charming, regretful dignity, "but I have had a very checkered career—a very checkered career indeed."

That was true; and one of the black squares of the chessboard of life was his now; for the court martial which sentenced Private George Afford to but a short punishment added the rider that he was to be thereafter dismissed from her majesty's service.

"He is quite incorrigible," said the colonel; "and as we are pretty certain of going up to punish those scoundrels on the frontier as soon as the weather cools a bit, I think we had better get rid of him. The regiment mustn't have a speck anywhere, and his sort helps to spoil the youngsters."

The major nodded.

So Private George Afford got his dismissal, also the bad character suit of

clothes which is the queen's last gift to such as he.

\* \* \* \*

It was full six weeks after he had stood beside that prostrate figure between cook rooms Nos. 7 and 8, that Peroo was once more engaged in the same task; though not in the same place. And this time the thin stream of water falling on George Afford's face found it grimed and dirty, and left it showing all too clearly the traces of a fortnight's debauch. For Peroo, being of a philosopher's mind, had told himself, as he had limped away from the quarter guard, that now, while his self constituted master would have no need of his services, was the time for him to take that leave home which he had deferred so long. Therefore two or three days after this event he had turned up at the quartermaster's office with that curious Indian institution, the "changeling," and preferred his request for a holiday. It was granted, of course; there is no reason why leave should not be granted when a double stands ready to step into the original's shoes, without payment; that remaining a bargain between the doubles.

"Here," said Peroo, "is my brother. He is even as myself. His character is mine. We are all water carriers, and he has done the work for two days. I will also leave him my skin bag, so that the presence may be sure it is clean. He is a Peroo also."

He might have been *the* Peroo, so far as the quartermaster's requirements went. So the original went home, and the copy took his place; but not for the two months. The order for active service, of which the colonel had spoken, came sooner than was expected, and Peroo, hearing of it, started back at once for the regiment. A "changeling" could pass muster in peace, but war required the reality; besides, the master would no doubt be released. He was surely too good fighting material to be left behind, Peroo told himself; yet there his hero was lying in the dust of a by alley in the bazaar, in a ragged bad character suit, while the barracks square was alive with men, not half so good to look at, talking, as the mules were laden, of the deeds they were to do!

The wrinkles on Peroo's forehead grew more like those of a monkey in arms than ever. This was indeed a tyranny! But at least the presence could be moved out of the burning sun this time, without of necessity getting him into more trouble. So a few friends were called, and together they carried George Afford into the windowless slip of a room which Peroo locked at four o'clock in the morning and unlocked at ten at night, but which, nevertheless, served him as a house. There was nothing in it save a string bed and a drinking vessel: for Peroo, after his kind, ate his food at the bazaar; but these were all that the Englishman would require for the present. So there Peroo left him in the darkness and the cool, safe for the day.

But after that? The problem went with Peroo as he limped about, filling the cook room waterpots; for on the morrow he must be filling them on the first camping ground, a good fifteen miles away from that slip of a room where the master was lying. What would become of him then?

The sandy stretches in which the barracks stood were full of mules, camels, and carts, and men of all arms belonging to the small picked force which was preparing to march with the one solid regiment at dawn on the mission of punishment.

"*Rani* (water)!" shouted a perspiring artilleryman, grappling with a peculiarly obstinate mule, as Peroo went past with his skin bag. "*Rani*, an' bring a real *jildi* (quickness) along with it! I'll take it outside instead o' in, because of them black silly's o' the doctor's. So turn on the hose, Johnnie—I'll show yer how."

"'E knows all about it, you bet," put in one of the regiment cheerfully. "Wy, 'e's bin hydraulic engineer and waterworks combined to that pore chap as got the sack the other day—George Afford—"

"Sure it was a thriflin' mistake wed the propositions his godfathers made whin they named him; for it was on and not off—erd he was, six days out of sivin," remarked a tall Irishman.

"You hold your jaw, Pat," interrupted another voice. "'E was a better chap

nor most, when 'e wasn't on the lap; and Lordy! 'e could fight when he 'ad the chanst—couldn't 'e, waterworks? Jest turn that hose o' yours my way a bit, will yer?"

"*Huzoor*," assented Peroo deferentially. He understood enough to make the thought pass through his brain that it was a pity the master had not the chance. Perhaps the curve of water conveyed this to that other brain beneath the close fair curls whence the drops flew sparkling in the sunlight. At any rate, their owner went on in a softer tone, "Yes! 'E fit like fits. Looked, too, as if 'e was born to die on the field o' glory and not in a bad character suit; but as the parson says, 'Beauty is vain; I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

The confused morality of this passed Peroo by; and yet something not altogether dissimilar lay behind his wrinkled forehead when, work over, he returned to the slip of a room and found Afford vaguely roused by his entrance.

"I—I am aware it is no possible excuse, sir," came his voice, curiously refined, curiously pathetic, "but I really have had a very checkered life, I have indeed."

"*Huzoor*!" acquiesced Peroo briefly; but even that was sufficient to bring the hearer closer to realities. He sat up on the string bed, looked about him stupidly, then sank back again.

"Get away, you black devil," he muttered with a sort of restless anger. "Can't you let me die in peace, you fool? Can't you let me die in the gutter, die in a bad character suit? It's all I'm fit for—all I'm fit for." Voice, anger, listless anger, all toiled away to silence; he turned over with a sort of sob, and straightway fell asleep, for he was still far from sober.

Peroo lit a cresset lamp and stood looking at him. Beauty was certainly vain here, and if the Lord was going to repay, it was time He began. Time some one began, at any rate, if the man who had fought for him, Peroo, was not to carry out his desires of dying in a gutter—dying in a bad character suit!

The latter misfortune could be avoided, however. Things were going cheap in the bazaar that evening, as was only natural when it was to be deserted for six

months at least; so it ought not to be hard to get the master an exchange for something more suitable to his beauty, if not to his death.

Five minutes afterwards George Afford—too much accustomed to such ministrations to be disturbed by the process of undressing—was still asleep, his chin resting peacefully on Peroo's best white cotton shawl, and the bad character suit was on its way to the pawnshop round the corner. It was nearly an hour, however, before Peroo, having concluded his bargain, came back with it, and by the light of the cresset set to work appraising his success or failure. A success, certainly. The uniform was old, no doubt, but it was a corporal's, and, what is more, it had three good conduct stripes on the arm. That ought to give dignity even to a death in the gutter.

Peroo brought out some pipe clay and pumice stone from a crevice, and set to work cheerfully on the buttons and belts, thinking, as he worked, that he had indeed made a good bargain. With a judicious smear of cinnabar here and there the tunic would be almost as good as the master's old one—*plus* the good conduct stripes, of course, which he could never have gained in the regiment.

But out of it? If, for instance, the Lord were really to repay Private George Afford for that good deed in defending a poor lame man—a good deed which no bad one could alter for the worse? On this point Peroo would have been a match for a whole college of Jesuits in casuistry, as he laid on the pipe clay with lavish hand, and burnished the buttons till they shone like gold.

It was gray dawn when George Afford woke, feeling a deferential touch on his shoulder.

"*Huzoor*," came a familiar voice, "the first bugle has gone. The *huzoor* will find his uniform—a corporal's, with three good conduct stripes—is ready. The absence of a rifle is to be regretted; but that shall be amended, if the *huzoor* will lend a gracious ear to the plan of his slave. In the mean time, a gifting of the *huzoor's* feet for the putting on of stockings might be ordered."

George Afford thrust out a foot mechanically, and sat on the edge of the string

bed, staring stupidly at the three good conduct stripes on the tunic, which was neatly folded beside him.

"It is quite simple," went on the deferential voice. "The *huzoor* is going to march with the colors, but he will be twelve hours behind them, that is all. He will get the fighting, and by and by, when the killing comes, and men are wanted, the colonel *sahib* may give a place; but in any case there will always be the fighting. For the rest, I, the *huzoor's* slave, will manage, and as there will of necessity be no canteen there can be no tyranny. Besides, since there is not a cawrie in the master's jacket, what else is he to do?"

The last argument was unanswerable. George Afford thrust out his other foot to be shod for this new path, and stared harder than ever at the good conduct stripes.

That night, despite the fatigue of a first day in camp, Peroo trudged back along the hard white road to meet some one whom he expected; for this was the first step, and he had, perforce, been obliged to leave his charge to his own devices for close on twelve hours amid the distractions of the bazaar. Still, without a cawrie in his pocket—Peroo had carefully extracted a few annas he had found in one—a man was more or less helpless, even for evil.

Despite this fact, there was a lilt in the lagging step which, just as Peroo had begun to give up the hope of playing Providence, came slowly down the road. It belonged to George Afford, in the gentlemanly stage of drunk. He had had a checkered life, he said almost tearfully, but there were some things a man of honor could not do. He could not break his promise to an inferior—a superior was another matter. In that case he paid for it—honestly. But he had promised Peroo—his inferior—to come. So here he was, and that was an end of it.

It seemed more than once, during the next few hours, as if the end had indeed come. Somehow Peroo's deferential hand and voice extricated those wild, uncertain feet, and that weary, sodden brain, from ditches and despair; still, it was a very sorry figure which Peroo's own hasty footsteps left behind, safely quartered for the



day in a sandy bit of jungle, while he ran on to overtake the rear guard if he could. The start, however, had been too much for his lameness, and he was a full hour late at his work; which, of course, necessitated his putting in an excuse. He chose drunkenness as being nearest the truth, was fined a day's wages and paid it cheerfully, thinking with more certainty of the sleeping figure he had left in the jungle.

The afternoon sun was slanting through the trees before it stirred, and George Afford woke from the sleep of fatigue superadded to his usual sedative. He felt strangely refreshed, and lay on his back staring at the little squirrels yawning after their midday snooze in the branches above him. And then he laughed suddenly, sat up, and looked about him half confusedly. Not a trace of humanity was to be seen; nothing but the squirrels, a few green pigeons, and, down in the mirror lake behind the trees—a pool edged by the percolating moisture from the water with faint spikes of sprouting grass—a couple of egrets fishing lazily. Beyond lay a bare, sandy plain, backed by faint blue hills—the hills where fighting was to be had. Close at hand were those three good conduct stripes.

That night Peroo had not nearly so far to go back along the broad white road; yet the step which came echoing down it, if steadier, lagged more. Nor was Peroo's task much easier, for George Afford—in the abject depression which comes to the tippler from total abstinence—sat down in the dust more than once, and swore he would not go another step without a dram. Still, about an hour after dawn, he was once more dozing in a shady retreat with a pot of water and some dough cakes beside him, while Peroo, in luck, was getting a lift to the third camping ground.

Even at the second, where the sleeping figure remained, the country was wilder, almost touching the skirts of the hills. When George Afford roused himself, as the animals rouse themselves, to meet the coming cool of evening, a ravine deer was standing within easy shot, looking at him with head thrown back and wide, startled nostrils scenting the unknown.

The sight stirred something in the man

which had slept the sleep of the dead for years—that keen delight of the natural man, not so much in the capture of his prey as in the chase; not so much in the mere chase itself as in its effort, its freedom. He rose, stretching his long arms in what was half a yawn, half a vague inclination to shake himself free of some unseen burden.

But that night he swore at Peroo for leading him a fool's dance. He threatened to go back. He was not so helpless as all that. He was not a slave; he would have his tot of rum like any other soldier, or—

"*Huzoor*," interrupted Peroo deferentially, "this slave is aware that many things necessary to the *huzoor's* outfit as a soldier remains to be produced. But with patience all may be attained. Here, by God's grace, is a rifle. One of us—Smith *sahib*, of G Company, *huzoor*—found freedom today. He was reconnoitering with Griffiths Major *sahib* when one of these hell doomed Sheeahs—whom Heaven destroy—shot him from behind a rock—"

Private George Afford seemed to find his feet suddenly.

"Smith, of G Company?" he echoed, in a different voice.

"*Huzoor!* The *sahib* whom the *huzoor* thrashed for thrashing this slave—"

"Poor chap," went on George Afford, as if he had not heard. "So they've kicked him! But we'll pay 'em out; we—" His fingers closed mechanically on the rifle Peroo was holding out to him.

\* \* \* \*

It was a fortnight after this, and the camp lay clustered closely in the mouth of a narrow defile, down which rushed a torrent swollen from the snows above—a defile which meant decisive victory or defeat to the little force which had to push through it to the heights above. Yet, though death, maybe, lay close to each man, the whole camp was in an uproar because Major Griffiths' second pair of *putties* had gone astray. The other officers had been content with one set of these woolen bandages which in hill marching serve as gaiters, and help so much to lessen fatigue; but the major,

being methodical, had provided against emergencies. And now, with that possibility of death before him, when his soul craved an extreme order in all things, his one clean pair had mysteriously disappeared.

Now the major, though a silent man, always managed to say what he meant. So it ran through the camp that they had been stolen, and men compared notes over the fact in the mess tent and in the canteen.

In the former, the adjutant with a frown admitted that of late there had been a series of inexplicable petty thefts in camp, which had begun with the disappearance of Private Smith's rifle. That might perhaps be explained in an enemy's country, but what the deuce anybody could want with a pair of bone shirt studs—

"And a shirt," put in a mournful voice.

"Item, a cake of scented soap," said another.

"And a comb," began a third.

The colonel, who had till then preserved a discreet silence, here broke in with great heat to the adjutant. "Upon my soul, sir, it's a disgrace to the staff, and I must insist on a stringent inquiry the instant we've licked these hill men. I—I didn't mean to say anything about it, but I haven't been able to find my toothbrush for a week."

Whereupon there was a general exodus into the crisp, cold air outside, where the darkness would hide inconvenient smiles, for the colonel was one of those men who have different towels for their face and for their hands.

The stars were shining in the cleft between the tall, shadowy cliffs which rose up on either side. Vague masses of shadow on which, seen like stars upon a darker sky, the watch fires of the enemy sparkled here and there. An enemy powerful, vigilant; and yet beside the camp fires close at hand the men had forgotten the danger of the morrow in the trivial loss of the moment, and were discussing the major's *putties*.

"It's wot I say all along," reiterated the romancer of G Company. "It begun ever since Joey Smith was took from us at Number Two camp. It's 'is ghost—

that's wot it is. 'Is ghost layin' in a trew-so. Jest you look 'ere! They bury 'im, didn't they, as 'e was—decent like, in pants and coat—no more. Well, since then 'e's took 'is rifle off us, an' a great-coat off D Company, an' a knapsack off A——"

"Don't be lavin' out thim blankets he tuk from the store, man," interrupted the tall Irishman. "Sure it's a testimony to the pore bhoy's character, annyhow, that he should be wantin' thim where he is."

"It is not laughing at all at such things I would be, whatever," put in another voice seriously; "for it is knowing of such things we are in the Highlands——"

"Hold your second sight, Mac," broke in a third. "We don't want none o' your shivers tonight. You're as bad as them blamed niggers, and they swear they seen Joey more nor once in a red coat dodging about our rear."

"Well, they won't see 'im no more, then," remarked a fourth philosophically, "for 'e's changed 'is tailor. Leastways, 'e got a service khakee off Sergeant Jones the night afore last; the sergeant took his bible oath to 'ave it off Joey Smith's ghost when 'e got time to tackle 'im, if 'e 'ad ter go to 'ell for it!"

Major Griffiths, meantime, was having a similar say as he stood eyeglass in eye at the door of the mess tent. "Whoever the thief is," he admitted, with the justice common to him, "he appears to have the instincts of a gentleman; but by Gad, sir, if I find him, he shall know what it is to take a field officer's gaiters."

Whereupon he gave a dissatisfied look at his own legs, a more contented one at the glimmering stars of the enemy's watch fires, and then turned in to get a few hours' rest before the dawn.

But some one a few miles further down the valley looked both at his legs and at the stars with equal satisfaction. Some one tall, square, straight, smoking a pipe—some one else's pipe, no doubt—beside the hole in the ground where on the preceding night the camp flagstaff had stood. That fortnight had done something for George Afford besides giving his outward man a trousseau; it had clothed him with a certain righteousness,

despite the inward conviction that Peroo must be a magnificent liar in protesting that the *huzoor's* outfit had either been gifted to him or bought honestly.

In fact, as he stood looking down at his legs complacently, he murmured to himself, "I believe they're the major's, poor chap—look like him, somehow." Then he glanced at the sergeant's coat he wore, and walked up and down thoughtfully—up and down beside the hole in the ground where the flagstaff had stood.

So to him from the dim shadows came a limping figure.

"Well?" he called sharply.

"The orders are for dawn, *huzoor*, and here are some more cartridges I have brought you."

George Afford laughed an odd, low little laugh of sheer satisfaction.

It was past dawn by an hour or two, but the heights were still unwon.

"Send some one—any one," gasped the colonel breathlessly, as he pressed on with a forlorn hope of veterans to take a knoll of rocks whence a galling fire had been decimating every attack. "Griffiths! For God's sake go, or get some one ahead of those youngsters up there in the pass, or they'll break in a minute, and then——"

Break! What more likely? A weak company full of recruits, a company with its officers shot down, and before it a task for veterans—for that indifference to whizzing bullets which only custom brings. Major Griffiths, as he ran forward, saw all this—saw also the ominous waver—God! Would he be in time to check it—to get in front of them? That was what was wanted—some one ahead; no more than that—some one ahead.

There was some one. A tall figure suddenly appeared ahead of the wavering boys.

"Come on! Come on, my lads! Follow me!" rang out a confident voice, and the major as he ran, half blinded by the mists of his own haste, felt it was as a voice from Heaven.

"Come on! Come on! Give it 'em straight. Hip, hip, hurray!"

An answering cheer broke from the boys behind, and with a rush the weakest

company in the regiment followed some one to victory.

"I don't understand what the dickens it means," said the colonel almost fretfully that same evening. Safe over the pass, the little force was bivouacking in a willow set valley on the other side of the hills. Before it lay what it had come to gain, behind it danger past. "Some one in my regiment," he went on, "does a deuced plucky thing—between ourselves, just about saves the position; I want naturally to find out who it was, and here I am met by a cock and bull story about it being some one's ghost. What the devil can it all mean, major?"

The major shook his head. "I couldn't swear to the figure, sir, though it reminded me a bit—but that's impossible. However, as I have by your orders to ride back to the top, sir, and see what can be done to hold it, I'll dip over a bit to where the rush was made, and see if there is any clue."

He had not to go so far. In one of those tiny hollows in the level plateau of pass, whence the snow melts early, leaving a carpet of blue forgetmenots and alpine primroses behind it, Sergeant Jones and the small party going to make security still more secure, came upon Peroo, the water carrier, trying to perform a fearful travesty of the burial service over the body of George Afford.

It was dressed in Sergeant Jones' tunic and Major Griffiths' putties, but the sergeant knelt down beside it, and smoothed the stripes upon the cuff with a half mechanical, half caressing touch; and the major interrupted Peroo's protestations with an odd tremor in his voice.

"What the devil does it matter," he said sharply, "what he took besides the pass? Stand aside, man—this is my work, not yours, sergeant. Form up your men for the salute—ball cartridge."

The major's recollection of the Service for the Burial of the Dead was not accurate, but it was comprehensive. So he committed the body, mortal remains of his brother soldier, to the dust, confessing confusedly that there is a natural body and a spiritual body—a man that is of the earth earthy, and one that is of the Lord from Heaven. So following on a petition to be saved from temptation and

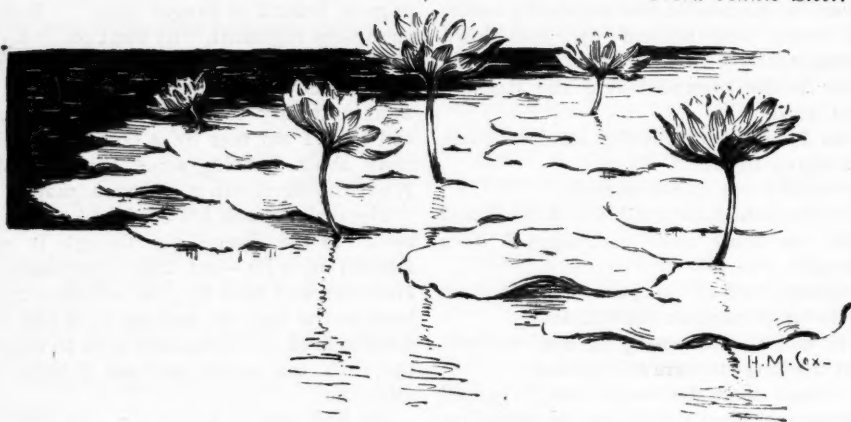
delivered from evil, the salute startled the echoes, and they left George Afford in the keeping of the pass, and the pass in his keeping.

And as the major rode campwards, he wondered vaguely if some one before the Great White Throne wore a bad character

suit, or whether Wisdom understood the plea, "I've had a very checkered life—I have, indeed!"

But Peroo had no such thoughts, needed no such excuse. It was sufficient for him that the *huzoor* had once been the Protector of the Poor.

*Flora Annie Steel.*



#### THE WILLOW STREAM.

A WONDROUS wealth of flower and fern,  
Sequestered nooks at every turn,  
And pools with tiny caves and dens  
Enfolding timid citizens ;  
A stream from out whose ports of gloom  
Float argosies of lotus bloom,  
And arched with trees whose branches wide  
Drop melodies adown the tide—  
The tuneful branches whereupon  
Were hung the harps of Babylon !

Today these willow boughs are hung  
With instruments more deftly strung—  
The fairy viol, lyre, and lute,  
The elfin horn and fife and flute,  
And sweeter still the pipes of Pan  
Soft pressed by lips Æolian—  
An orchestra that seems to be  
In league with gay Terpsichore  
To which the leaves all afternoon  
Are dancing reel and rigadoon.

Beside the willow bowered stream  
How soon come dusk and dew and dream !  
Through interwoven shine and shade  
I hear a night bird's serenade ;  
A note falls on a ripple's breast  
So gently soothing it to rest ;  
And lo, the Lady Moon in white  
Draws back the curtain of the night,  
And with a kiss awakes a star—  
How still the stream and willows are !

*Clarence Urmey.*



## THE PALACE COTTAGES OF NEWPORT.

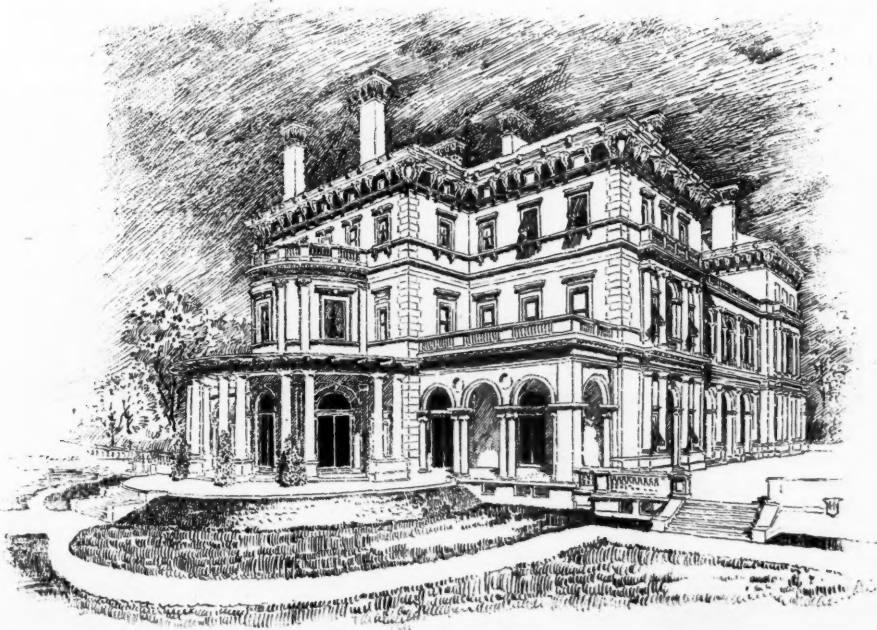
The seaside capital of American society, and the group of magnificent houses built there by the Vanderbilts, the Goeleys, the Belmonts, and other millionaire families.

IN natural scenery Newport is one of the beautiful places of the world, and no spot in this country has been so adorned by wealth and good taste. The natural beauties have always been there, but it has taken long years for the hand of man to bring the place to its present state of artistic perfection. Before the Revolution, country seats were built there by gentlemen of fortune; and for fifty years it has been famous as our show watering place. Even during the darkest days of the war for independence it maintained its dignified gaiety. The incident at the ball given at Newport in honor of the commander in chief, when the French officers took the instruments and played, while General Washington danced to

their music, was in harmony with the spirit of the place.

Today, the number and the splendor of the villas dotting Ochre Point, often called Millionaire's Point, surpass the luxurious country seats of the Roman patricians. The cliff walk, extending for two miles along the sea, shows, on the one hand, all the delights of nature's rarest charms, while on the other, the visitor is fascinated by the beauty of the cottages with their ample lawns and elaborate gardens.

The life of the Newport cottager, though formerly much simpler than now, has always been stately. Governor William Beach Lawrence, who represented the United States in London during John Quincy Adams' administration, purchased



THE BREAKERS, MR. CORNELIUS VANDERBILT'S RESIDENCE AT NEWPORT.

sixty seven acres along the sea front for twelve thousand dollars, and called the property Ochre Point, from the color of the cliffs. His neighboring cottager was Bancroft, the historian. Families congenial to the Lawrences and the Bancrofts

admirable idea of the possibilities of white Tuckahoe marble. It is a really noble example of the classical style, and might serve as a model of a modern executive mansion at Washington. The grand portico, jutting forward with its monolith



ROUGH POINT, MR. FREDERICK W. VANDERBILT'S RESIDENCE AT NEWPORT.

gradually joined the Newport colony, purchasing sites and erecting villas at Ochre Point. It is the continued leadership of people of this sort which has given the local society its distinction.

The finest piece of architecture in Newport is the Marble House, which the late R. M. Hunt designed for William K. Vanderbilt, and which now belongs to Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont. This palace would shine like a jewel in any of the great capitals of Europe, and it gives an

columns and Roman Corinthian capitals, is so imposing that, although no wider than either of the adjoining wings, it dominates the whole front. A balustraded driveway, curving in from both sides, hides the base below the range of columns. This is in keeping with the purpose of the structure, which, if the columns soared aloft from a base exposed to the uninterrupted view of the spectator, would have the character of a public building.

As the cottagers entertain on a large

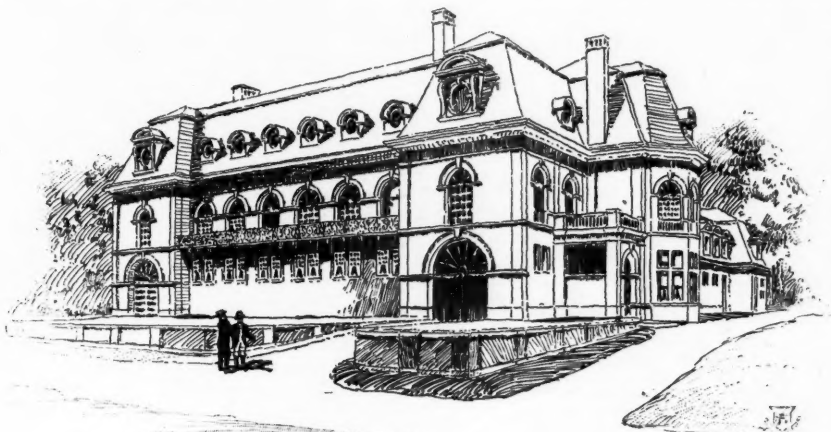


MR. H. MORTIMER BROOKS' RESIDENCE AT NEWPORT.

scale, and the flower of New York society is transplanted almost bodily to Newport in the season, many of the houses are provided with great banqueting halls and ball rooms. In Marble House the main entrance and stairs are of beautiful Sienna marble. The dining room, from floor to ceiling, is finished in dark pink Numidian marble, carved in life-like figures and bas-reliefs.

Some Newport places are not intended

offered in the different fronts of the cottage. On one side is a porch semicircular in form, a little like the apse of a cathedral, the ecclesiastical suggestion being carried out in the loggia on either side. Facing the garden, the house recedes in the center, the space being occupied by a two storied loggia, the seven arches of which invite one into cool and dark retreats from the heat and glare of the summer day. The interior is embellished



BELCOURT, MR. OLIVER H. P. BELMONT'S RESIDENCE AT NEWPORT.

exclusively for summer. It was from trying to heat The Breakers in the cold weather of November, 1892, that the house was burned to the ground, and Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt and his family were turned out of doors. The burned Breakers was built in 1880 of brick and wood by Mr. Pierre Lorillard, who sold it to Mr. Vanderbilt, four years later, for four hundred thousand dollars. The present house, rebuilt from designs by Mr. Hunt, is a villa in buff Indiana stone—such a rural palace as an Italian prince or cardinal of the time of the Borgias might have erected. It is magnificent, and yet in perfect taste. The conditions of its location on the shelf of the Newport cliff prevent its having room to spread out; but it shows that a stately house of three lofty stories need not resemble a public building. The warm tint of the stone adds another element of beauty to the charm of The Breakers. A pleasing variety is

by unsurpassed mosaic and stone work. Some of the walls are finished in light green cipollino marble. One ceiling has a mosaic center panel portraying a bathing chamber in ancient Pompeii, with an elaborately carved frame of English alabaster. In the loggia, which looks so dark from without, all is light within, from ceilings, floors, and tympani of the arches sumptuously decorated in designs of the Italian Renaissance.

The residence of Mr. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, Rough Point, on the Ocean Walk, presents an attractive mixture of luxury and rustic simplicity. The first impression it gives is of a wide, rambling, irregular, and picturesque manor house of the English shires. In a burly way it asserts its superiority as a claimant to the soil of Newport over the palatial pretensions of a classic pile like Marble House, or the Renaissance elegance of The Breakers. At the same time, the architects of Rough

Point produced a fine work of art. It is solid, unpretentious, constructed on a large and liberal scale; its arrangement is artistic, felicitous, and dignified. The ball room occupies the center of the building, and extends from the first floor to the roof, having at the second story a gallery for spectators. A function here be-

ditches, and the huddle of dependent buildings. As Mr. Hunt, the architect, learned his art in the French schools, and had a romantic rather than a classical taste, it was natural that he should bend all his energies to making this one of his great successes. The atmosphere of Ochre Court is one of refinement, harmony, and



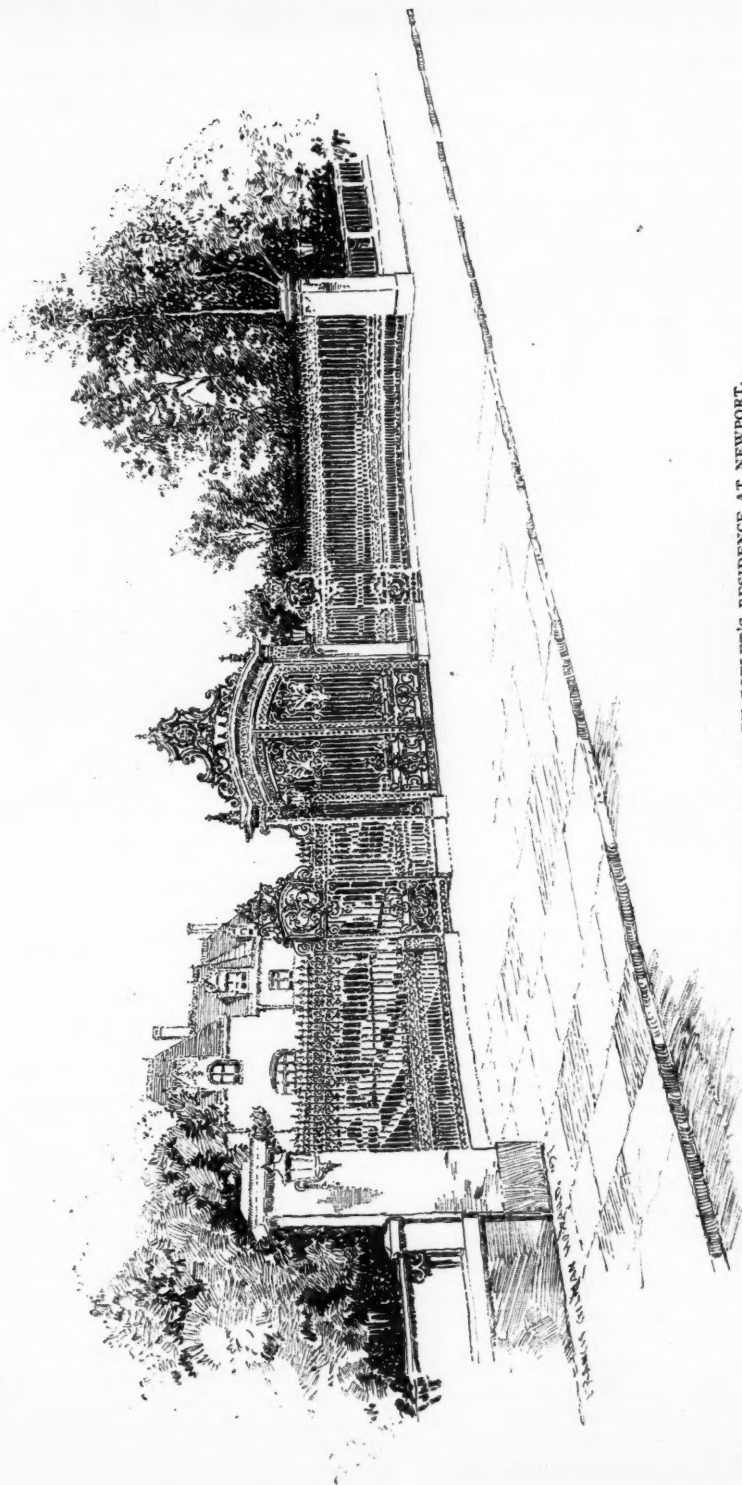
THE RESIDENCE OF EDWIN D. MORGAN, BRENTON'S COVE, NEWPORT.

comes famous as a picture of social magnificence, and some have been attended by more than three hundred of the leading cottagers, the arrival of whose equipages makes the shore front of the building seem like a city thoroughfare.

Ochre Court, the Newport cottage of Mr. Ogden Goelet, represents what the French chateau stood for in the Middle Ages, when a combination of manor, castle, and palace was necessary. The material used, blue Indiana stone, lends itself admirably to the construction of such a building. Of course some of the accessories of the medieval chateau are dispensed with, such as outer walls, moats,

repose. There is nothing added to the building which is not an integral part of the romantic and picturesque idea of the whole. The entrance gates are one of the finest pieces of decorative ironwork to be found in Europe or America. Looking through them at the front of the chateau, its severe simplicity is seen to break up into elaborated details, some of them simple devices which blend as a whole into a remarkably harmonious composition. The expanse of wall is only broken by the great window and the hatchments of embossed carvings, which, though characteristic, are at the same time subordinate.

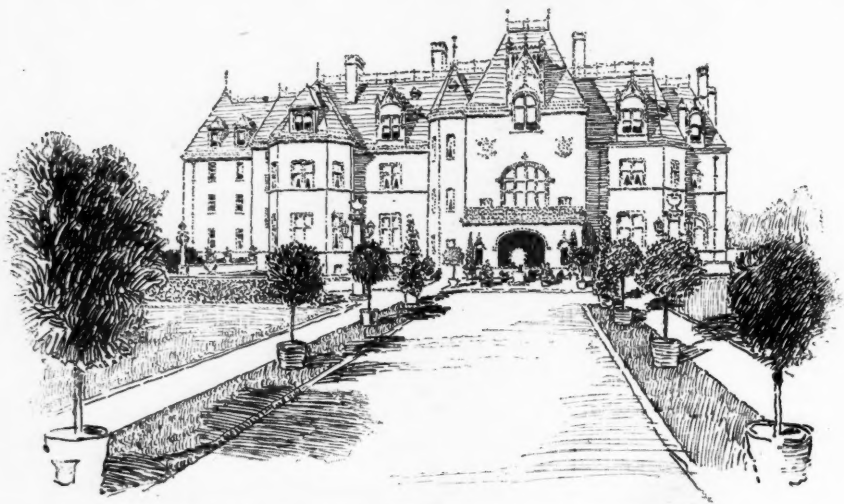




THE GATES OF OCHRE COURT, MR. OGDEN GOELET'S RESIDENCE AT NEWPORT.

Mr. Robert Goelet's cottage was designed by Messrs. McKim, Mead and White, the well known New York architects. The site was not as ample as that of Rough Point, and the building is not spread out over so much ground. What it lacks in area, however, it makes up in height. An admirable effect is gained by the marked slope of the roof and by the artistic treatment of the chimneys, the gables, and the dormer windows. The

down into it. Stone, brick, and plaster mixed with shells and pebbles, have been used for the outer walls. The same rough cast plaster, with timber, is the material of the inner walls, facing the court. There is no prettiness about the exterior of Belcourt; it is sturdy, rough and ready, substantial and picturesque. The galleries of the loggia and their Gothic details transport one from this prosaic time and land of practical affairs



OCHRE COURT, MR. OGDEN GOELET'S RESIDENCE AT NEWPORT.

luxuriant growth of ivy adds its decorative effect to make the cottage look like an old English manor house.

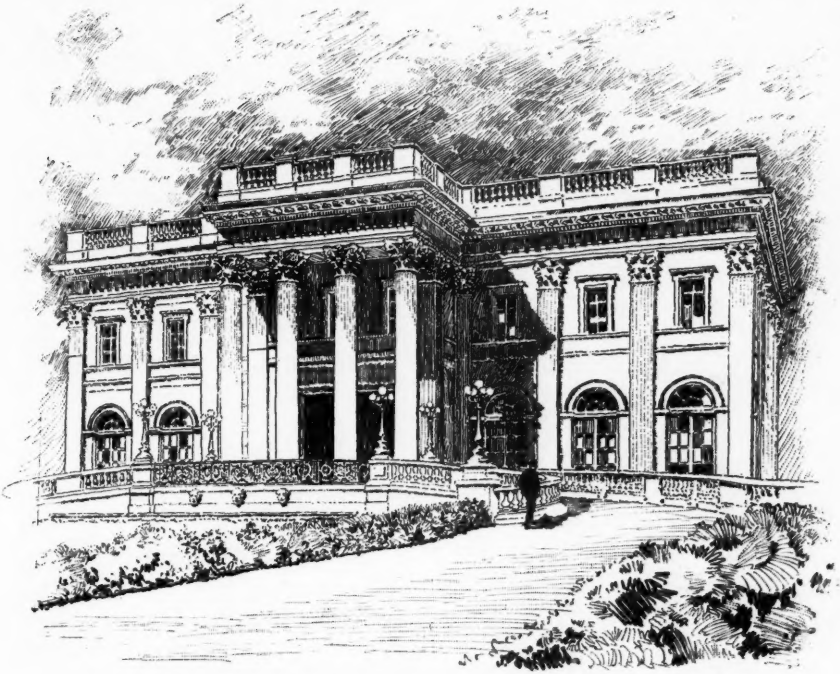
The same architects have erected for Mr. Edwin D. Morgan, at Brenton's Cove, a cottage which is a most ambitious attempt to adapt a dwelling to the exigencies of location and scene. The site is on the seaward point of a rocky peninsula, and precipitous and rugged cliffs on three sides form the foundation stones. While from the sea the house rises frowning from the rocks like some dark fortress, from the land a Greek temple appears at the edge of the cliff. There is the temple court with its inclosure of white Greek columns instead of dark pillars as on the other front. It suggests the Acropolis at the top of its famous hill at Athens.

Belcourt, the residence of Mr. Oliver H. P. Belmont, incloses a large Spanish court with a commodious loggia looking

to some scene and period romantic and remote.

The cottage of Mr. H. Mortimer Brooks, at the extreme end of Bellevue Avenue, and facing the ocean, adjoins that of F. W. Vanderbilt. The place is of the old fashioned English type, spacious, simple in composition, proportioned in detail, and well adapted to its purpose of serving as a generous, hospitable homestead.

That these houses are among the show places of Newport is due as much to the social prominence of their owners as to the architectural superiority of the structures themselves; for even in the ranks of the four hundred there are places of honor given to certain members on account of an additional cipher in a fortune, or a matrimonial connection with the peerage of Great Britain. But the cliffs and meadow lands of Newport are full of cottages, any one of which would



MARBLE HOUSE, MRS. OLIVER H. P. BELMONT'S RESIDENCE AT NEWPORT.

be a fit subject for an architectural eulogium, or would serve as the summer palace of a queen seeking relaxation from the turmoil of a court in the life and pleasures of a dairy maid. But Marie Antoinette was probably more successful in finding rest at the Trianon than are the society queens who flock to Newport, for in this summer colony there is no rest from the winter's gaiety; life moves at a still quicker pace, and to the dances and dinners, teas and luncheons, of city life, are added the sports and pastimes of the country.

Society in Newport is always on dress parade, and while it concerns itself little with what the "other half" is doing, the other half takes a great interest in it, watching its every movement, following its every step. This vast other half fills hotels and boarding houses, and while it plunges into the surf, or sprawls on the sands, or wheels along the beautiful roads, it has one eye always on society. And some of the magnates, though they pretend to have a great indifference to its watchful gaze, cannot quite conceal the

pleasure that such attention gives them, and add a little more pomp and ostentation to their mode of life for the benefit of *hoi polloi*.

This panorama of plutocratic life was made the subject of an essay by a distinguished foreigner not long ago, and his work was received with loud outcries in many parts of America. On all sides was heard the question: Should the existence led by those people at Newport be taken as an exponent of American life? The answer to this question is assuredly in the affirmative. The millionaire colony at Newport is a distinct feature of the community. It is one peculiar to America, too, and it offers food for thought not only to French philosophers, but to thinkers the world over.

In no other country under the sun is there to be found a society based solely on wealth. That this society should be conservative and exclusive is one of its astounding features; but that such is the case is well known. Marriages are arranged among its members with as much diplomacy as is attendant upon



MR. ROBERT GOELET'S RESIDENCE AT NEWPORT.

similar affairs among the nobility in foreign lands. It is easier, indeed, to become a member of court circles in Europe than to join this society of multimillionaires. Titles may be acquired by a moderate expenditure, and are occasionally bestowed as rewards of merit; but only the possession of the magic six ciphers will admit to this Newport colony. The certificate of admission having been passed upon by competent authorities, the fortunate holder is allowed to enter the sacred precinct, and a golden web is woven around him, so that his faults and foibles are converted into mere eccentricities or personal peculiarities.

The only demand that is made upon him is that he shall retain the original passport. Unfortunately there are many ups and downs in American life. When a man is riding easily on the crest of prosperity's wave he may build his cottage at Newport and become one of the exalted. Then comes an exciting day in the stock exchange, a corner in sugar or wheat, a clash of bulls and bears; a few inches of tape pass under the ticker, and all is gone—rank, prestige, and fortune. The first sign of this disaster is often the sale of the Newport mansion. Sometimes a desperate attempt is made to cling to this outward and visible sign of pros-

perity, because its loss means social ostracism; but the expense attendant upon one of these houses soon makes it impossible to keep up the show. The house and the position that goes with it are turned over to some fortunate newcomer.

When and why the term "cottage" was given to these massive piles of stone and marble is not known. Governor Lawrence and Mr. Bancroft invariably spoke of their "villas at Newport"; but in those old days life was a stately affair, and the words describing it and its adjuncts were of necessity more ponderous than those required today. Now there are "summer houses" on the Hudson, and "estates" in the Berkshires, but at Newport, where the houses are only a little less magnificent than the palaces of the mad king of Bavaria, they are termed "cottages," and the dwellers therein are known as "cottagers." One is tempted to remember Southey's "cottage of gentility" and the gentleman who "owned with a grin that his favorite sin" was "the pride that apes humility." But it would be unjust to charge these magnificent cottagers with this particular fault, for it is highly improbable that any sort of humility had anything to do with the curious misnomer.

*Edge Kavanagh.*





AFTERNOON.

A LILAC light about her pathway narrows ;  
Fine points of flame from out her quiver gleam,  
Till suddenly she drops her golden arrows,  
And dips her feet in twilight's silver stream.

*Hattie Whitney.*



A BEAUTIFUL woman whose fame as a type of the "fair American" is world wide makes this estimate of her reputation: "I'm the most disappointing woman in the world; I'm a 'type.' I'm not what any one expects me to be, not what any one thinks I ought to be, not what I know I am. I'm a *type*, that's all; but



MRS. GEORGE MCREYNOLDS, OF CHICAGO.

*From a photograph by Steffens, Chicago.*



MISS GRACE ADEL, OF SAN JOSÉ, CALIFORNIA.

*From a photograph by Carruthers, San Jose.*

of what, I have never yet found two people who agree."

So frank an admission is rare among women reputed to be beautiful; it could be true only in America, where types of beauty are as varied as individuals. In the West, more than in the East or South, the variety is without end. Western photographers have taken thousands of pictures of fair women, all of which are

examples of Western beauty, but no one of which could possibly be voted "the" Western type. Our Western women, like our Western literatures, are typical of only one thing—variety. There are beautiful women in Chicago whose charm of manner and grace of bearing are anything but Western, as the term is often accepted. Mrs. McReynolds, of whom a portrait is given here, is such a woman. She is the



THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR HENNIKER.

*From a photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.*

wife of George W. McReynolds, a man in the "ups and downs of grain." As the daughter of John Hamilton Cork, prominent in transportation affairs, she has always been a belle in Chicago, and is best known in the music loving circle of the society of the Western metropolis.

California has grown famous for so many extraordinary products, that superlatives seem to associate naturally with people and things in the land of the Golden Gate. Particularly is this so with the women of the Pacific coast, though there may be less fear of confronting a difference of opinion in the use of the

term "most beautiful" when one sees it in connection with so fair an individual picture as that of Miss Grace Adel. Miss Adel was born and has always lived in San José, the city of the Santa Clara valley, noted for its beautiful homes, lovely gardens, and fair women. Her mother was a noted belle in San Francisco during the early sixties. Miss Adel's charm is the perfect and simple beauty of youth. She is but nineteen years old, and her graceful figure and sweet face have all the attractions of girlhood. She is a great horsewoman, and is often seen cantering over the splendid roads of the



valley or up the Alameda. She also shines as a reader of more than ordinary attainment, and has figured prominently in amateur entertainments.

was not considered one of her best efforts. For the past year Mrs. Henniker has acted as president of the English society of women journalists, a young



THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

*From a photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.*

The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker is quite as well known in the world of English literature as in society abroad. She has produced several successful novels, a number of clever short stories, and many special articles. Not long ago she collaborated with Thomas Hardy in writing a sensational tale, which, however,

but important organization which includes among its members nearly all the well known newspaper women of Great Britain and Ireland. When her brother, the Earl of Crewe, formerly Lord Houghton, was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Mrs. Henniker frequently discharged the duties of vicereine at Dublin Castle, where

she made many friends among the Nationalists by her support of their principles. She is a woman of wide sympathies; she is devoted to animals, fond

gether with an intellectual individuality, make her a charming woman. In recent years she has taken great interest in philanthropic work. The nurses for the



MRS. REGINALD ARNOLD, OF NEW YORK.

*From a photograph by Dupont, New York.*

of music and poetry, and given to considering the deeper questions of life.

In that inner and exclusive circle in England of which the royal family is the center, and where crowns and titles move as *ar's intimés*, the Marchioness of Londonderry is a recognized favorite. Her beautiful face and fascinating manner, to-

sick poor at all the Marquis of Londonderry's collieries, the clubs and recreation rooms for working girls, and the benevolent societies which she maintains in various parts of England and Ireland, show that deeds more than words are the outcome of Lady Londonderry's sympathy. During her husband's viceroyalty



MISS SADIE MCFADDEN, OF NASHVILLE.

*From a photograph.*

of Ireland she reigned as queen in Dublin, surrounded by a brilliant court. Though not blessed with robust health, she manages amidst the whirl of social engagements to devote much time to reading; she is an accomplished musician, an artistic photographer, and a graceful horsewoman. Of all her recreations, however, Lady Londonderry prefers sailing her boat, a pleasure she enjoys almost daily while visiting her Irish home at Mount Stewart. Her English residence, Londonderry House, is one of the most beautiful mansions in London.

A recent wedding in New York, much talked of because of the beauty of the bride, was that of Miss Violet di Zerega to Mr. Reginald Arnold. Mrs. Arnold has been considered one of the prettiest young girls in the metropolis. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank di Zerega; her husband is a son of Surrogate John H. V. Arnold. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold are now traveling abroad.

Social differences between sections of the country grow less and less marked; but the bearing and beauty of the daughters of the South remain as dis-



MRS. FREDERICK SEVERS CLINTON.

*From a photograph by Atwater, St. Louis.*

tinctly Southern as are the hospitality and chivalry of its men. Miss Sadie McFadden, of Nashville, is one of these women whose beauty and personal charm have been inherited. Her mother, as Miss Annie Sims, was a famous belle in Tennessee for many years; and among the younger set in Nashville society Miss McFadden holds a similar honor. She is a tall, graceful girl with a radiant beauty and an irresistible personality.

Another Southern woman descended from a distinguished line, and inheriting

many of the personal charms of her Revolutionary ancestors, is Mrs. Frederick Severs Clinton, formerly Miss Janie Carroll Heard, of Elberton, Georgia. An atmosphere of culture and refinement has surrounded Mrs. Clinton from her childhood. Music, flowers, and literature are her delight. Many of her musical compositions exhibit real talent, while her technical skill as a pianist has aroused much admiration. In Washington and St. Louis, where Mrs. Clinton has spent several seasons, she is a social favorite.



# CORLEONE.\*

BY F. MARION CRAWFORD.

"Corleone" is the latest of Mr. Crawford's remarkable stories of Italian life. With its scenes laid in the modern society of Rome, the most ancient and also the newest of the world's great capital cities, and amid the romantic surroundings of an old Sicilian castle, it is a drama of stirring action, in which the mafia plays a powerful part—a tale of true love and of exciting adventure.

## SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

CORLEONE is the title of the Pagliuca d'Oriani family, to whom a sadly diminished estate descends at the death of the spendthrift prince who had been head of the house. Besides the widow of the dead nobleman's brother, Donna Maria Carolina, there are her three sons—Tebaldo, Francesco, and Ferdinando—and a daughter, Vittoria, who has spent the greater part of her seventeen years in a convent. All but Ferdinando move to Rome, and here Vittoria meets and loves Orsino Saracinesca, whose father is Giovanni, Prince of Sant' Ilario, and whose grandfather is the aged Prince Saracinesca, the head of this old Roman family. Orsino's cousin, the Marchese di San Giacinto, who purchases Camaldoli, the Pagliucas' Sicilian homestead, in order to further a scheme for a new railroad, asks Orsino to accompany him to Sicily and take charge of the property. They are shot at by concealed foes near the Corleone homestead, and Orsino returns the fire, killing Ferdinando Pagliuca, who had objected to the sale of the estate and was determined to prevent its occupancy. Shocked by the catastrophe, Orsino returns to Rome, where Tebaldo and Francesco, unwilling to jeopardize their social position, disclaim the dead man's relationship, alleging it to be a mere coincidence of names. He formally proposes for their sister's hand, but his father emphatically refuses to consent to the match, and Vittoria's mother, encountering Orsino, curses him as the murderer of her son. When he goes back to join San Giacinto in Sicily, Orsino is accompanied by his brother Ippolito, who is a priest.

For mercenary reasons Tebaldo Pagliuca becomes engaged to Miss Lizzie Slayback, an American heiress; but both he and his brother Francesco—between whom there is mutual distrust and bitter jealousy—are enamored of a young and beautiful Sicilian girl, Aliandra Basili, who is the daughter of a notary at Randazzo, a village near the old homestead. Owing to an accident to her father, Aliandra is suddenly summoned home from Rome, where she had made a decided success as a prima donna. Francesco, who has recently had a violent quarrel with his brother, follows her to Sicily. On his arrival Concetta, a beautiful peasant girl who was betrothed to Ferdinando, arranges for him to assassinate Ippolito Saracinesca, but Francesco has no intention of risking his own safety to avenge his brother's death. His indifference maddens her and she strikes him. He clutches her rudely in his arms and kisses her. At that moment Ippolito arrives, and witnessing Francesco's cowardly attack on the girl, handles him somewhat roughly. To his amazement Concetta, whose hatred of the Saracinesca will not permit her to waste an opportunity of injuring one of them, despite Francesco's cowardly conduct, promptly accuses the young priest of having made an entirely unprovoked and unwarranted attack on Francesco. Dumfounded, Ippolito attempts no denial. On his return to Camaldoli, Orsino prevails upon him to carry a knife in the future, so that, if attacked, he may defend himself.

## XXVII.

FRANCESCO was no more able to understand Concetta's conduct than Ippolito himself. He had expected a very different termination to the affair, for he knew well enough that if the four peasants had caught him as Ippolito had, they would

very probably have torn him limb from limb, in the most literal and barbarous sense of the word, in spite of any sympathy they might have felt for his family until then. He vaguely understood that Concetta had saved him for his dead brother's sake, and out of hatred for the Saracinesca; but there was a sort of reck-

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less self sacrifice in her act which it was beyond his cowardice and selfishness to comprehend. He rarely addressed the saints, but he inwardly thanked them for his safety as he rode round the outskirts of the village and the back of Taddeo's house. He was still in a tremor of fear, but he knew that he could easily twist and exaggerate the story of the ignominious beating he had received, and thereby account for his pallor and his nervousness. He knew that anything would be believed against the Saracinesca.

It would be hard to give a single reason for his having chosen to come up to Santa Vittoria to find a lodging, when he had left Rome in order to see Aliandra in Randazzo. His timidity might have had something to do with his decision, making him prefer the village where he was sure of finding friends, whatever he might do, to the large town where there was no one upon whom he could count. He had also told Basili, when he had been to see him, that he had business in Santa Vittoria. Vaguely, too, he guessed that Tebaldo might know where he was and follow him. But he had not the slightest intention of doing any harm to the Saracinesca, of whom, in his heart, he had always been afraid.

As soon as Concetta had spoken, he had known that he was safe, though it was long before the effect of his fright had passed off. After what she had said, he knew that no one in Santa Vittoria would believe any statement which Ippolito might make about the encounter; and he set himself to enlarge upon the impression she had given so as to show himself in the most advantageous light possible.

He was not injured, and his bruises, though painful, had not disfigured him, for Ippolito had struck him on the side of the head. As for his lip, he told Taddeo that Ippolito had at first picked up a stone and wounded him in the mouth with it. Taddeo was ready to believe anything, and so was his brother, the fat sacristan, who had waited for Francesco in the bridle path until a late hour, and grievously lamented having missed the fight, for in spite of his fat and his odd smile and the cast in his eye, he was fond of fighting for its own sake, except

in the presence of what he believed to be supernatural and therefore irresistible.

Having eaten his supper, and refreshed his spirits and nerves with some of Taddeo's strongest wine, Francesco went to sleep in the great, old fashioned trestle bed, in sheets that smelt of lavender, though they were of coarse linen. And early in the morning he got up, feeling quite himself, and rode down to Randazzo in the early dawn. An uncomfortable sensation assailed him as he passed the wall of the cemetery, but he looked away and rode on, thinking of Aliandra Basili, and concocting the story he should tell her to account for his wounded lip. Of all things, he desired to make a good impression on her and her father, for he had come from Rome with the determination to marry her if he could.

It did not seem impossible, with Tebaldo out of the way, for she liked him, and Basili himself would think it a good thing for his daughter to marry a Pagliuca. Francesco's native cowardice had kept him out of the sort of daring mischief which gives a man a bad character. He did not gamble, he did not drink, and he could have a title, of course, according to the southern custom of distributing that sort of social distinction through all the members of a family. Aliandra might do far worse, Basili thought; and though he knew that she had made up her mind to get Tebaldo if she could, he also knew Tebaldo well enough to judge that, as the head of his family, he would try to make an ambitious and rich marriage. He frankly told Francesco that he had little influence with his daughter, but that so far as he himself was concerned, he approved of the marriage. Francesco had an equal share of the small family fortune with his brother and sister, and it had been increased by the addition of Ferdinando's, since the latter had left no will. In former times Basili had warned his daughter against the brothers, but their existence had changed since then. They now had a social position, and friends in Rome, and were altogether much more deserving of consideration.

Francesco found the notary's broken leg a distinct advantage in his courtship; for Basili was, of course, helpless to move,

in his room up stairs; and when the young man had paid a visit to the father, he and Aliandra had the house to themselves without fear of interruption. Then the two could stay as long as they pleased in the sitting room below, with the blinds half closed and hooked together; and it was a cool and quiet place, just so high above the street that people could not look in as they passed along outside.

Aliandra had been flattered by the young man's pursuit, as was natural, but she had by no means given up the idea of marrying Tebaldo. She would have preferred that Francesco should not come all the way down from Santa Vittoria every day, but she could not refuse to see him when he came. She had temporarily returned, with a good deal of pleasure and amusement, to the primitive social state in which she had been brought up, and she was no longer able to tell a servant to say that she was not at home. Gesualda, the maid of all work, would not have understood any such order. Besides, Francesco always made a pretense of having come to see how Basili was doing, and invariably went up stairs to the latter's room, as soon as he entered the house. In the middle of the day he went to the inn for his dinner, because Aliandra dined with her father, but an hour later he returned and stayed until it was time for him to ride away in order to reach Santa Vittoria before dark. It was a long ride, and as he rode the same horse every day he saved his animal's strength as much as possible.

Today, everything happened as usual. At the accustomed hour he appeared, put up his horse in Basili's stable beside the notary's brown mare, flicked the dust from his boots and gaiters, and went in to see Aliandra and her father. The stable was in a little yard on one side of the house, entered by a wooden gate from the street, and accessible also from the house itself by a side door which led down three or four steps.

The notary was in a good humor, for the doctor said that he was doing well, and hoped to get him on his feet again in a shorter time than had at first been expected. He was beginning to like Francesco, because the young man took some pains to amuse him, having an object to

gain, and treated him with even more deference than the principal notary of a provincial town had a right to expect. It was amusing to be told about Rome, and to hear a great many things explained which had always been more or less a mystery to one who had never left the island. It was pleasant, too, to hear of his daughter's triumphs from one who had assisted at them all, and who now spoke with the authority of a man of the world, representing the opinion of the Roman aristocracy.

Now and then, when Francesco spoke of some especial passage in an opera by which Aliandra had raised a storm of enthusiasm, Basili would ask her what the music was like; and then, without effort or affectation, as if it were a pleasure to her, her splendid voice burst out, true and clear and fresh, and sang what the old man wished to hear. Then the peasants and people passing through the street would stop to listen, and even the ugly Gesualda, peeling potatoes or shell-ing pease in the kitchen, paused in her work and had a vision of something beautiful and far above her poor comprehension.

On this morning, Francesco did his best to be agreeable, though his head ached and his lip was swollen. He refused to say much about the latter. Aliandra was sure to hear, in a day or two, the story which the peasants would tell each other about the affair, and which would certainly redound to his credit. He said that he had met with a slight accident in going home, and when Aliandra pressed him for an account of it, he said that it was nothing worth mentioning and turned the subject quickly. He did not wish to let her know that he had been worsted by a Saracinesca. The peasants would be sure to concoct a story of treachery, much more to his own glory than anything he could put together, and which would probably contain a number of details that might not agree with those of his own invention.

Aliandra did not ask any more questions about it, even after they had gone down stairs and sat talking in the front room as usual. Her feeling for him had not changed at all. She was not in love with him any more than before she had left

Rome, but he still attracted her in the same rather unaccountable way, and she never felt quite sure of what he might do or say when they were alone together. Yet she felt safer in being with him in her father's house than she had felt in Rome, even under the protection of the Signora Barbuzzì.

He pressed her to marry him, at every meeting. Sometimes she laughed at him, sometimes she gave reasons why she could not accept him, sometimes she refused to listen altogether, and told him that he must go away if he could not talk more reasonably. But he was not easily discouraged; he knew how to make love better than Tebaldo, and after all, she liked him. Tebaldo, when with her, was apt to be either cross tempered or over elated, and almost too much at his ease, for he was far too much moved by her mere presence, and by the atmosphere that surrounded her, to have control of his words and his looks, as he had when he was with Miss Slayback. He was often abrupt with Aliandra, and there are few outward faults which a woman dislikes more in a possible husband than abruptness. Yet Aliandra perpetually did her best to please Tebaldo.

Francesco, on the other hand, used every means in his power to please her. It was no wonder that she liked him better than his brother. He had many of the ways which appeal to all women, and he was clever at hiding those weaknesses which they despise quite as heartily as men can. A born coward not only fears danger, but fears, above all things, to show that he is afraid, and is keenly aware of anything, even in conversation, which can show him in his true light. If he is skilful, as well as cowardly, he will often succeed in deceiving brave men, who are the least suspicious, into the belief that he is as fearless as they. He finds it far easier to deceive women, who always attach much more importance to mere words than men do.

It was a warm and sultry afternoon, for the wind was from the southeast, and had in it something of the suffocating fumes of the volcano over which it blew. The blinds were drawn together and hooked, in the Italian way, so as to let in plenty of air and little light. Aliandra

had established herself on the stiff, old fashioned sofa, putting up her feet, to be more at her ease, and Francesco sat beside her, close to the window, smoking and talking to her. It was very quiet. Now and then footsteps passed along the street outside, and sometimes the sound of peasants' voices was heard, discussing prices or some bit of local gossip. Francesco had eaten his dinner at the inn and had come back, Basili was dozing up stairs on his couch, and Gesualda, the maid of all work, was probably eating oranges in the kitchen, or asleep in her chair, with the cat on her knees. There is nothing so peaceful in the whole world as the calm that descends on all things in the far south after the midday meal.

"This is better than Rome," observed Francesco, looking at Aliandra's handsome profile.

"For a change—yes," answered the singer idly. "I should not care for it always."

"I can imagine that it might be dull, if I were alone."

Aliandra turned her head slowly and looked at him gravely for a moment. Then she smiled.

"If you were alone here," she said, "you would not have the excitement of taking care of a father with a broken leg."

"Excitement!" Francesco laughed. "Yes. I imagined what your existence would be like, so I came all the way from Rome to help you pass the time."

"How merciful! But I am grateful, for though I love my father dearly, a broken leg as a subject of conversation, morning, noon, and night, leaves something to be desired."

"I suppose the old gentleman is anxious about himself and talks about his leg all the time."

"When you are not there he generally does. You do him good, I am sure."

"And so you are grateful to me for coming? Really?"

"Yes. What did you expect?"

"I would rather have less gratitude and more—what shall I say?"

"Anything you like—within certain limits!" Aliandra laughed softly.

"I might say too much, and that might offend you. Or too little, and that would certainly bore you."



"Could you not say just enough? Sometimes you say it very well. You can be tactful when you like."

"If I say that I should like more love, you will think it too much. If I say affection, it is too little, and must seem ridiculous."

Aliandra looked away from him, and rested her head against the hard back of the sofa for a moment.

"Why do you wish to marry me?" she asked suddenly, without turning to him. "You could do much better, I am sure."

"A man cannot do better than marry the woman he loves," said Francesco softly.

"He can marry a woman who loves him," suggested Aliandra, laughing again.

"You cannot be serious very long," he retorted. "That is one reason why I love you. I hate serious people."

"I know you do, and that makes me doubt whether you can ever possibly be serious yourself. Now, to marry a man who is not serious——"

"Or a woman who is not," interrupted the young man.

"Is folly," said Aliandra, completing her sentence.

"Then neither you nor I should ever marry at all. That is the conclusion, evidently. But you began by asking me why I wish to marry you. I answered you. It is simple. I love you, and I have loved you almost since you were a child. You know something about my life in Rome, do you not? Have you ever heard that I cared for any other woman?"

"How should I hear? I am not of your world, and though you know how I live, I know nothing of what you do when you are not with me. How should I? Have I allowed any of the men in society to make my acquaintance? You speak as though I had friends who might be friends of yours, yet you know that I have none. What you say may be quite true, but I have no means of knowing."

"There is Tebaldo," said Francesco. "He knows all about me, and would not be likely to attribute to me any virtue which I do not possess. Has he ever told you that I was making love to any one else?"

"No," answered Aliandra thoughtfully. "That is true."

"And he hates me," observed Francesco. "He would not lose a chance of abusing me, I am sure."

Aliandra made no answer at first, for what he said was quite true, though she did not care to admit it.

"You two are antipathetic to each other," she said at last, using the phrase because it was vague and implied no fault on either side. "You will never agree. I am sorry."

"Why should you care, whether we agree or not?"

"Because I like you both. I should wish you to be good friends."

"I am glad you include us both in one category," said Francesco. "You say that you like us both."

"Well—what of that?"

"There is a beautiful indifference about the expression. If Tebaldo is satisfied, I suppose that I should be. But I am not. I am made of different stuff. I cannot say 'I love you' in one breath, and 'I will not marry you' in the next."

Aliandra started perceptibly and looked at him. He had a well affected air of righteous contempt.

"I am in earnest," he continued, as she said nothing. "I do not know whether I could do better for myself, as you say, or not. I suppose you mean that I might marry the daughter of some Roman prince, with a dowry and sixteen quarterings. Perhaps I might, for I have a good name of my own and an equal share of the property. I do not know and I do not care, and I shall certainly never try to make any such marriage, because I will either marry you or no one. I will not, I could not—nothing could induce me, neither fortune, nor position, nor anything else in the world."

He had a very convincing way of speaking when he chose, and for the first time, perhaps, Aliandra hesitated and thought that she might do worse than accept him for a husband. She thought him handsome as he sat beside her, leaning forward a little and speaking earnestly, and she mistook his masculine vitality for real manliness, which is a common mistake with young women of little experience. Besides, he made no reserva-

tions, and Tebaldo made many. Yet it was hard to give up her dream of being a real princess, the wife of the head of an old family, for she was very ambitious in more ways than one. Francesco had said very much the same things before now, it was true, so that there was no novelty in them for her. But his importunity was beginning to make an impression upon her, as contrasted with his brother's determined avoidance of the question of marriage.

Still she said nothing, but her face betrayed her hesitation. He bent nearer to her, and spoke still more earnestly. There was no affectation in his speech now, for though his passions were evanescent, they had all the heat of his vital temperament as long as they lasted. The fact that he had carefully weighed the advantage to be got by marrying an artist who had youth, beauty, honesty, a small but solid inheritance to expect, and very possibly fame and fortune in the near future, did not make him cold nor calculating when he was close beside that beauty and youth which had at first attracted him. Her eyes softened dreamily from time to time as he spoke, and she made no attempt to withdraw the hand of which he had taken possession.

He spoke quickly, warmly, eloquently, and without reserve, for he had nothing to conceal, and nothing to fear but her refusal. The words were not carefully chosen, nor the phrases very carefully turned, but they had the accent of sincerity, for his whole being was moved, as he spoke. They had also the merit of not being too few nor too short; for that is often a merit in women's eyes. A woman loves to hear the whole tale of love, from the beginning to the end, and feels herself somehow cheated by the short and broken sentences which are often all that a strong man can command, though his hand trembles and his lips are white with emotion which the weak never feel.

In the tender shadow of the half darkened room, his eyes filled hers till she could not look away, and his speech grew softer and was broken by little silences. Aliandra was falling under the spell of his voice, of the hour, of her own warm youth, and of his abundant vitality.

The blinds, hooked together against

the bars, shook a little, perhaps with the sultry afternoon breeze, and all at once there was less light in the room. Aliandra moved a little, realizing that she was falling under the man's influence.

"But Tebaldo!" she exclaimed. "Tebaldo!" she repeated, still clinging to her long cherished hope, as though she owed it a sort of allegiance for its own sake.

Francesco laughed softly, and pressed the hand he held.

"Tebaldo is going to marry the American girl with the great fortune," he said quietly. "You need not think of Tebaldo any more."

Again the blind creaked a little on its hinges. But Aliandra started at what Francesco said, and did not hear the window. She sat upright on the sofa.

"What American girl?" she asked. "I never heard of her. Has this been going on a long time?"

"About two months——" The blind creaked a third time, as he spoke.

"There is some one under the window!" cried Aliandra, lowering her voice and looking round.

"It is the wind," said Francesco indifferently. "The southeast wind blows up the street and shakes the blinds."

Aliandra leaned back again, and he took her hand once more.

"It is quite well known, in Rome," he continued. "The engagement is not actually announced, but it will be very soon. They say she has many millions, and she is very pretty—insignificant, fair with blue eyes, but pretty. He has done very well for himself."

Aliandra was silent. The news meant the absolute destruction of a project she had long hoped to realize, and with which she had grown familiar. But she knew, as it fell to pieces before her eyes, that she had never firmly believed in its success, and there was a sort of relief in feeling that she was freed from the task set her by her own ambition, while at the same time she was hurt by the disappointment of failure, and a sudden keen resentment against Tebaldo prompted her to yield to Francesco's entreaties on his own behalf. He held her hand and waited for her to speak.

The silence lasted long, for the notary's

daughter was afraid of herself and of making up her mind hastily. The blind creaked again, more loudly than before, and she turned her head nervously.

"I am sure there is some one under the window!" she said. "I wish you would look!"

"I assure you it is only the wind," answered Francesco, as before.

"I know, but please look. I am nervous. The sirocco always makes me nervous."

"It is not the weather, Aliandra," he said softly, and smiling, with his eyes in hers. "You are not nervous, either. It is—it is—" he bent nearer to her face. "Do you know what it is?"

Though he was so near, forcing her with his eyes, he had no power over her now. She could not help looking anxiously over his shoulder at the hooked blinds. She was not listening to him.

"It is love," he said, and his red lips gave the word a sensuous sound, as they came nearer to her face.

She did not hear him. The rich color in her face faded all at once, and then with a sharp cry she stood upright, pushing him away from her.

"I saw a hand on the window sill!" she exclaimed. "It is gone again."

Francesco rose also. He was annoyed at the untoward interruption, for he fancied that the hand must have belonged to some boy in the street, playing outside and climbing up a little way to jump down again, as boys do.

"It is ridiculous!" he said in a tone of irritation, and going to the window.

He looked down between the blinds that were ajar, expecting to see a peasant boy. Instead, there was Tebaldo Pagliuca's face, yellow in the sun, as though he had a fever, and Tebaldo's bloodshot eyes looking up to his, and the thin, twisted lips smiling dangerously.

"Come outside," said Tebaldo, in an odd voice. "I want to speak with you."

But Francesco only heard the first words. His abject terror of his brother overcame him in an instant, and he almost ran into Aliandra's arms as he sprang back.

"It is Tebaldo!" he whispered. "Let him in. Keep him here, while I go away through the stable yard!"

And before she could answer, or realize exactly what he meant, he had left her standing alone in the middle of the room. In ten seconds he had made sure that the gate of the stable yard was fast inside, and he was saddling his horse. It was done in less than a minute, somehow. Then he listened, coming close to the gate. He heard Aliandra speaking with Tebaldo at the open window, a moment later he heard the street door open and close, and he knew that Tebaldo was in the house.

Very softly and quickly he unbolted the yard gate. He swung it wide, reckless of the noise it made, and in an instant he was in the saddle and galloping for his life up the deserted street. It was well that he had known the house thoroughly, and that Aliandra had obeyed him and admitted Tebaldo at once.

She was braver than Francesco, by many degrees, though she was no heroine; but she was scared by the look in the man's face, as he entered without a word, and looked round the room slowly for his brother.

"Where is he?" he asked.

Before Aliandra could find any answer, the loud noise of clattering hoofs filled the room. Tebaldo was at the window almost before the sound had passed, and the thrust of his open hand smashed the fastenings so that the blinds flew wide open. He looked out and saw his brother galloping away.

He knew the house, too, for he had been in it many times, and he knew also that Basili's brown mare was a good beast, for the notary was a heavy man, and often had to ride far. Without even glancing at Aliandra, he turned to the door. But she was there before him, and held it closed, though she was frightened now.

"You shall not go," she tried to say.

"Shall not?" he laughed harshly, as his hands caught her.

He did not hurt her, for he loved her in his way, but a moment later she found herself turned round like a leaf in a storm, and the door had closed behind him. It seemed to her but a second more, and she had not been able to think what she should do, when the sound of flying hoofs passed the window again.

She ran to look out, and she saw the brown mare already far up the street. Tebaldo could ride, and he had not wasted time in saddling. Bareback he rode the mare with her halter for a bridle, as he had found her. Aliandra realized that he had no rifle. At all events he would have to overtake his brother in order to kill him, and Francesco had the start of him by several minutes.

He knew it, but he guessed what Tebaldo would do, and he kept his horse at full speed as the road began to wind upward to the black lands. He glanced behind him just before each turning, expecting to see his pursuer. But a clear start of four minutes meant a mile, at the pace he had ridden out of the town. He kept the horse to it, for he was riding for the wager of his life. But the animal had been put to it too suddenly after his feed, without as much as a preliminary walk or trot to the foot of the hill, and even in his terror Francesco saw that it would be impossible to keep the pace much longer. But he could save distance, if he must slacken speed, if he followed the footpath by which the peasants had made short cuts between each bend of the road and the next. They were hard and safe in the heat, and his horse could trot along them fairly well, and even canter here and there. And then, when he was forced to take the high road for a few hundred yards, he could break once more into a stretching gallop. If he could but reach that turn, just beyond the high hill, where Ferdinando's friend had once waited for San Giacinto, he believed that he could elude Tebaldo in the black lands.

It was a terrible half hour, and he gasped and sweated with fear, as he urged his horse up that last long stretch of the road which could not be avoided. His heart beat with the hoof falls, and the sweat ran down upon his velvet coat, while he felt his hands so cold that it was an effort not to drop the reins. But the beast had got his wind at last, and galloped steadily up the hill.

It was growing suddenly dark, and there was a feverish yellow light in the hot air. A vast thunderstorm was rolling over Etna, and another had risen to meet it from the west, hiding the lowering

sun. Only overhead the air was calm and clear. The first clap of the thunder broke in the distance, and went rolling and echoing away from the volcano to the inland mountains. As he reached the top of the hill, Francesco felt the big drops of rain in his face like a refreshment, though they were warm. The thunder pealed out again from the mountain's side with a deafening explosion. He turned in his saddle and looked back.

The road was straight and long, and he could see far. Tebaldo was in sight at last, almost lying on the mare's bare back as she breasted the hills, his hand along her neck, his voice near her ear while she stretched her long brown body out at every stride.

Francesco's teeth chattered as he spurred his horse for another wild effort. He could break from the road now, just before the wide curve it made to the left, and he knew the bridle paths and all the short cuts and byways through the black lands, as few men knew them except that one man, his brother, who was behind him. In his haste to escape he had left his rifle in Basili's hall. It was so much the less weight for his horse to carry, but it left him defenseless, and he knew that Tebaldo must be armed.

The storm broke and the rain came down in torrents. His horse almost slipped in jumping the ditch to get off the main road, but recovered himself cleverly, and long before Tebaldo had reached the top of the hill Francesco was out of sight. He might have felt safe then, from almost any other pursuer. But he knew Tebaldo, and now and then his teeth chattered. He told himself that he was chilled by the drenching rain, but in his heart he knew it was fear. Death was behind him, gaining on him, overtaking him, and he felt a terrible weakness in all his bones, as though they were softened and limp like a skeleton made of ropes.

It was hard to think, and yet he had to ease his mind. Tebaldo was lighter than he, and he rode without saddle or bridle. To take the shortest way through the black lands was to be surely overtaken in the long run. It might be best to take the longest, and perhaps Tebaldo might get before him, and give him a chance to turn back to Randazzo.



But as he looked down at the path his heart sank. The heavy rain had already softened the ground in places, and his horse's hoofs made fresh tracks. There was no mistaking them. There was only one way, then, and it must be a race, for only speed could save him. Whichever way he might turn in and out of the fissures and little hollows, he must leave a trail in the wet, black ashes, which any one could follow.

Don Taddeo's horse was one of the best horses in that part of the country, as Francesco knew, and more than a match for the notary's brown mare, had other things been alike. But there was the difference of weight against him, and, moreover, Tebaldo was the better rider.

There was less than three quarters of a mile between them now, but if he could keep the pace, that would do. He followed the shortest path, which was also the best, because it was naturally the one most used by travelers. The rain fell in torrents, and the air was dusky and lurid. Again and again the great forked lightnings flashed down the side of the mountain, and almost at the instant the terrible thunder crashed through the hissing rain. Francesco felt as though each peal struck him bodily in the back, between the shoulders, and his knees shook with terror as he tried to press them to the saddle, and he bent down as if to avoid a shot or a blow, while his ears strained unnaturally for the dreaded sound of hoofs behind. Yet he scarcely dared to turn and look back, lest while he looked his horse might hesitate, or turn aside to another path through the black wilderness. Under the lurid light the yellow spurge had a horribly vivid glow, growing everywhere in big bunches among the black stones and out of the blacker soil. It almost dazzled him, as he rode on, always watching the path lest he should make a mistake and be lost.

Then the wind changed in a moment and came up behind him in gusts, and brought to his ears the sound of terror, the irregular beat of a horse's hoofs, cantering, pacing, trotting, according to the ground. It was fearfully near, he thought. He had just then his choice of taking to the road again for half a mile

or more, or of following the bridle path that turned off amongst the spurge and the stones. There was a broad, deep ditch, and the rain had made the edges slippery and there was a drop of several feet, and little space to take off. It was a dangerous leap, but the greater fear devoured the less, and Francesco did not hesitate, but put the good horse at it. It would be a relief to get a stretching gallop along the road again.

The horse cleared it well, and thundered up the highway, as glad as his rider to be out of the intricate paths again. Francesco breathed more freely, and presently turned in his saddle as he galloped, and looked back. He could see nothing, but every now and then a gust of wind brought the sound of hoofs to him. Just as he neared the end of the half mile stretch he distinctly saw Tebaldo come up to the leap. The rain had ceased for a moment, and in the gray air he could see tolerably well how the brown mare took off. For an instant he gazed, absolutely breathless. Horse and rider disappeared into the ditch together, for the mare had not cleared it. She might be injured, she might be killed, and Tebaldo with her. With a wild welling up of hope, Francesco galloped along the road, already half sure that the race was won and that he could reach a safe place in time.

The highway was level now, for two or three miles, over the high yoke, below which, on the other side, Camaldoli lay among the trees. He settled down once more to a long and steady gallop, and the going was fairly good, for the volcanic tufa used in making the road drank up the rain thirstily, and was just softened by it without turning to mud. His terror was subsiding a little.

But all at once from behind came the regular, galloping, tramping tread of the horse his brother was riding. He turned as though he had been struck, and there, a mile behind him, was a dark, moving thing on the road. They had not been injured, they had not been killed, they were up and after him again. And again his teeth chattered and his hands grew cold on the reins.

The entrance to the avenue of Camaldoli was in sight, and he set his teeth to

keep them still in his head. It was half a mile from the entrance to the house, and little more than that to Santa Vittoria. But if he turned into the entrance, Tebaldo would cut across the fields and might catch him under the trees, caring little who might be there to see. It was safer to make for Santa Vittoria.

He passed the turn of the road at a round pace, and the good horse breasted the hill bravely. But on the smooth highway, the difference in weight began to tell very soon. Tebaldo was clearly in sight again now, stretching himself along the mare's body, his head on her neck, his voice close to her ear, riding like vengeance in a whirlwind, gaining at every stride.

Francesco's horse was almost spent, and he knew it. He had spurs and used them cruelly, and the poor beast struggled to gallop still, while the lean brown mare gained on him. The sun was low among the lurid clouds, and sent a pale level glare across the desolate land.

Before the cemetery gate, her black clothes and her black shawl drenched with the thunderstorm and clinging to her, Concetta sat in her accustomed place, bent low. Francesco scarcely saw her, as he rode up the last stretch for his life. But, as he passed her, his horse stumbled a little. Francesco thought he shied at the black figure, but it was not that. Four, five, six strides more, and the brave beast stumbled again, staggered as Francesco sprang to the ground, and then rolled over, stone dead, in the middle of the road.

Francesco did not glance at him as he lay there, but ran like a deer up the last few yards of the hill. The little church was just on the other side, and it might be open. Tebaldo was not two hundred yards behind him, and had seen all and was ready, and the lean mare came tearing on. She took the dead horse's body in her desperate stride, just as Francesco burst into the church.

With all his strength he tried to force the bolt of the lock across the door inside, for the key was outside where Ippolito had left it when he entered. He could not move it, and he heard the thunder of hoofs without. If Tebaldo had not seen him enter, the mare would gallop past the

closed door to the gate of the town. In wild fear he waited the ten seconds that seemed an age. The clattering ceased suddenly, and some one was forcing the door in behind him. Francesco's lips moved, but he could not cry out. He ran from the door up the aisle.

When Tebaldo had killed him, on the steps of the altar, he sheathed the big knife, with which he had done the deed at one blow, and instantly dropped it through the old gilded grating under the altar itself, behind which the bones of the saint lay in a glass casket. No one would ever look for it there.

As if the fever that had burned him were suddenly quenched in the terrible satisfaction of murder, the natural color returned to his face for a moment, and he grew cold. Then all at once he realized what he had done, and he knew that he must escape from the church before any one surprised him. He turned away from the altar and found himself face to face with Ippolito Saracinesca, who had been at work at the back of the organ, while he was waiting for the fat sacristan as usual, and had come down the winding stairs as soon as he had heard the noise of running feet, without even going to the front of the loft to see who was there.

Tebaldo stood stock still, facing the priest, while one might have counted a score. He knew him well and was known to Ippolito. But Ippolito could not see who it was that lay dead across the steps, for the face was downwards. Tebaldo looked at the churchman's calm and fearless eyes and knew that he was lost, if he could not silence him. Before Ippolito spoke—for he was too much surprised and horror struck to find anything to say, and was rather thinking what he ought to do—the Sicilian was on his knees, grasping his sleeve with one hand and crossing himself with the other.

He began the words of the confession. A moment more and he was confessing to Ippolito as to a priest, and under the sacred seal of silence, the crime of having slain his brother. Ippolito could not stop him, for he had a scruple. He could not know that the man did not at once truly repent of what he had done, and in that case, as a priest, he was bound to hear and to keep silence for ever. Tebaldo

knew that, and went to the end, and said the last Latin words even while getting on his feet again.

"I cannot give you absolution," said the young priest. "The case is too grave for that. But your confession is safe with me."

Tebaldo nodded, and turned away. He walked firmly and quickly to the door, went out, and closed it behind him. He had already made up his mind what to do. He met the fat sacristan less than twenty paces from the church. He had known him all his life, and he stopped him, asking him where he was going. The man explained.

"Don Ippolito will not need you to blow the organ today," said Tebaldo gravely. "He has just killed my brother in the church. I have turned the key on him, and am going to fetch the carabinieri."

The fearful lie was spoken with perfect directness and clearness. The man started, stared at Tebaldo, and grew pale with excitement, but he could not believe his ears till Tebaldo had repeated the words. Then he spoke.

"We thought he had killed him yesterday afternoon by the cemetery," he said. "And now he has really done it! Madonna! Madonna! And another of them killed Don Ferdinando!"

"What is that about the cemetery?" asked Tebaldo. "Tell me as we go, for I am in a hurry."

"It is better that I stay," said the man. "He knows the lock, and he may be able to slip the bolt from the inside, for he is very strong. He almost killed Don Francesco last night with his hands and only a stone he picked up."

He told Tebaldo in a few words the story which the peasants had already invented.

"I am glad you have told me," said Tebaldo. "It explains this horrible murder. I will go for the carabinieri at once. There is no more time to be lost. Stay here and watch the door."

He knew he could trust the man to do his worst against a Roman, and he walked rapidly into the town.

Ippolito watched Tebaldo until the door closed behind him. He was a very honorable as well as a very good man, and

though as a priest he felt that he must give the murderer the benefit of a doubt, he felt as a man that the doubt could not really exist, and that Tebaldo had intentionally put him under the seal of confession in order to destroy his power of testifying in the case. The clever treachery was revolting to him.

He turned to look at the dead man, suddenly hoping that there might be some life left in him after all. He went and knelt beside him on the step of the altar, and turned his body over so that it lay on its back. He felt the sort of pitying repulsion for anything dead which every sensitively organized man or woman feels, but he told himself that it was his duty to make sure that Francesco was not alive.

There was no doubt about that. Even he, in his inexperience, could not mistake the look in the wide open, sightless eyes. He shuddered when he remembered how only twenty four hours ago he had struck the poor dead head again and again with all his might, and he thanked Heaven that he had not struck harder and more often. He looked for the wound. It was on the left side, low down in the breast, and must have gone to the heart at once. There was blood on both his hands, but very little had run down upon the steps.

He got his handkerchief from the side pocket of his cassock, and started as he felt there the sheathed knife which Orsino had made him carry. There was no water in the church, except a little holy water, and he could not defile that, so he wiped his hands as well as he could on his handkerchief, and put the latter back into his pocket.

Suddenly he realized that he ought to be doing something, and he stood up, and looked about in hesitation. He asked himself how far the secret of confession bound him, and whether it could be regarded as a betrayal to call the authorities at once. Some one might have seen Tebaldo leave the church, and to give the alarm at once might be to fasten suspicion upon him. The rule about the secrecy of confession is very strict.

The sacristan might be expected to appear at any moment, too. Ippolito looked at his watch, and wondered why the man had not come already. He was

in great difficulty, for the case was urgent. Being alone, too, he did not like to shut up the church, leaving the dead man there alone. But he was sure that the sacristan would come in a few moments. It was more than half an hour since he had sent the lame boy to find him. It was wiser to wait for him and send him for the doctor and the carabinieri.

He paced up and down before the altar rail rather nervously, glancing every now and then at the dead man. But the sacristan did not come. He thought it would be charitable to straighten out the lifeless limbs and cross the hands upon the breast, and he went up the steps and did so. When it was finished, he found more blood on his hands, and again rubbed away as much as he could with his handkerchief. Once more he paced the stone floor. Then he remembered that in his excitement he had not even said a prayer, and he knelt a while by the rail, repeating some of the psalms for the dead.

He rose and walked again, and his eyes fell on the queer words in worn, raised letters on the slab in the floor—"Esca Pagliuca pesca Saracen"—and again he was struck by the way in which his own name, or something very like it, could be made out of the letters.

He walked down the church, intending to look out and see whether the sacristan were coming. He was surprised to find the door locked. Then, all at once, he heard the sound of many voices, speaking loudly and coming nearer. He could distinguish his own name, spoken again and again in angry tones by some one with a loud voice.

## XXVIII.

IPPOLITO moved a step backwards when he heard the key turned in the lock, for the door opened inwards. It swung wide, a moment later, and he faced a multitude of angry eyes. There was Tebaldo pointing to him with an evil smile on his thin lips, and his lids falling at the angles like those of a vulture that scents death. There was the young red haired lieutenant of infantry, gazing sharply at him; there was a corporal, with three or four of the foot carabinieri in their forage caps. These represented the law. But

pressing upon them, around them, and past them, was also a throng of angry men, and with them half a dozen women, and some children, even little ones, and the lame boy who waited every day to call the sacristan, and the fat sacristan, with the disturbing cast in his eye. In the background, just within the door when all had entered, and leaning against the doorpost, stood Concetta, her shawl falling back from her head, her splendid eyes gleaming with insanity.

"Take him," said Tebaldo harshly. "There lies my brother, before the altar, and his blood is on this man's hands."

Then came a discordant chorus of cries and curses from the crowd.

"Take the priest of the Saracinesca! Handcuff him! Put him in chains! Curses on his soul, and on the souls of his dead!"

"He tried to kill him with a stone yesterday!"

"He has done it today, the assassin!"

"Let us burn him alive! Let us tear him to pieces! Death to the Roman!"

"Let me get my hands upon his face!" screamed a disheveled woman.

And a child, that stood near, spat at him.

Ippolito had stepped backwards before them and faced them, pale and staring in amazement and horror. He could not understand, at first. The hideous treachery was altogether beyond his belief. Yet Tebaldo's outstretched hand pointed at him, and it was Tebaldo's voice that was bidding the soldiers take him. Their faces were impenetrable. Only the young Piedmontese officer, used to another world in the civilized north, betrayed in his expression the sort of curiosity one sees in the looks of people who are watching wild beasts in a cage.

"You had better clear the church," he said to the carabinieri. "This confusion is unseemly."

He was not their officer, but they at once began to obey him. The crowd resisted a little, when the big men pushed them back with outstretched arms, as one gathers canes in the brake, to bind them together before cutting them off at the roots.

"They will let him go, like his brother," growled an old man fiercely.



"They will send him to Rome, and then let him go free, because he is a Roman," said the crooked little carpenter.

And the little boy spat at Ippolito again, and dodged the hand of one of the soldiers and ran out. With protesting cries, and with many curses and many evil threats, the people allowed themselves to be pushed out without any violence.

"I am the sacristan," said the fat man, objecting; and they let him stay.

"I am Concetta," said the dark girl gravely.

"Let her stay," advised the sacristan. "She saw the priest beat him yesterday."

Ippolito had not spoken a word. He had folded his arms, and stood waiting for the confusion to end. He was fearless, but he could not realize, at first, that he might be seriously accused of the murder, and he believed that he should be set free very soon. He understood the treachery now, however, and his clear eyes fixed themselves on Tebaldo's face.

When the church was cleared, and the door fastened, the corporal stepped up to him. Two of his men had gone to examine the body, and to search for the weapon.

"You are accused of having killed that gentleman," said the corporal quietly. "He is quite dead, and you are in the church with him. There is blood on both your hands. What have you to say?"

"I did not kill him," said Ippolito simply. "When I saw that he was lying before the altar, I examined him, to see if he were dead. That is how I soiled my hands."

The two men came back from the altar. They had ascertained that Francesco had been killed by a knife thrust, but had not found the knife.

"I regret that I must search you," said the corporal, in his quiet, determined voice.

"You will find a knife in my pocket," answered Ippolito, very pale, for he saw how all evidence must go against him.

The corporal looked up sharply, for he himself was surprised. Ippolito emptied his pockets, not wishing to submit to the indignity of being searched. He at once

produced the sheathed bowie knife and the handkerchief, which was deeply dyed with blood and not yet dry. Some of it had stained the yellow leathern sheath in several places. The corporal drew out the weapon, which was bright and spotless, returned it to its sheath, and then held up the handkerchief by two corners. It is very easy to wipe blood from burnished steel, provided it is done instantly, and the corporal had a wide experience of such matters. He concluded that Ippolito might have cleaned the knife with the pocket handkerchief. He handed both objects to one of his men.

Tebaldo's lids had quivered and his lips had moved a little as he looked on. It seemed as though some supernatural power were conspiring in his favor against his enemy. But he said nothing. The young officer opened his blue eyes very wide, and thoughtfully twisted his small red mustache.

Ippolito emptied the other pocket of his cassock, and produced a small volume of the Breviary, containing the offices for the spring, a little flexible morocco pocketbook, containing a few bank notes, and an ivory handled penknife.

"It is enough," said the corporal. "These things do not interest us. Your name," he added, taking out his note-book and pencil.

"Ippolito Saracinesca."

"Son of whom?"

"Of Don Giovanni Saracinesca, Prince of Sant' Ilario, of Rome."

"Age?"

"Twenty seven years."

"Your occupation?"

"A priest."

"Present residence?"

"Rome. I am staying with my brother at Camaldoli."

The corporal noted the answers rapidly in his book, and returned it to his pocket, buttoning his tunic again. Then he was silent for a moment.

"You have already given your account of the affair," he said presently to Tebaldo. "It is not necessary to repeat it. But this girl—what has she to say?" He turned to Concetta.

Gravely, but with gleaming eyes, the pale and beautiful girl came forward and faced Ippolito.

"Yesterday at sunset I was at the gate of the cemetery," she said. "This man's brother, who lives at Camaldoli, shot this Don Tebaldo's brother, to whom I was betrothed, and he is buried in the cemetery. Therefore, I go every day to the gate, to visit him. Yesterday Don Francesco came up the road and was speaking to me. He who lies there dead was talking with me but yesterday. God give his soul peace and rest! Then this priest, coming down from Santa Vittoria, fell upon him from behind treacherously, and choked him by the collar, and beat him upon the head, so that he fell down fainting. But certain peasants came by that way and lifted him up and took him into our village, but the priest went down to Camaldoli. This I saw, and this I tell you. And now two Saracinesca have killed two Pagliuca."

She ceased speaking, and her white hands drew her shawl over her head, for she was in church, where a woman's head should be covered.

"Do you admit the truth of what this girl says?" asked the corporal, turning to Ippolito.

"It is true that I beat Francesco Pagliuca with my hands yesterday afternoon."

"Do you not admit also that you killed him today, in this church, with that knife? Don Tebaldo testifies that he saw you do it."

The young priest drew himself up to his height, and his clear gaze riveted itself on Tebaldo's half veiled eyes. The good man faced the bad silently for many seconds.

"Did you testify that you saw me kill your brother?" asked Ippolito, at last.

"I did, and I shall repeat my testimony at the proper time," answered Tebaldo steadily.

But under the clear, high innocence that silently gave him the lie, his eyelids drooped more and more, till he looked down.

"Do you admit that you killed him?" asked the corporal again.

"I did not kill him."

"But you must necessarily know who did, if you did not," said the soldier. "The sacristan says that you sent a boy for him some time ago. The man is only

just dead, as my men have seen. You must have been in the church when he was killed, and you must have seen the man who did it."

Ippolito had not seen the deed done, but he had seen the murderer. It would be hard to answer on the one point and not on the other, and by the very smallest slip he might unintentionally say something which might end in the betrayal of the secret told him in confession. He therefore kept silent.

"You say nothing? You insist in saying nothing?" asked the corporal.

"I say nothing beyond what I have said. I did not do it."

"And you," continued the soldier, addressing Tebaldo, "you testify that you saw this man do it?"

"I do. Those things would bear evidence without me," added Tebaldo, pointing to the knife and the bloody handkerchief, which latter one of the soldiers held by a single corner in order not to soil his fingers. "Those things, and the man's hands," he added. "Moreover, his brother killed my other brother, as every one knows, and he himself admits that he assaulted Francesco only last night. You can hardly hesitate about arresting him, corporal. The fact that he is a Roman and that we are Sicilians is hardly a sufficient defense, I think."

The corporal understood that he had no choice. He was a very sensible man and had seen much service in Sicily, and whenever there was bloodshed he was inclined to attribute the crime to a Sicilian rather than to an Italian. He liked Ippolito's face and innocent eyes, and would have given much to feel that he had a right to leave him at liberty. But he had to admit that the evidence was overpoweringly strong against the accused.

At first sight, indeed, it seemed perfectly absurd to suppose that a young churchman of a sensitive organization and educated in a high state of civilization should suddenly, wilfully, and violently stab to death such a man as the carabineer believed Francesco Pagliuca to have been; a man against whom the authorities had been warned, as being likely on the contrary to do the Saracinesca some injury, if he could; a man who had grown up in a wild part of

Sicily, imbued with the lawless ideas of the mafia; a man, in fact, who though a nobleman by birth was looked upon as a "maffeuoso," and whose brother had certainly had friendly relations with outlaws. It was not to be denied that the carabinieri and the soldiers were all strongly prejudiced in favor of the Saracinesca, as against the Corleone.

At the same time, the evidence was overwhelming, and was the more so because Ippolito was so obstinately silent and would say nothing in self defense beyond making a general denial of the charge. In his difficulty the corporal turned to the officer of the line, both as his military superior and as a man of higher education than himself. He wanted support. He begged the lieutenant to speak with him in private for a moment, and they moved away together to one of the side chapels.

Ippolito folded his arms and paced up and down before the carabinieri, in profound and distressing perplexity. Tebaldo leaned against a pillar and watched him with evil satisfaction. Concetta went and knelt down, facing the altar, by a pillar on the opposite side, and the fat sacristan stood still in the background, watching everybody.

The lieutenant shook his head from time to time while the corporal went over the case.

"For my part," said the officer, at last, "I will wager my honor as a soldier that the priest did not kill him. But you will have to arrest him, not because of the feeling in the village, but simply because the evidence appears to be so strong. There is something here which we do not understand. But soldiers are not called upon to understand. It is always our duty to act to the best of our ability on what we can see. Understanding such things belongs to the law. I advise you to take him to your quarters and get him away from here tonight. He will make no resistance, of course."

The corporal was satisfied, though he did not like the duty, and he came back to Ippolito.

"It is my duty to arrest you," he said, in a tone which expressed some respect and much annoyance. Ippolito had stopped abruptly in his walk and turned

when he heard the soldier's footsteps behind him.

"You must do what you think right," he said calmly. "I am ready to go with you."

The corporal gave an order to his men and requested Ippolito to walk between them. Then he himself opened the door of the church.

A multitude of people had assembled outside, and there were now at least three times as many as had at first followed Tebaldo and the carabinieri. Many more were hurrying down from the gate, and there was the confused sound of many voices, talking angrily. But when Ippolito appeared there was silence for a moment. Then, from far back in the crowd, came a single cry, loud, high, derisive, and full of hatred.

"Assassin!"

The word rang out, and was immediately taken up and repeated by a hundred men and women, with a sort of concentrated fury that hissed out the syllables, as though each were a curse.

Ippolito faced the people calmly enough, walking between the four carabinieri, who marched two and two on each side of him, and the evening light shone full upon his clear cut features and his innocent, brave eyes. He needed courage as well as innocence to bear him through the ordeal, for he knew that but for the handful of soldiers the crowd would have made short work of tearing him to pieces in their fury. For once, the soldiers were on their side against the hated Italians of the mainland. The people applauded them and their corporal, and the infantry officer, as they went by.

The children ran before, crying out to the people who were still coming down from the village.

"Here comes the priest of the Saracinesca!" they shouted. "Here comes the assassin!"

"Assassin! Assassin!" Ippolito heard the word a thousand times in five minutes. And some of the people spoke to the soldiers and the corporal.

"Give him to us, uncle carabiniere!" cried the crooked carpenter. "What has law to do with him? Give him to us! We will serve him half roasted and half boiled!"

And the people who heard laughed at this and jeered at Ippolito.

"See the blood on his hands!" screamed the carpenter's big wife, suddenly catching sight of the red stains. "See the blood of Sicily on the priest's hands!"

A yell rose from all the multitude, for a hundred had heard the woman's high, shrill voice, and the rest took up the cry, so that the children who went before ran back to see what was the matter. One was the woman's child. She caught him in her strong arms and raised him up to see, as she marched along.

"See the good Sicilian blood!" she cried into the boy's ear.

"Curses upon the souls of his dead!" yelled the child, half mad with excitement.

All the people surged along together, running and jostling one another to keep the priest in sight. And the children whistled and made catcalls and strange noises, and the women screamed, and the men cursed him in their hard voices.

Bareheaded he walked between the soldiers, looking far ahead and not seeing or not wishing to see the people, nor to understand what they said. He had but one thought—not to break the faith of his priestly order by betraying the confession. Had he known that death was before him, he would not have yielded.

Suddenly something struck him on the shoulder, and he started, and his face changed. Some one had thrown a rotten orange at him, well aimed, and as it smashed upon his shoulder, some of the yellow juice spurted upon his cheek. For one moment the calm look was gone, and the clear features set themselves sternly, and the eyes flashed with human anger at the indignity of the insult. The crowd screamed with delight, and pushed the soldiers upon each other.

"Halt!" cried the carabineer corporal.

In a moment his great army revolver was in his hand, and all his men, watching him, had theirs ready.

"We are acting in the name of the law," he said, in a loud voice. "If anything more is thrown at us, we shall disperse you, and you must take the consequences."

"The orange was not thrown at you," cried the carpenter's wife.

"I have warned you," said the corporal. "Stand off, there! Fall back! Make way!" And he kept his revolver in his hand, as the people slunk away to right and left, cowed by the sight of the weapon.

After that there was less noise for a while, though he did not pretend to control that, nor to hinder them from saying what they pleased. And presently they began again, and the hissing words filled the air, and pierced the young priest's ears.

But he said nothing, and his face was cold and pale again, as he walked on, fearless and innocent, keeping the real murderer's secret for the sake of his own churchman's vow, and holding his head high amidst the insults and the jeers of the multitude.

It was a long way, for they had to march through the whole town to reach the quarters of the carabineers in the old convent on the other side. Ippolito would have marched a whole day's journey without wincing, if it had fallen to his lot, but he was glad when the wooden gates of the yard were loudly shut behind him, and he was at last free from his enemies. He looked round, and Tebaldo was gone, and Concetta, and the sacristan, as well as all the rest, except the carabineers. The officer of the line had gone home to write a despatch to his colonel, and Ippolito was alone with the carabineers.

Meanwhile the little lame boy whom Ippolito employed, and who had a sort of half grateful, half expectant attachment for the kind priest, had done a brave thing, considering his infirmity. Seeing what was happening at the church and hearing what all the people said, he quietly slipped away and limped down to Camaldoli to warn Orsino Saracinesca. It took him a long time to get there, for he was very lame, having one leg quite crooked from the knee, besides some natural deformity of the hip. But he got to the gate at last, and it chanced that Orsino had just come in from riding and was standing there, his rifle slung behind him, when the little boy came down.

*(To be continued.)*





BASKETBALL IN THE SMITH COLLEGE GYMNASIUM.

## LIFE AT A GIRLS' COLLEGE.

The Smith girls at work and at play—Their college buildings, their studies and amusements, their secret societies, their customs and traditions.



THE claim is justly made for the old town of Northampton, Massachusetts, that it makes provision for a wide variety of earthly needs. It contains a lunatic asylum, an institute for the deaf and dumb, a water cure establishment—and a girls' college. In addition to these beneficent human agencies, the town is liberally endowed by nature with the gifts at her disposal. Not only is it most picturesquely placed on elevated ground near the bank of the Connecticut River, but it affords a wide view of the Connecticut valley, so

that for charms within and without it is a spot to be remembered.

The town, which Smith College has made notable, consists of one principal street stretching out interminably. The college is situated at one end of the village, on an eminence commanding a fine view of the surrounding country. The buildings are well constructed, though unpretentious in comparison to some of the larger American universities. But the whole place is wonderfully attractive and homelike. It has more the appearance of a group of well kept private dwellings than that of a seat of learning, a place for work and study. And they do study, the daughters of "Fair Smith," in a manner that would put the average college man to shame. Yet if any one supposes that these young women are a set of "grinds," that they all wear glasses and masculine collars, and go about continually talking women's rights





"PARADISE" IN SUMMER.



"PARADISE" IN WINTER.

and political economy, he is vastly mistaken. They are students, of course—otherwise they would not be at Smith—but they appreciate the maxim that "all work and no play makes Jill a dull girl," and they act upon it with good will.

No one ever accused the Smith girl of being dull. She blends work and fun in such happy proportions that to her life is always interesting. She is neither a bookworm nor an idler, but keen intellectual competition and wholesome physical activity combine to bring out all that is best in her. On any bright day the campus is an extremely interesting sight. From dawn till dark it is always full of

life. The girls are continually flitting from one building to another, or meeting in groups on the smooth, well kept lawn.

Here's a group of just eleven,  
Talking o'er a hard exam. ;  
Here's a group of six or seven,  
Eating ginger snaps and jam !

In pleasant weather the "Smithians "



THE MUSIC BUILDING.



THE COLLEGE HALL.

rarely wear any headgear; or if they do, it is nothing but a "Tam-o'-Shanter." When the weather is cold, they slip over their shoulders a warm golf cape, which may be as easily slipped off again on entering a recitation room. The very sensible fashion prevails of wearing skirts that escape the ground by two or three inches, while many of the girls fairly live in their bicycle costumes.

Founded in 1871 by Sophia Smith, of Hatfield, Massachusetts, the college has long since outgrown the capacity of its own dormitories, but all about the grounds houses and cottages have sprung up which, during the college year, are devoted wholly to the use of the Smith girls. The campus houses are naturally more in demand than those outside, and there is always a long waiting list of applicants who are anxious to obtain rooms in them.

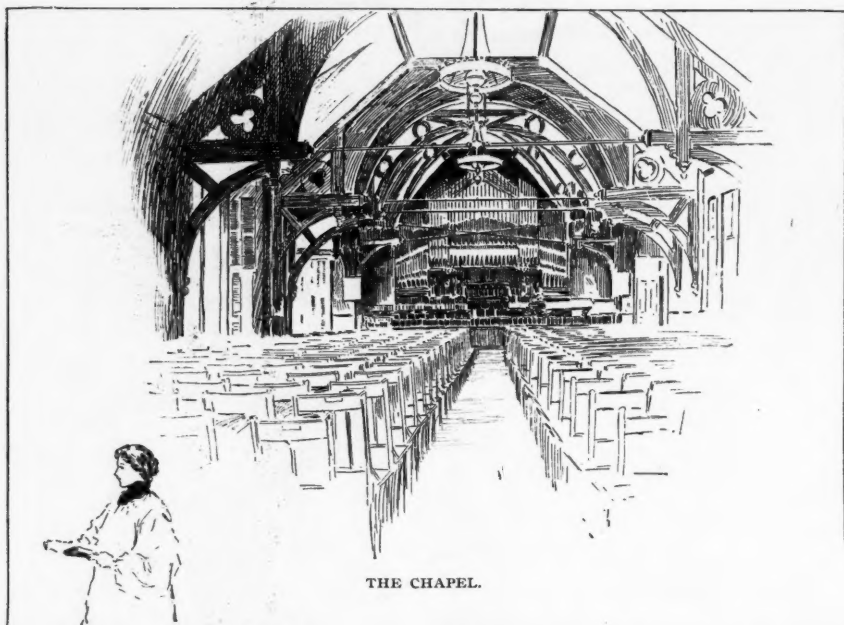
The outside houses are beyond the jurisdiction of the college authorities, and the girls living in them have greater freedom than those living in the college buildings, for here such rules as "lights

out at ten," "no breakfast if late," are more or less rigidly enforced.

A decided innovation in the dormitory life of Smith is the handsome building which has recently been erected outside the campus. It is a massive pile of masonry that conveys the impression of having wandered from its foundation in some large city. It has all the modern conveniences, from steam heat and electric lights to an elevator with a boy in buttons. These "improvements" are all very well in their way; but when a girl surrounds herself with all the paraphernalia of hotel existence, she is apt to find that she is not quite in touch with that democratic spirit which is one of the greatest charms of the life at Smith. The cost of living in such a dormitory is, of course, greater than in the other houses, and so, naturally, the occupants are regarded more or less as a class by themselves—as girls of means. Such a distinction is, of course, made unconsciously, but it exists nevertheless, and results in the formation of "cliques"—always an unfortunate feature of undergraduate life.



A SMITH GIRL'S ROOM.



THE CHAPEL.

In the campus houses such cliques can have no existence. The daughter of the man who owns two or three railroads has no better surroundings and no more comforts than the ambitious girl who is working her way through college. Of the latter there are quite a number, and they exhibit much ingenuity in devising ways and means of self-support. One girl is noted for the stylish shirt waists she makes, and her needle is kept busy in

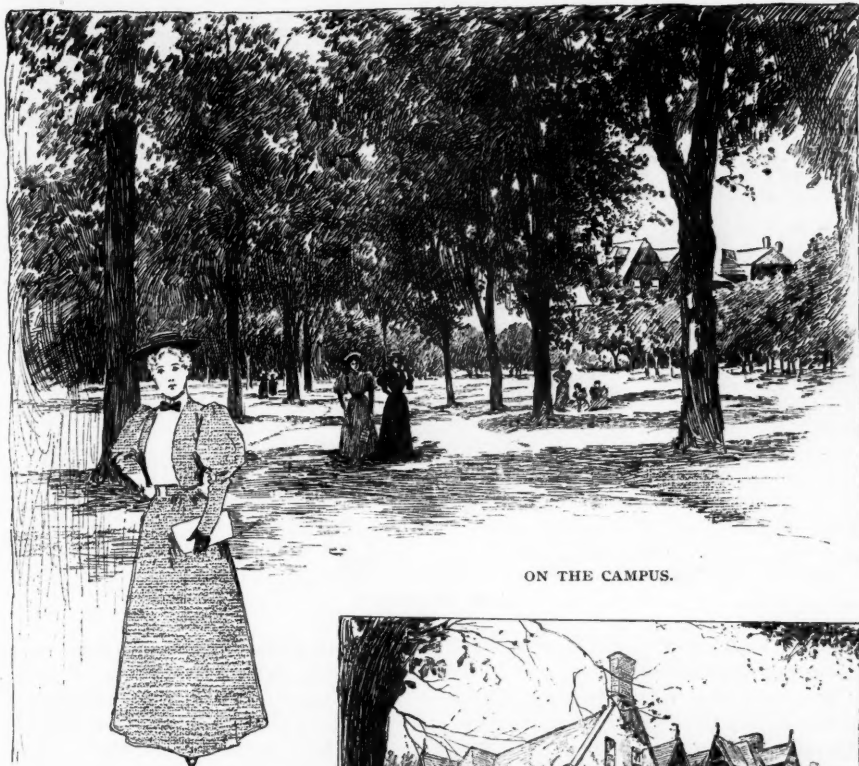
this direction. This same girl plays the piano for any dance that may be given. Another almost entirely supports herself with her camera, while a third is correspondent for several newspapers.

The curriculum at Smith is practically the same as that at any first class university, but the pastimes are vastly different. Basketball is the most popular game, and keen is the rivalry between the classes. The contests are held in the se-



THE OBSERVATORY.





ON THE CAMPUS.

clusion of the college gymnasium. Basketball is not unlike a mild form of football, and, while it avoids the danger of the latter, it is well calculated to arouse the enthusiasm of rival classes to the highest pitch. Boating and tennis are also favorite amusements in their season, and in winter there is skating, in which the Amherst students often join.

One of the first places shown to the visitor is "Paradise." This delightful spot—the name is applied, in a general way, to a pretty sheet of water and the charming, shady walks near by—is the favorite retreat of the Smith girls. On pleasant half holidays one may see many of them wending their way in its direction, laden with sofa pillows and



THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.



THE IVY PROCESSION.

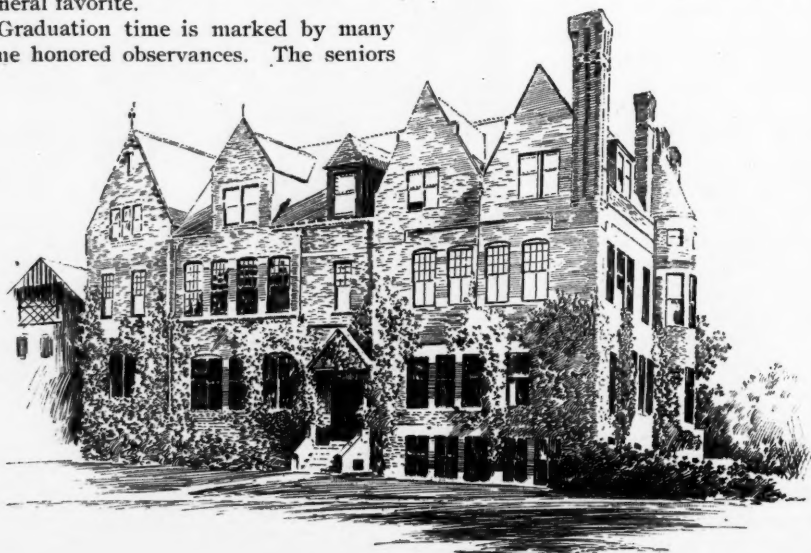
"fudge"—a kind of home made candy, locally in great demand.

The principal secret societies at Smith are the Alpha and the Phi Kappa Psi, to either one of which a girl may be elected after her freshman year. In order to be eligible an undergraduate must possess decided talent for literature, or else be a general favorite.

Graduation time is marked by many time honored observances. The seniors

wear white dresses for the last three days of the college year. One of these is known as "Ivy Day," and on it the departing class plants an ivy vine near College Hall. It is a pretty sight to see the "sweet girl graduates," all in white, marching two by two across the green campus.

*Douglas Z. Doty.*



THE LILLY HALL OF SCIENCE.

## IN THE PUBLIC EYE

### A FAMOUS NOVELIST AND CRITIC.

Paul Bourget, novelist, critic, and Academician, is one of the typical figures of French literature. His promotion to a place among the Forty Immortals was a triumph for the younger school, the newer literary life of France. Only a little over forty at the time of his election, he was the first Academician who belongs to the generation that has arisen since the great war of 1870—the generation that has grown up under the republic, and that scarcely remembers the days of the empire and of the revolution which overthrew it.

The Academy has always been a stronghold of tradition. It has rigidly

maintained its old time rules and customs—its uniform designed by David, its stately and formal ceremonial, its military escort and beating drums that welcome a new member, its five franc fee for attendance at its regular Thursday meetings. It has always stood for conservatism in literature—for old fogeyism, its critics have dared to say; and history will probably record the election of Bourget as a landmark in its annals, much as Victor Hugo's admission was hailed as marking the first official recognition of the romantic school of the last generation.

Though Bourget's fame has been quickly won, his career as an author was not



PAUL BOURGET.

*From his latest photograph by Lombardi, Sienna.*



WILLIAM C. DE WITT, WHO DRAFTED THE CHARTER FOR THE GREATER NEW YORK.

*From an engraving by A. H. Ritchie.*

begun early in life. He was nearly thirty when his first newspaper articles appeared in the *Globe*, of Paris. His father—who at the time of the younger Bourget's birth was a mathematical teacher at Amiens, and later became principal of a college at Clermont—at first discouraged his literary aspirations, but his success was such that it speedily determined his life work. In the last thirteen years he has published a score of volumes, chiefly novels, but including sketches of travel—one of which is the record of an American tour—and critical essays. The tone of some of his writings has been censured, for he is one of those who frankly disavow the subjection of art to morals; but all of them have had a wide audience, both in and beyond France.

Perhaps M. Bourget's best achievements have been in the field of criticism—a branch of literature more highly esteemed in France than elsewhere. France, indeed, is the only country that sets her greatest minds to analytical no less than to creative work, and bestows her highest

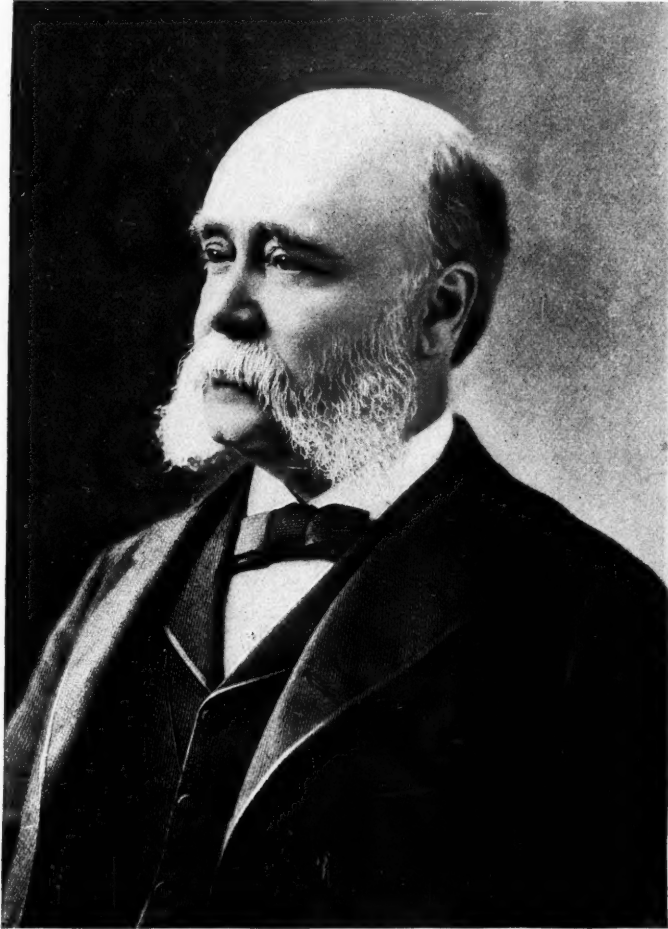
rewards upon critical genius. Half a dozen of her Academicians have won their places by such service. Of M. Bourget's style and methods an interesting specimen will be found in the present number of MUNSEY'S.

#### A MAKER OF CHARTERS.

It is something more than a coincidence that the man whose share in framing a charter for the greater New York was greater than that of any one of his fellow workers should have come of charter making stock. The first American ancestor of William C. De Witt was a cousin of John De Witt, "grand pensionary" of Holland, who perfected the Staats-General or league of Dutch states, after which our Federal government was in part modeled. Charles De Witt, Mr. De Witt's great grandfather, was chairman of the committee which drew up the first constitution of New York. De Witt Clinton, who contributed largely to New York's earliest and best charter, and who was mayor of the city, was of

the same family; while William De Witt's mother was a sister of Jacob W. Miller, attorney general of New Jersey, who represented that State in the Senate for twelve years during the time of Webster and Calhoun.

form; and he had been conspicuous in the work of drafting the present charter of New York's sister city. Few men were available as commissioners who had had thirty years of constant study and experience in civic government. Mr. De



GENERAL STEWART L. WOODFORD, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO SPAIN.

*From a photograph by Pearsall, Brooklyn.*

The appointment of Mr. De Witt as a commissioner on the greater New York charter, and his selection as chairman of the committee on draft and revision, were not due to any ancestral influence of his name. His own record made him the man for the place. For more than thirteen years, as corporation counsel of Brooklyn, he had fought for municipal re-

Witt was not an applicant for the position; but he regarded Governor Morton's unsolicited appointment as a command, and, laying aside his extensive law practice, he gave more than eight months to the work without compensation. The labor it involved is almost beyond the conception of one who has never undertaken such a task. Mr. DeWitt's article, "Mold-



ing the New Metropolis," in another part of this issue, is a clear and comprehensive paper on the charter itself; his account of his labors in drawing up the document gives only a partial glimpse of the real work involved.

rented a workshop in a quiet end of the hotel, and, with the aid of David J. Dean, who had been assistant corporation counsel of New York for more than a quarter of a century, set about the task. Four stenographers and typewriters were en-

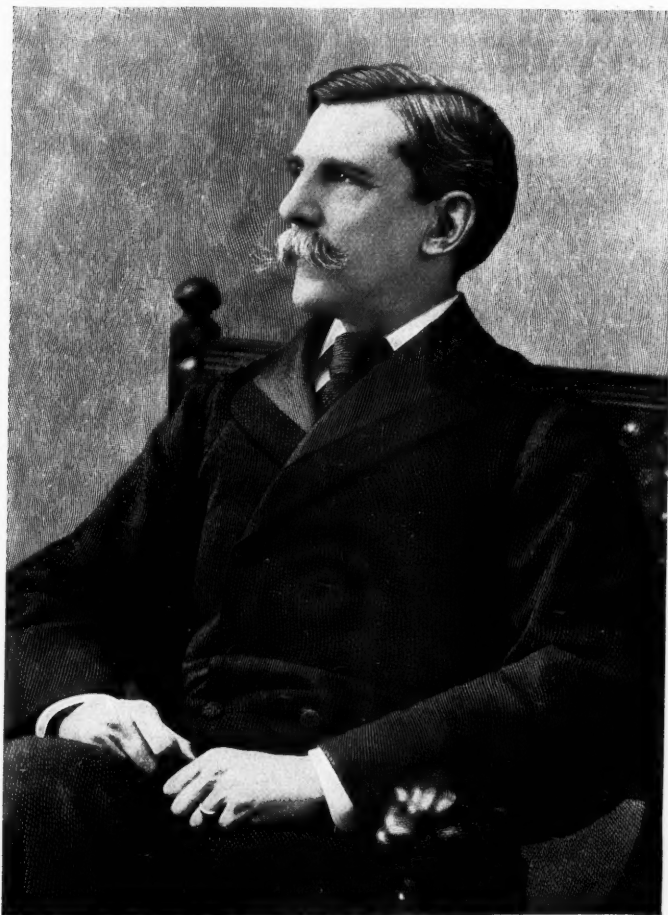


WILLIAM E. MASON, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM ILLINOIS.

*From a photograph by Merritt, Washington.*

"I was made chairman of the committee on draft in the latter part of June, 1896. As my colleagues were about to disperse on their summer vacations," he says with some humor, "they authorized me to make a tentative draft of a complete charter during the summer months. I transported the requisite books and documents to my cottage at Long Beach,

gaged. Mr. Dean's health was not good, and he was forced to devote himself solely to the task of compilation and codification. I must have averaged four hours a day in dictation, and nearly six hours in study and in consultation with such of my colleagues as visited me, and with the heads of the departments from either city, who were constantly my guests.



OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, JUSTICE OF THE MASSACHUSETTS SUPREME COURT.

*From a photograph by the Notman Photograph Company, Boston.*

After six weeks of labor Mr. Dean's health broke down entirely, and he was ordered away by his physician. From this attack he died.

"By September 21 I had a complete draft of the charter ready to lay before the committee at its first meeting in the fall. It consisted of nine hundred printed pages. Without speaking of the four months which the committee spent in considering it, this preliminary labor was an enormous task."

#### THE AMERICAN MINISTER TO SPAIN.

General Stewart L. Woodford, our newly appointed minister to Spain, is one of those rare men whose lives have been

made up of pleasant successes. In private life as well as in the service of his country, in time of peace as well as in war, his sixty two years have been filled with honors. Born in New York of ancestors who settled early in Connecticut, and who fought the battles of the Revolution, he inherited a strong love of his country—a love which caused him to resign his place as a Federal district attorney to go to the front with the 127th New York Volunteers at the outbreak of the civil war. In the field, his attention to duty and his intelligence advanced him rapidly, and for bravery in action he was brevetted brigadier general.

In politics, it is said of General Wood-

ford that he has refused quite as many high offices as he has held. He has served as Lieutenant Governor of New York State and as a member of Congress,

These are but a few of the honors that have fallen deservedly to General Woodford. The ability and the faithfulness which he has displayed in the conduct of



THE COUNTESS OF WARWICK AND HER DAUGHTER, LADY MARJORIE GREVILLE.

*From a photograph by Walery, London.*

and has long been a leader of his party. In addition to his extensive law practice, he has found time to devote to educational and humanitarian movements. He has received honorary degrees from several colleges, has been many times elected trustee of educational institutions, and has been president of the Union League Club and the New England Society of Brooklyn.

so many different interests assure success for his present difficult mission.

#### A NEW FIGURE IN THE SENATE.

During the extra session of Congress, nothing gave the Senate so much amusement as the half dazed query of Senator Hoar, after an encounter with Senator Mason upon the perilous ground of the Cuban question, "Is this a circus?"



THE EARL OF WARWICK.

*From a photograph by Walery, London.*

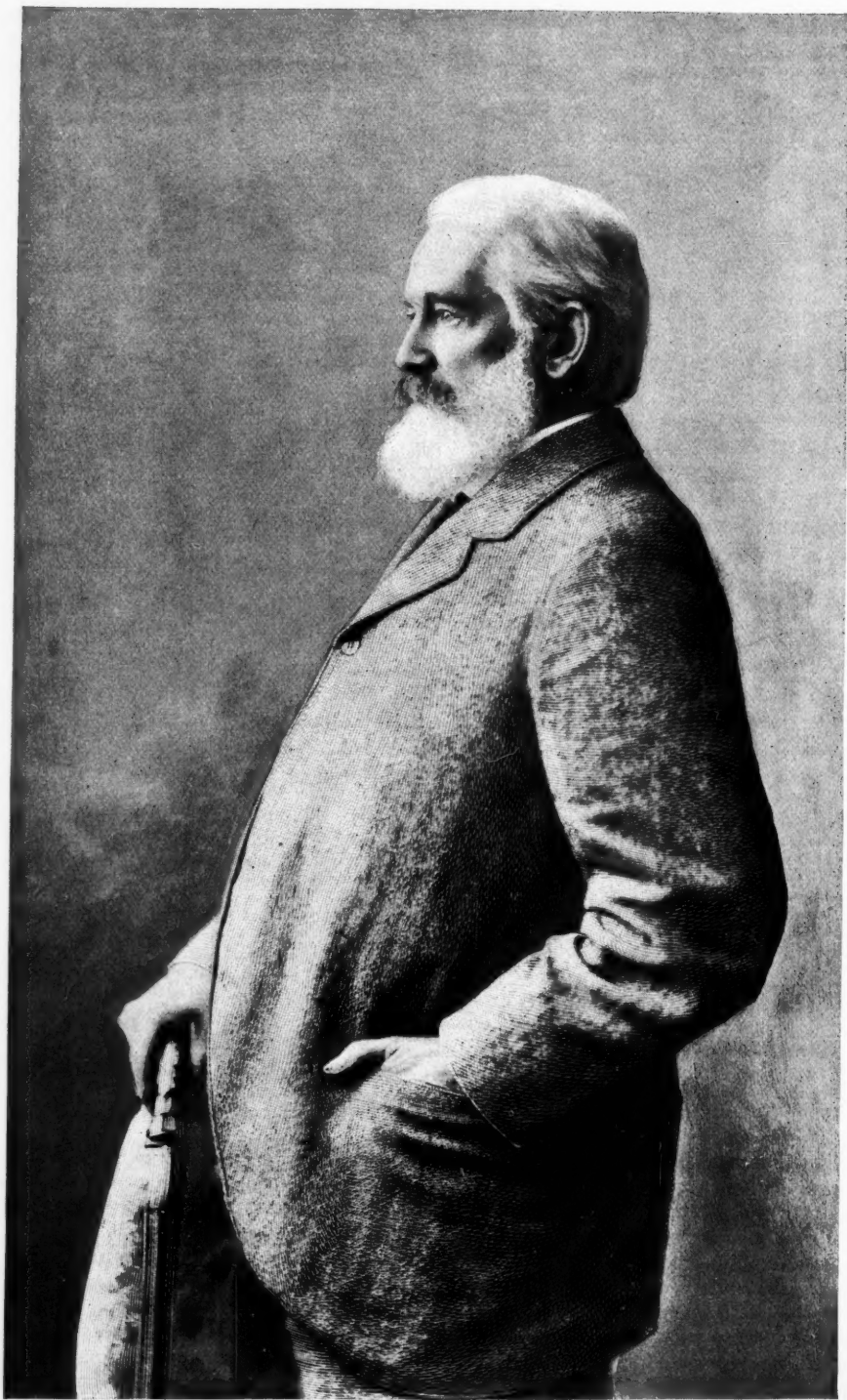
asked the Massachusetts statesman, in apparent despair.

Every one who knew Mr. Mason as a Representative was prepared to see him shock the conservative traditions of the Senate; and no one was disappointed. Respect for the precedents of that dignified body could not bind the frank, fluent, humorous, incisive tongue of the Chicagoan. He is still "Billy" Mason, free and easy in speech and ways, hard working, shrewd and full of common sense,

loyal to his friends, and one of the best story tellers in Washington. He is always ready to walk a mile to oblige a man who voted for him, and in campaign times his party finds him an indefatigable and very effective stump speaker.

Mr. Mason makes plenty of "copy" for the Washington correspondents. He is always doing original things. One day he promises a constituent, out of his own pocket, the amount of the petty salary for which the man is an applicant,





EDWARD ATKINSON, THE STATISTICIAN AND ECONOMIST.

*From a photograph by Purdy, Boston.*

on condition that he will cease his importunities and go home. Another day, addressed by a stranger in the President's anteroom—he is a daily visitor at the White House—he seizes a letter of introduction, supposing it to be an application for office, indorses it, hurries the astonished owner through Mr. McKinley's office, and leaves the paper on file there, before there is time to explain the misapprehension.

The Illinois Senator is a New Yorker by birth. Like many other successful men, he got his legal education while teaching a country school; then he went West, began to practise in Des Moines, and removed thence to Chicago, where he has lived for the last twenty five years, and where he made his way up from local politics to national celebrity. Promotion in public life has not made him proud—a fact which he seeks to emphasize, perhaps, by his custom of wearing the unconventional combination of a silk hat and a short coat.

#### OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES THE SECOND.

The biographers of the delightful old autocrat of the breakfast table, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, tell us that he devoted a year to the study of law and then gave it up for medicine. In this respect his son, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., succeeded where his father failed, for he has now reached the highest court in Massachusetts as an associate justice, and is regarded as one of the foremost jurists in the Bay State. He is a much larger man, physically, than his father, but has the same charm of manner among his friends, and is one of the most dignified justices on the bench. A recent address which he delivered before the Boston University Law School, advocating the divorcement of law and morals, attracted much attention in the legal profession. Although this idea is not an entirely new one with Justice Holmes, the lawyers of Boston say that it has never before been so elaborately developed or so boldly and vigorously expounded.

Judge Holmes has had an interesting career. He was just twenty when he graduated from Harvard in 1861, and immediately joined the 20th Massachusetts as a second lieutenant and went to

the front. He was at Bull Run, where he was wounded, and before he was mustered out as a colonel of volunteers, at the close of the war, he had been wounded thrice. After the war he began his legal studies, and was a successful practitioner and legal author when Governor Long, now secretary of the navy, appointed him to the Massachusetts supreme court bench.

#### "LADY BROOKE" AND HER HUSBAND.

We are continually hearing and reading of the beautiful Countess of Warwick—who still is better known as "Lady Brooke," as she was styled before her husband succeeded to his father's earldom; of her wonderful taste in dress, of her business ventures and her social triumphs, and of the alleged enmity between her and the Princess of Wales; but of her husband little is said. Nevertheless, the fifth Earl of Warwick is a man of importance in England. He has figured respectably in politics, having been a member of the House of Commons for a dozen years before he inherited a seat in the Lords; and he has been public spirited enough to serve two terms as mayor of the little city of Warwick, which is close to his famous old home, Warwick Castle. Though he is not regarded as a very rich man, he owns a fine estate, and has a handsome London residence—Berwick House, near St. James' Palace—besides his country places. The countess, who was a Miss Maynard, brought him a considerable dowry.

It is well known that the earl is entirely devoted to his clever and beautiful wife; and in spite of some scandalous gossip to the contrary, their married life has been remarkably happy. With all her interest in society, the countess has always been fond of home life, and has spent a great deal of time with her three children, entering into their games like a young girl, and being often joined by her husband. The portrait on page 878 shows Lady Warwick and her only daughter, Lady Marjorie Greville.

#### A PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHER.

People who read magazines and newspapers—and who is there that does not?—have been instructed by Edward Atkinson

in the philosophy of things small and great, social and political, for more than a quarter of a century. Mr. Atkinson has probably given more good advice, written and oral, to his fellow citizens than any other living American.

You would recognize the man of figures in Mr. Atkinson almost instantly, if you should ever have occasion to go to him on an interrogative mission. Some people reckon their histories from the date of an earthquake or a great fire. The politician would probably chronicle a certain event as being after the nomination of Harrison, McKinley, or Cleveland. Not so with Mr. Atkinson. He remembers dates by figures, and never figures by dates. His days are figures. In them he exists.

Mr. Atkinson comes of an old family of Brookline, Massachusetts. In this beautiful and wealthy Boston suburb he was born, and still lives. Using a trite expression, one might say that Mr. Atkinson is a self made man; but he himself, quoting the late Francis Lieber, replies that "you might as well talk of a self laid egg." He belongs to innumerable scientific and sociological societies, American and foreign, including the famous Cobden Club of England, and several colleges have decorated him with honorary degrees. To the general public he is best known, perhaps, as the man who has presented so many curious and interesting figures in regard to the cheapest and easiest ways of cooking foods. And in these experiments Mr. Atkinson is consistent. He practises what he preaches. He wears the same clothes that he recommends the man of slender means to buy, and he eats the same food that he advises others to eat, after having cooked it himself just as he tells others to cook it.

Robert Treat Paine, the Boston millionaire philanthropist, whose features and good deeds are well known through MUNSEY'S, had an exciting and memorable railroad ride not long ago. It was a race with death. While in Washington, Mr. Paine received a telegram stating that his wife was dying at her Boston home. He immediately ordered a special train from Washington to Jersey City, over the Pennsylvania road. At 8:37 that

night his train, consisting of a parlor car and an engine, left the capital. Mr. Paine offered to pay \$2 a minute for every minute the train saved from schedule time, besides a handsome sum of money to the engineer; but owing to unforeseen obstacles the special did not break the record. Jersey City was reached shortly after one o'clock. A special ferryboat carried him across to the New York side, and a cab in waiting took him to the Grand Central station at break neck speed. Another special train over the New Haven line left New York Grand Central at 2:28 A. M., reaching the Hub a little after eight. A carriage galloped Mr. Paine to his residence on Beacon Hill, but grim death had outstripped him. Mrs. Paine had been dead but a few minutes when her husband arrived at her bedside.

\* \* \* \*

Six New York bank presidents are in a list of bicycle devotees recently given by a daily newspaper, among them being J. Edward Simmons, president of the Clearing House Association. Sugar and oil, too, share the amusements of banking; John D. Rockefeller, president of the Standard Oil Company, and his brother, William Rockefeller, are wheelmen, and so are H. O. Havemeyer and John E. Searles, president and treasurer of the celebrated American Sugar Refining Company. Mr. Havemeyer is quite an expert, and though by no means a young man, he has ridden in to New York from his summer home at Stamford—a distance of nearly forty miles, over roads which are in many places rough and hilly.

\* \* \* \*

The Grand Duke Michael of Russia, grand uncle of the present Czar, recently sat next to Rosa Bonheur at a dinner in Paris, and at dessert they shared a double almond. When they met again, the prince forgot to say, "Philopena," and the painter reminded him that he had rendered himself liable to a forfeit.

"What shall I send you?" he asked.

"Some pretty little animal that I can paint," said Mlle. Bonheur.

Some time later, when she had forgotten the incident, there arrived at her studio, with a note from the grand duke, three huge polar bears.

# THE CHRISTIAN.\*

BY HALL CAINE.

Mr. Caine is one of the strongest writers of the day, and "The Christian" is the strongest story he has ever written—stronger than "The Manxman," stronger than "The Deemster." It is designed by its author to be a dramatic picture of what he regards as the great intellectual movement of our time in England and in America—the movement toward Christian socialism.

L.I.

GLENFABA.

OH, my dear John Storm, is it coals of fire you are heaping on my head, or fire of brimstone? Your last letter with its torrents of enthusiasm came sweeping down on me like a flood. What work you are in the midst of! What a life! What a purpose! While I—I am lying here like an old slipper thrown up on the sea beach. Oh, the pity of 't, the pity of 't! It must be glorious to be in the rush and swirl of all this splendid effort, whatever comes of it! One's soul is thrilled, one's heart expands! As for me, the garden of my mind is withering, and I am consuming the seed I ought to sow.

Rosa has come. She has been here a month, nearly, and is just charming, say what you will. Her thoughts have the dash of the great world, and I love to hear her talk. True, she troubles me sometimes, but that's only my envy and malice and all uncharitableness. When she tells of Betty this and Ellen that, and their wonderful triumphs and successes, I'm the meanest sinner that crawls.

It's funny to see how the old folk bear themselves towards her. Aunt Rachel regards her as a sort of an artist, and is clearly afraid that she will break out into madness in spots somewhere. Aunt Anna disapproves of her hair, which is brushed up like a man's, and of her skirt, which "would be no worse if it were less like a pair of breeches," for she has brought her "bike." She talks on dangerous subjects also, and nobody did such things in auntie's own young days. Then she addresses the old girlies as I do, and calls grandfather "Granddad," and like the witch of Endor generally, is possessed of a familiar spirit. Of course I give her various warning looks from time to time lest the fat should be in the fire, but she's a woman, bless her, and it's as true as ever it was that a woman can keep the secret she doesn't know.

Yes, the ideal of womanhood has changed since the old aunties were young, but when I listen to Rosa and then look over at Rachel with

her black ringlets, and at Anna with her old fashioned "front," I shudder and ask myself, "Why do I struggle?" What is the reward if one gives up the fascination of life and the world? There is no reward. Nothing but solitary old maidism, unless two of you happen to be sisters, for who else will join her shame to yours? Dreams, dreams, only dreams of the dearest thing that ever comes into a woman's arms—and then you awake and there is no one there. A dame's school somewhere, when the old father is gone, but no children of your own to love you, nobody to think of you, scraping a little here, pinching a little there, growing older and smaller year by year, looking yellow and craned like an apple that has been kept on the top shelf too long, and then—the end!

Oh, but I'm trying so hard, so very hard, to be "true to the higher self in me," because somebody says I must. What do you think I did last week? In my character of Lady Bountiful I gave an old folks' supper in the soup kitchen, understood to be in honor of my return. Roast beef and plum duff, not to speak of pipes and 'baccy, and forty old people of both sexes sitting down to "the do." After supper there was a concert, when Chalse (the fat old thief!) overflowed the "elber" chair, and alluded to me as "our beautiful donor," and lured me into singing "Mylechrairie," and leading the company, when we closed, with the doxology.

But "it was not myself at all, Molly dear, 'twas my shadow on the wall," and in any case man can't live by soup kitchens alone—or woman either. And knowing what a poor, weak, vain woman I am at the best, I ask myself sometimes would it not be a thousand times better if I yielded to my true nature instead of struggling to realize a bloodless ideal that is not in me in the least, but only my picture in the heart of some one who thinks me so much better than I am?

Not that anybody ever sees what a hypocrite I can be, though I came near to letting the cat out of the bag as lately as last night. You must know that when I turned my back on London, at

\*Copyright, 1897, by Hall Caine.—This story began in the November, 1896, number of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.



the command of John Knox the second, I brought all my beautiful dresses along with me, except such of them as were left at the theater. Yet I daren't lay them out in the drawers, so I kept them under lock and key in my boxes. There they lurked like evil spirits in ambush, and as often as their perfume escaped into the room my eyes watered for another sight of them! But in spite of all temptation I resisted, I conquered, I triumphed—until last night when Rosa talked of *Juliet*, what a glorious creature she was, and how there was nobody on the stage who could look her and play her too!

What do you think I did? Shall I tell you? Yes, I will. I crept up stairs to my quiet little room, tugged the box from its hiding place under the bed, drew out my dresses—my lovely, lovely brocades—and put them on! Then I spoke the potion speech, beginning in a whisper, but getting louder as I went on, and always looking at myself in the glass. I had blown out the candle, and there was no light in the room but the moon that was shining on my face, but I was glowing, my very soul was afire, and when I came to the end I drew myself up and said, "*I—I am Juliet, for I am a great actress!*"

Oh, oh, oh! I could scream with laughter to think of what happened next! Suddenly I became aware of somebody knocking at my door (I had locked it) and of a thin voice outside saying fretfully, "Glory, what ever is it? Aren't you well, Glory?" It was the little auntie; and thinking what a shock she would have if I opened the door and she came upon this grand Italian lady instead of poor little me, I had to laugh and to make excuses while I smuggled off my gorgeous things and got back into my plain ones!

It was a narrow squeak; but I had a narrower one some days before. Poor grandfather! He regards Rosa as belonging to a superior race, and loves to ask her what she thinks of Glory. He has grown quite simple lately, and as soon as he thinks my back is turned he is always saying, "And what is your opinion of my granddaughter, Miss Macquarrie?" To which she answers, "Glory is going to make your name immortal, Mr. Quayle." Then his eyes sparkle and he says, "Do you think so?—do you really think so?" Whereupon she talks further balderdash, and the dear old darling smiles a triumphant smile!

But I always notice that not long afterwards his eyes look wet and his head hangs low, and he is saying to the aunties, with a crack in his voice, "She'll go away again. You'll see she will. Her beauty and her talents belong to the world." And then I burst in on them and scold them, and tell them not to talk nonsense.

Nevertheless he is beginning to regard Rosa with suspicion, as if she were a witch luring me away, and one evening last week we had to steal into the garden to talk that we might escape from his watchful eyes. The sun had set—there was the red glow behind the castle across the sky and the sea, and we were walking on the low path by the river under the fuchsia hedge that hangs over from the lawn, you know. Rosa was talking with her impetuous dash of the great career open to any one who could win the world in Lon-

don, how there were people enough to help her on, rich men to find her opportunities, and even to take theaters for her if need be. And I was hesitating and halting and stammering, "Yes, yes, if it were the *regular* stage—who knows? Perhaps it might not be open to the same objections," when suddenly the leaves of the fuchsia rustled as with a gust of wind, and we heard footsteps on the path above.

It was the grandfather, who had come out on Rachel's arm and overheard what I had said! "It's Glory!" he faltered, and then I heard him take his snuff and blow his nose as if to cover his confusion, thinking I was deceiving them and carrying on a secret intercourse. I hardly know what happened next, except that for the five minutes following the "great actress" had to talk with the tongues of men and angels (Beelzebub's) in order to throw dust in the dear old eyes and drive away their doubts. It was a magnificent performance, you go bail. I'll never do the like of it again, though I had only one old man and one old maid and one young woman for audience. The house rose at me too, and the poor old grandfather was appeased. But when we were back indoors I overheard him saying, "After all, there's no help for it. She's dull with us—what wonder! We can't cage our linnet, Rachel, and perhaps we shouldn't try. A song bird came to cheer us, but it will fly away. We are only old folks, dear—it's no use crying." And on going to his room that night he closed his door and said his prayers in a whisper, that I might not hear him when he sobbed.

He hasn't left his bed since. I fear he never will. More than once I have been on the point of telling him there is no reason to think the deluge would come if I *did* go back to London; but I will never leave him now. Yet I wish Aunt Rachel wouldn't talk so much of the days when I went away before. It seems that every night, on his way to his own room, he used to step into my empty one and come out with his eyes dim and his lips moving. I am not naturally hard hearted, but I can't love grandfather like that. Oh, the cruelty of life! I know it ought to be the other way about; but I can't help it.

All the same, I could cry to think how short life is, and how little of it I can spare. "Cling fast to me and hold me," my heart is always saying, but meantime London is calling to me, calling to me, like the sea, and I feel as if I were a wandering mermaid and she were my ocean home.

*Later.*—Poor, poor grandfather! I was interrupted in the writing of my letter this morning by another of those sudden alarms. He had fainted again, and it is extraordinary how helpless the aunties are in a case of illness. Grandfather knows it, too; and after I had done all I could to bring him round, he opened his eyes and whispered that he had something to say to me alone. At that the poor old things left the room with tears of woe and a look of understanding. Then, fetching a difficult breath, he said, "You are not afraid, Glory, are you?" and I answered him "No," though my heart was trembling. And then a feeble smile struggled through the wan features of his drawn face, and

he told me his attack was only another summons. "I'll soon die for good," he said, "and you must be strong and brave, my child, for death is the common lot, and then what is there to fear?" I didn't try to contradict him—what was the good of doing that? And after he had spoken of the coming time he talked quietly of his past life, how he had weathered the storm for seventy odd years, and his Almighty Father was bringing him into harbor at last. "I can't pray for life any longer, Glory. Many a time I did so in the old days when I had to bring up my little granddaughter, but my task is over now, and after the day is done where is the tired laborer who does not lie down to his rest with a will?"

The doctor has been and gone. There is no ailment, and nothing to be done or hoped. It is only a general failure and a sinking earthwards of the poor, worn out body, as the soul rises to the heaven waiting to receive it. What a pagan I feel beside him! And how glad I am that I didn't talk of leaving him again when he was on the eve of his far longer journey! I have sent the aunties to bed, but Rosa has made me promise to waken her at four that she may take her turn at his bedside.

*Next morning.*—Rosa relieved me during the night, and I came to my room and lay down in the chillness of the dawn. But now I am sorry that I allowed her to do so, for I did not sleep, and grandfather appears to have been troubled with dreams. I fancied he shuddered a little as I left them together, and more than once through the wall I heard him cry, "Bring him back," in the toneless voice of one who is laboring under the terrors of a nightmare. But each time I heard Rosa comforting him, so I lay down again without going in.

Being stronger this morning, he has been propped up in bed writing a letter. When he called for the pens and paper I asked if I couldn't write it for him, but the old darling made a great mystery of the matter, and looked artful, and asked if it was usual to fight your enemy with his own powder and shot. Of course I humored him, and pretended to be mighty curious, though I think I know who the letter was written to, all the same that he kept the address side of the envelope hidden even when the back of it was being sealed. He sealed it with sealing wax, and I held the candle while he did so, with his poor, trembling fingers in danger from the light, and then I stamped it with my mother's pearl ring, and he smuggled it under the pillow.

Since breakfast he has shown an increased inclination to doze, but there have been visits from the wardens and from neighboring parsons, for his *locum tenens* has had to be appointed. Of course they have all inquired where his pain is, and on being told that he has none, they have gone down stairs, cackling and clucking and crowing in various versions of "Praise God for that!" I hate people who are always singing the doxology.

*Noon.*—Condition unchanged, except that in the intervals of drowsiness his mind has wandered a little. It appears to live in the past. Looking at me with conscious eyes, he calls me

"Lancelot"—my father's name. It has been so all morning. One would think he was walking in a twilight land where he mistakes people's faces and the dead are as much alive as the living.

They all think I am brave, oh, so brave, because I do not cry now, as everybody else does—even Aunt Anna behind her apron—although my tears can flow so easily, and at other times I keep them constantly on tap. But I am really afraid, and down at the bottom of my heart I am terrified. It is just as if *something* were coming into the house slowly, irresistibly, awfully, and casting its shadow on the floor already.

I have found out the cause of his outcries in the night. Aunt Rachel says he was dreaming of my father's departure for Africa. That was twenty two years ago, but it seems that the memory of the last day has troubled him a good deal lately. "Don't you remember it?" he has been saying. "There were no railways in the island then, and we stood at the gate to watch the coach that was taking him away. He sat on the top and waved his red handkerchief. And when he had gone, and it was no use watching, we turned back to the house—you and Anna and poor, pretty young Elise with the baby. He never came back, and when Glory goes again she'll never come back either."

In the intervals of his semi consciousness, when he mistakes me for my father, my wonderful bravery often fails me, and I find excuses for going out of the room. Then I creep noiselessly through the house and listen at half open doors. Just now I heard him talking quite rationally to Rachel, but in a voice that seemed to speak inwardly, not outwardly, as before. "She can't help it, poor child," he said. "Some day she'll know what it is, but not yet, not until she has a child of her own. The race looks forward, not backward. God knew when he created us that the world couldn't go on without that bit of cruelty, and who am I that I should complain?"

I couldn't bear it any longer, and with a pain at my heart I ran in and cried, "I'll never leave you, grandfather." But he only smiled and said, "I'll not be keeping you long, Glory, I'll not be keeping you long." I could have died of shame.

*Evening.*—All afternoon he has been like a child, and everything present to his consciousness seems to have been reversed. The shadow of eternity appears to have wiped out time. When I have raised him up in bed he has delighted to think he was a little boy in his young mother's arms. Oh, sweet dream! The old man with his furrowed forehead and beautiful white head and all the heavy years rolled back! More than once he has asked me if he may play till bed time, and I have stroked his wrinkled hands and told him "Yes," for I pretend to be his mother, who died when she was old.

But the "part" is almost too much for me, and lest I should break down under the strain of it, I am going out of his room constantly. I have just been into his study. It is as full as ever of its squeezes and rubbings and plaster casts and dusty old runes. He has spent all his life away back in the tenth century, and now he is going farther, farther.

Oh, I'm aweary, aweary! If anything happens to grandfather I shall soon leave this place; there will be nothing to hold me here any longer, and besides I could not bear the sight of these evidences of his gentle presence, so simple, so touching. But what a vain thing London is with all its vast ado—how little, how pitiful!

*Later.*—It is all over. The scene has shut up, and I am not crying. If I did cry it would not be from grief, but because the end was so beautiful, so glorious! It was at sunset, and the streamers of the sun were coming horizontally into the room. He awoke from a long drowsiness, and a serenity almost angelic overspread his face. I could see that he was himself once again. Death had led him back through the long years since he was a child, and he knew he was an old man and I was a young woman. "Have the boats gone yet?" he asked, meaning the herring boats that go at sunset. I looked out and told him they were at the point of going. "Let me see them sail," he said, so I slipped my arms about him and raised him until he was sitting up and could see down the length of the harbor and past the castle to the sea. The reflection of the sunlight was about his silvery old head, and over the damps and chills of death it made a radiance on his face that was like a light from heaven. There was hardly a breeze, and the boats were dropping down from their berths with their brown sails half set. "Ah," he said, "it's the *other* way with me, Glory. I'm coming in, not going out. I've been beating to windward all my life, but I see the harbor on my lee bow at last as plainly as I ever saw Peel, and now I'm only waiting for the top of the tide and the master of the port to run up the flag!"

Then his head fell gently back on my arm and his lips changed color, but his eyes did not close, and over his saintly face there passed a fleeting smile. Thus died a Christian gentleman—a simply, sunny, merry, happy, child-like creature, and of such are the kingdom of heaven.

GLORY.

*Parson Quayle's Letter.*

DEAR JOHN—Before this letter reaches you, or perhaps along with it, you will receive the news that tells you what it is. I am "in," John; I can say no more than that. The doctor tells me it may be now or then or at any time. But I am looking for my enlargement soon, and whether it comes tomorrow sunset or with today's next tide, I leave myself in His hands, in whose hands we all are. Well has the wise man said, "The day of death is better than the day of our birth," so with all good will, and what legacy of strength old age has left to me, I send you my last word and message.

My poor old daughters are sorely stricken, but Glory is still brave and true, being, as she always was, a quivering bow of steel. People tell me that the poor mother is strong in the girl, and the spirit of the mother's race; but well I know the father's stalwart soul supports her; and I pray God that when my dark hour comes her loving and courageous arms may be around me.

That brings me to the object of my letter. This living will soon be vacant, and I am wondering

who will follow in my feeble steps. It is a sweet spot, John! The old church does not look so ill when the sun shines on it, and in the summer time this old garden is full of fruit and flowers. Did I ever tell you that Glory was born here? I never had another grandchild, and we were great comrades from the first. She was a wise and winsome little thing, and I was only an old child myself, so we had many a run and romp in these grounds together. When I try to think of the place without her it is a vain effort and a painful one; and even while she was away in your great and wicked Babylon, with its dangers and temptations, her little ghost seemed to lurk at the back of every bush and tree, and sometimes it would leap out on me and laugh.

It is months since I saw your father, but they tell me he has lately burnt his papers, making one vast bonfire of the gatherings of twenty years. That is not such ill news either; and maybe, now the great ado that worked such woe is put by and gone, he would rejoice to see you back at home, and open his hungering arms to you.

But my eyes ache and my pen is shaking. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell! An old man leaves you his blessing, John. God grant that in His own good time we may meet in a blessed paradise, rejoicing in His gracious mercy, and all our sins forgiven!

ADAM QUAYLE.

LII.

GLORY's letter and its enclosure fell on John Storm like rain in the face of a man on horseback—he only whipped up and went faster.

How can I find words to express what I feel at your mournful news? Yet why mournful? His life's mission was fulfilled, his death was a peaceful victory, and we ought to rejoice that he was so easily released. I trust you will not mourn too heavily for him, or allow his death to stop your life. It would not be right. No trouble came near his stainless heart, no shadow of sin; his old age was a peaceful day which lasted until sunset. He was a creature that had no falsetto in a single fiber of his being, no shadow of affectation. He kept like this through all our complicated existence in this artificial world, absolutely unconscious of the hollowness and pretension and sham that surrounded him—tolerant, too, and kind to all. Then why mourn for him? He is gathered in—he is safe.

His letter was touching in its artful simplicity. It was intended to ask me to apply for his living. But my duty is here, and London must make the best of me. Yet more than ever now I feel my responsibility with regard to yourself. The time is not ripe to advise you. I am on the eve of a great effort. Many things have to be tried, many things attempted. It is a gathering of manna—a little every day. To God's keeping and protection, meantime, I commit you. Comfort your aunts, and let me know if there is anything that can be done for them.

The ink of this letter was hardly dry

when John Storm was in the middle of something else. He was in a continual fever now. Above all his great scheme for the rescue and redemption of women and children possessed him. He called it Glory's scheme when he talked of it to himself. It might be in the teeth of nineteenth century morality, but what matter about that? It was on the lines of Christ's teaching when He forgave the woman and shamed the hypocrites. He would borrow for it, beg for it, and there might be conditions under which he would steal for it too.

Mrs. Callender shook her head.

"I much misdoubt there'll be scandal, laddie. It's a woman's work, I'm thinking."

"'Be thou as chaste as ice,' auntie, 'as pure as snow'—but no matter! I intend to call out the full power of a united church into the warfare against this high wickedness. Talk of the union of Christendom! If we are in earnest about it we'll unite to protect and liberate our women."

"But where's the siller to come frae, laddie?"

"Anywhere—everywhere! I have a bank I can always draw on, auntie."

"You're no meaning the prime minister again, surely?"

"I mean the King. God will provide for me, as in this, so in everything."

Thus his reckless enthusiasm bore down everything, and at the back of all his thoughts was the thought of Glory. He was preparing a way for her; she was coming back to a great career, a glorious mission; her bright soul would shine like a star; she would see that he had been right, and faithful, and then—then—But it was like wine coursing through his veins—he could not think of it.

Three thousand pounds had to be found to buy or build homes with, and he set out to beg for the money. His first call was at Mrs. Mackray's. Going up to the house he met the lady's poodle in a fawn colored wrap coming out in charge of a footman for its daily walk round the square.

He gave the name of "Father Storm," and after some minutes of waiting he was told that the lady had a headache and was not receiving that day.

"Say the nephew of the prime minister wishes to see her," said John.

Before the footman had returned again there was the gentle rustle of a dress on the stairs, and the lady herself was saying, "Dear Mr. Storm, come up. My servants are real tiresome, they are always confusing names."

Before they were seated in the drawing room Mrs. Mackray had plunged into an account of her anxieties as a mistress; what care she took in the selection of strictly evangelical church people, yet how hard it was to trust the certificates which she always required of a thorough change of heart, and how often she had been deceived!

Time had told on her; she was looking elderely, and the wrinkles about her eyes could no longer be smoothed out. But her "front" was curled, and she was still saturated in eau de cologne.

"I heard of your return, dear Mr. Storm," she said in the languid voice of the great lady, but with the accent of St. Louis. "My daughter told me about it. She was always interested in your work, you know. Oh, yes, quite well, and having a real good time in Paris. Of course you know she has been married. A great blow to me, naturally, but being God's will, I felt it was my duty as a mother—" and then a pathetic description of her maternal sentiments, consoled by the circumstance that her son in law belonged to "one of the best families," and that she was constantly getting newspapers from "the other side" containing full accounts of the wedding and of the dresses that were worn at it.

John twirled his hat in his hand and listened.

"And what are you dear devoted people doing down there in Soho?"

Then John told of his work for working girls, and the great lady pretended to be deeply interested.

"Why, they'll soon be better than the upper classes," she said.

John thought it was not improbable, but he went on to tell of his scheme, and how small was the sum required for its execution.

"Only three thousand! That ought to be easily fixed up. Why, certainly!"

"Charity is the salt of riches, madam,



and if rich people would remember that their wealth is a trust——"

"I do—I always do. 'Lay not up for yourselves treasure on earth'—what a beautiful text *that is!*"

"I'm glad to hear you say so, madam," said John; "so many Christian people allow that God is the God of the widow and fatherless, while the gods they really worship are the gods of silver and gold."

"But I love the dear children, and I like to go to the institution to see them in their nice white pinafores making their courtesies. But what you say is real true, Mr. Storm; and since I came from St. Louis I've seen people who are that silly about cats——" and then a long story of the folly of a lady friend who had once had a pet Persian, and it died, and she wore crape for it, and you could never mention a cat in her hearing afterwards.

At that moment the poodle came back from his walk, and the lady called it to her, fondled it affectionately, said it was a present from her poor dear husband, and launched into an account of her anxieties respecting it, being delicate and liable to colds, notwithstanding the trousseau (it was a lady poodle) which the fashionable dog tailor in Regent Street had provided for it.

John got up to take his leave.

"May I, then, count on your kind support on behalf of our poor women and children of Soho?"

"Ah, of course, that matter—well, you see," as she gave him two fingers, "the archdeacon kindly comes to talk 'City' with me—in fact, I'm expecting him today—and I never do anything without asking his advice, never, in my present state of health—I have a weak heart, you know," with her head aside and her saturated pocket handkerchief at her nose. "But has the prime minister done anything?"

"He has advanced me two thousand pounds."

"Really?" rising and kicking back her train. "Well, as I say, we ought to fix it right away. Why not hold a meeting in my drawing room? All denominations, you say? I don't mind—not in a cause like that;" and she glanced round her room as if thinking it was always possible to disinfect it afterwards.

Somebody was coughing loudly in the hall as John stepped down stairs. It was the archdeacon coming in. "Ah," he exclaimed with a flourish of the hand, greeting John as if they had parted yesterday and on the best of terms. Yes, there *had* been changes, and he was promoted to a sphere of higher usefulness. True, his good friends had looked for something still higher, but it was the premier archdeaconry, at all events, and in the church, as in life generally, the spirit of compromise ruled everything. He asked what John was doing, and on being told he said with a somewhat more worldly air, "Be careful, my dear Storm, don't encourage vice. For my part I am tired of the fallen sister. To tell you the truth, I deny the name. The painted Jezebel of the Piccadilly pavement is no sister of mine."

"We don't choose our relations, archdeacon," said John. "If God is our Father, then all men are our brothers, and all women are our sisters."

"Ah, the same man still, I see. But we will not quarrel about words. Seen the dear first lord lately? Not *very* lately? Ah, well"—with a superior smile—"the air of Downing Street—it's *so* bad for the memory, they say;" and coughing loudly again he stepped up stairs.

John Storm went home that day light handed but with a heavy heart.

"Begging is an ill trade on a fast day, laddie," said Mrs. Callender. "Sit you down and tak' some dinner."

"How dare these people pray, 'Our Father which art in heaven'? It's blasphemy! It's deceit!"

"Aye, and they would deceive God about their dividends if He couldn't see into their safes."

"Their money is the meanest thing heaven gives them. If I asked them for their health or their happiness, Lord God, what would they say?"

On the Sunday night following John Storm preached to an overflowing congregation from the text, "This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth and honoreth me with their lips, but their heart is far from me."

But a few weeks afterwards his face was bright and his voice was cheery, and he was writing another letter to Glory:



In full swing at last, Glory. To carry out my new idea I had to get three thousand pounds more of my mother's money from my uncle. He gave it up cheerfully, only saying he was curious to see what approach to the Christian ideal the situation of civilization permitted. But Mrs. Callender is *dour*, and every time I spend sixpence of my own money on the church she utters withering sarcasms about being only a "daft auld woman herself," and then I have to caress and coax her.

The newspapers were facetious about my "Baby Houses" until they scented the prime minister at the back of them, and now they call them the "Storm Shelters," and christen my nightly processions "The White Cross Army." Even the archdeacon has begun to tell the world how he "took an interest" in me from the first and gave me my title. I met him again the other day at a rich woman's house, where we had only one little spar, and yesterday he wrote urging me to "organize my great effort," and have a public dinner in honor of its inauguration. I did not think God's work could be well done by people dining in herds and drinking bottles of champagne, but I showed no malice. In fact, I agreed to hold a meeting in the lady's drawing room, to which clergymen, laymen, and members of all denominations are being invited, for this is a cause that rises above all differences of dogma, and I intend to try what can be done towards a union of Christendom on a social basis. Mrs. Callender is *dour* on that subject too, reminding me that where the carcass is there will the eagles be gathered together. The archdeacon thinks we must have the meeting before the 12th of August, or not until after the middle of September, and Mrs. Callender understands this to mean that the Holy Ghost always goes to sleep in the grouse season.

Meantime my Girls' Club goes like a forest fire. We are in our renovated clergy house at last, and have everything comfortable. Two hundred members already, chiefly dressmakers and tailors, and girls out of the jam and match factories. The bright, merry young things, rejoicing in their brief blossoming time between girlhood and womanhood, I love to be among them and to look at their glistening eyes! Mrs. Callender blows withering blasts on this head also, saying it is no place for a "laddie," whereupon I lie low and think much but say nothing.

Our great night is Sunday night, after service. Yes, indeed, Sunday! That's just when the devil's houses are all open round about us, and why should God's house be shut up? It is all very well for the people who have only one Sabbath in the week to keep it wholly holy—I have seven, being a follower of Jesus, not of Moses. But the rector of the parish has begun to complain of my "intrusion," and to tell the bishop I ought to be "mended or ended" immediately. It seems that my "doings" are "indecent and unnecessary," and my sermons are a "violation of all sanctities, all the modesties of existence." Poor dumb dog, teaching the gospel of Don't! The world has never been reformed by "resignation" to the evils of life, or converted by "silence" either.

How I wish you were here in the midst of it all! And—who knows?—perhaps you will be some day yet. Do not trouble to answer this—I will write again soon. *Au revoir!*

### LIII.

ON the day of the drawing room meeting, a large company gathered in the hall at Belgrave Square. Mercy Mackray, now Lady Robert Ure, back from the honeymoon, received the guests for her mother, whose weak heart and a headache kept her up stairs. Her husband stood aside, chewing the end of his mustache and looking through his eyeglass with a gleam of amused interest in his glittering eye. There were many ladies, all fashionably dressed, and one of them wore a seagull's wing in her hat, with part of the root left visible and painted red to show that it had been torn out of the living bird. The men were nearly all clergymen, and the cut of their cloth and the fashions of their ties indicated the various complexions of their creeds. They glanced at one another with looks of embarrassment, and Mrs. Callender, who came in like a breeze off a Scottish moor, said audibly that she had never seen "sae many crows on one tree before." The archdeacon was there with his head up, talking loudly to Lady Robert. She stood motionless in her place, never turning her eyes towards John Storm, though it was plain that she was looking at him constantly. More than once he caught an expression of pain in her face, and felt pity for her as one of the brides who had acted the lie of marrying without love. But his spirits were high. He welcomed everybody, and even bantered Mrs. Callender when she told him she "objected to the hale thing," and said, "Weel, weel, bide ye a wee."

The archdeacon gave the signal and led the way with Lady Robert to the drawing room, where Mrs. Mackray, redolent of perfume, was reclining on a sofa with the "lady poodle" by her side. As soon as the company were seated the archdeacon rose and coughed loudly.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we have no assurance of a blessing except 'Ask and ye shall receive.' Therefore, before we go farther, it is our duty, as brethren of a common family in Christ,

to ask the blessing of Almighty God on this enterprise."

There was a subdued rustle of drooping hats and bonnets, when suddenly a thin voice was heard to say, "Mr. Archdeacon, may I inquire first who is to ask the blessing?"

"I thought of doing so myself," said the archdeacon, with a lofty smile.

"In that case, as a Unitarian, I must object to an invocation in which I do not believe."

"Well, if the name of our Lord is a stumbling block to our Unitarian brother, no doubt the prayer in this instance would be acceptable without the customary Christian benediction."

"That's just like you," said a large man near the door, with whiskers all round his face. "You've been trimming and compromising all your life, and now you are going to trim away the name of the Lord Jesus Christ."

"If our Low Church brother thinks he can do better, I shall be happy to resign in his favor," said the archdeacon.

"But, sir," said another voice, "I object to both of you. Being a Catholic priest, and therefore the only clergyman present whose ordination is valid, I decline to sit here and be superseded in the sacred office by any layman."

There was a half suppressed titter from the wall at the back, where Lord Robert Ure was standing with his face screwed up to his eyeglass. But the Unitarian had risen again. "May I," he said suavely, "as the first cause of this unhappy difference, pour oil on the troubled waters? I propose that the archdeacon be requested to repeat the Lord's Prayer—I think that will be unobjectionable to the representatives of all Christian denominations."

A murmur of relief was passing over the company, when a bushy bearded man rose and said, "As an agnostic I must object to the Lord's Prayer, the very first clause of it being beyond all possibility of human knowledge."

Then there was blank dismay, and Lord Robert's face seemed to be cracking under his mustache from ear to ear.

John Storm had looked icy cold, though the twitching of his lower lip showed that he was red hot within.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said in a quavering voice, "I apologize for bringing you together. I thought if we were in earnest about the union of Christendom, we might at least unite in the real contest with evil. But I find it is a dream; we have only been trifling with ourselves, and there is not one of us who wants the union of Christendom, except on the condition that his rod shall be like Aaron's rod, which swallowed up all the rest. It was a mistake, and I beg your pardon."

"Yes, sir," said the archdeacon, "it *was* a mistake; and if you had taken my advice from the first, and asked the blessing of God through good High Churchmen alone——"

"God doesn't wait for any asking," said John, now flushing up to the eyes. "He gives freely to High Churchmen, Low Churchmen, and No Churchmen alike."

"If that is your opinion, sir, you are no better than your friend the agnostic there, and for my part I will never darken your door again!"

"*Darken* is a good word for it, archdeacon," said John, and with that the company broke up.

Mrs. Mackray looked like a thunder cloud as John bowed to her on passing out, but Mrs. Callender cried in a jubilant voice, "Be captain of your own ship, laddie!" and added (being two yards behind the archdeacon's broad back going down the stairs), "If that deacon man is to be an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven, there'll be a mighty crush at the pearly gates, I'm thinking!"

John Storm went back to Soho with a heavy heart. Going up Victoria Street, he passed a crowd of ragged people who were plowing their way through the carriages. Two policemen were taking a man and a woman to the police court in Rochester Row. The prisoners were Reed, the keeper of the gambling house, and his wife, the baby farmer.

But within a week John Storm, in greater spirits than ever, was writing to Glory again:

The archdeacon has deserted me, but no matter! My uncle has advanced me another thousand of my mother's money, so the crusade is *self* supporting in one sense, at all events. You would be amused to see how the women of the West End are taking it up—Lady Robert Ure

among the rest! They have banded themselves into a sisterhood, and christened our clergy house a "settlement." One of my Greek owners came in the other evening to see the alterations. His eyes glistened at the change, and he asked leave to bring a friend. I trust you are well and settling things comfortably, and that Miss Macquarrie has gone. It is raining through a colander here, but I have no time to think of depressing weather. Sometimes when I cross our great squares, where the birds sing among the yellowing leaves, my mind goes off to your sweet home in the sunshine; and when I drop into the dark alleys and lanes, where the pale faced children play in their poverty and rags, I think of a day that is coming, and, God willing, is now so near, when a ministering angel of tenderness and strength will be passing through them like a gleam. But I am more than ever sure that you do well to avoid for the present the pompous joys of life in London, where for one happy being there are a thousand pretenders to happiness.

On the Sunday night following, Crook Lane, outside the clergy house, was almost blocked with noisy people of both sexes. They were a detachment of the "Skeletons," and the talk among them was of the trial of the Reeds, which had taken place the day before. "They've 'ed six months," said one; "and it's all along o' parsons," said another; and Charlie Wilkes, who had a certain reputation for humor, did a step dance and sang some doggerel beginning:

Father Storm is a werry good man,  
'E does you all the 'arm 'e can.

Through this crowd two gentlemen pushed their way to the clergy house, which was brilliantly lit up. One of them was the Greek owner, the other was Lord Robert Ure. Entering a large room on the ground floor, they first came upon John Storm, in cassock and biretta, standing at the door and shaking hands with everybody who came in and went out. He betrayed no surprise, but greeted them respectfully and then passed them on. Every moment of his time was occupied. The room was full of the young girls of the district, with here and there a sister out of another world entirely. Some were reading, some conversing, some laughing, some playing a piano, and some singing. Their voices filled the air like the chirping of birds, and their faces were bright and happy. "Good evening, father," they said on entering, and "Good night, father," as they went away.

The two men stood some minutes and looked round at the room. It was observed that Lord Robert did not remove his hat. He kept chewing the end of a decrepit cigarette, whereof the other end hung down his chin. One of the sisters heard him say, "It will do with a little alteration, I think." Then he went off alone, and the Greek owner stepped up to John Storm.

It was not at first that John could attend to him, and when he was able to do so he began to rattle on about his own affairs. "See," he said with a delighted smile and a wave of the arm, "see how crowded we are! We'll have to think of taking in the next door soon."

"Father Storm," said the Greek, "I have something serious to say, though the official notification will of course reach you by another channel."

John's face darkened as a ripe cornfield does when the sun dies away from it.

"I am sorry to tell you that the trustees, having had a favorable offer for this property——"

"Well?" His great staring eyes had stopped the man.

"Have decided to sell."

"Sell? Did you say sell? To whom? What?"

"To tell you the truth, to the syndicate of a music hall."

John staggered back, breathing audibly. "Now if a man had to believe that! Do you know, if I thought such a thing *could* happen——"

"I'm sorry you take the matter so seriously, Father Storm. It's true you've spent money on the property, but, believe me, the trustees will derive no profit——"

"Profit? Money? Do you suppose I'm thinking of that, and not of the desecration, the outrage, the horror? But who are they? Is that man, Lord——"

The Greek had nodded his head, and John flung open the door. "Out of this! Out of it, you Judas!" And almost before the Greek had crossed the threshold the door was banged at his back.

The incident had been observed, and there was dead silence in the club room, but John only cried, "Let's sing something, girls," and when a sister struck up his favorite "Nazareth" there was no voice so loud as his.

But he realized everything. "Gloria" was coming back, and the work of months was overthrown!

When he was going home, groups of the girls were talking in whispers in the hall, and Mrs. Pincher, who was wiping her eyes at the door, said, "I wonder you don't drown yourself, I do."

At the corner of the lane Mr. Jupe was waiting for him to beg his pardon and to ask his advice. What he had said of Mrs. Jupe had turned out to be true. The Reeds had "split" on her and she had been arrested. "It was all in the evenin' pipers last night," the weak creature whimpered, "and today my manager told me I 'ad best look out for another place. Oh, my poor Lidjer! What am I to do?"

"Do? Cut her off like a rotten limb!" said John scornfully, and with that he strode down the street. The human sea roared around him, and he felt as if he wanted to fling himself into the midst of it and be swallowed up. Poor champion of women, flung down and trodden on by the very woman in whose name he had worked!

On reaching Victoria Square he told Mrs. Callender the news—flung it out at her with a sort of triumphant shout. His church had been sold over his head, and being only "Chaplain to the Greek Turks," he was to be turned into the streets. Then he laughed wildly, and by some devilish impulse began to abuse Glory. "The next chaplain is to be a girl," he cried, "one of those creatures who live by their looks and throw kisses at gaping crowds and sweep courtesies for their dirty crusts."

But all at once he turned white as a ghost and sat down trembling. Mrs. Callender's face was twitching, and to prevent herself from crying she burst into scorching satire. "There!" she said, sitting in her rocking chair and rocking herself furiously, "I ken'd weel what it would come til! Adversity mak's a man wise, they say, if it doesna mak' him rich. But it's the prime minister I blame for this. The auld dolt! He must be fallen to his dotage. It's enough to mak' a reasonable body go out of her mind to think of sic wise asses. I told you what to expect, but you were always miscalling me for a suspicious auld woman. Oh, it's

a thing ye'd no suspect; but Jane Callender is only a daft auld fool, ye see, and doesna ken what she's saying!"

But at the next moment she had jumped up and flung her arms about John's neck, and was crying over him like a girl. "Oh, my son! my ain son! And is it for me to fling out at ye! Ay, ay, it's a heartless world, laddie!"

He kissed the old woman, and then she tried to coax him to eat. "Come, come, a wee bitee, just a wee bitee. We must eat our supper, any way."

"God seems dead and heaven a long way off," he murmured.

"And a drap o' whisky will do no harm—a wee drapee."

"There's only one thing clear—God sees I'm unfit for the work, so He has taken it away from me."

She turned aside from the table, and the supper was left untouched.

The first post next morning brought a letter from Glory.

THE GARDEN HOUSE,  
CLEMENT'S INN, W. C.

Forgive me! I have returned to town! I couldn't help it, I couldn't, I couldn't! London dragged me back. What was I to do after everything was settled and the aunties provided for?—assist in a dame's school and wage with pot-hooks and hangers? Oh! I was dying of weariness, dying, dying, dying!

And then they made me such tempting offers. Not the music hall—don't think that. I dare say you were quite right there. No, but the theater, the regular theater. Mr. Drake has bought some broken down old place, and is to turn it into a beautiful theater expressly for me. I am to play *Juliet*. Only think—*Juliet*!—and in your own theater! Already I feel like a liberated slave who has crossed her Red Sea.

And don't think a woman's mourning is like the Polonian laws, which last but three days. *He* is buried in my heart, not in the earth, and I shall love him and revere him always! And then didn't you tell me yourself it would not be right to allow his death to stop my life?

Write and say you forgive me, John. Reply by return, and make yourself your own postman—registered. You'll find me here at Rosa's. Come, come, come! I'll never forgive you if you don't come soon—never, never!

GLORY.

#### LIV.

A FORTNIGHT had passed, and John Storm had not yet visited Glory. He had heard of her from day to day by the medium of the newspapers. Every morning he had glanced down the black col-



umns for the name that stood out from them as if its letters had been printed in blood. The reports had been many and mysterious. First, the brilliant young artist, who had made such an extraordinary impression some months before, had returned to London and would shortly resume the promising career which had been interrupted by illness and family bereavement. Next, the forthcoming appearance would be on the regular stage, and in a Shaksperian character, which was always understood to be a crucial test of histrionic genius. Then, the revival of "Romeo and Juliet," which had formerly been in contemplation, would probably give way to the still more ambitious project of an entirely new production by a well known Scandinavian author, with a part peculiarly fitted to the personality and talents of the débütante. Finally, a syndicate was about to be formed for the purchase of some old property, with a view to its reconstruction as a theater, in the interests of the new play and the new player.

John Storm laughed bitterly. He told himself that Glory was unworthy of the least of his thoughts. It was his duty to go on with his work and think of her no more.

He had received his official notice to quit. The church was to be given up in a month, the clergy house in two months, and he believed himself to be immersed in preparations for the rehousing of the club and home. Twenty young mothers and their children now lived in the upper rooms, under obedience to the sisterhood, but Polly's boy had remained with Mrs. Pincher. From time to time he had seen the little one tethered to a chair by a scarf about its waist, creeping by the wall to the door, and there gazing out on the world with looks of intelligence, and babbling to it in various inarticulate noises. The little dark face had the eyes of its mother, but it represented Glory for all that. John Storm loved to see it. He felt that he could never part with it, and that if Lord Robert Ure himself came and asked for it he would bundle him out of doors.

"Boo loo! Lal la! Mum um!" As he passed up the lane he stopped at the pawnshop door and kissed the little lips

as they prattled and curled, and then kissed them again as they drooped and fell, and something darkened the little existence.

But a carriage drew up at Mrs. Callender's one morning, and Lady Robert Ure stepped out. Her pale and patient face had the feeble and nervous smile of the humiliated and unloved.

"Mr. Storm," she said in her gentle voice, "I have come on a delicate errand. I cannot delay any longer a duty I ought to have discharged before."

It was about Polly's baby. She had heard of what had happened at the hospital; and the newspapers which had followed her to Paris, with reports of her wedding, had contained reports of the girl's death also. Since her return she had inquired about the child, and discovered that it had been rescued by him and was now in his careful keeping.

"But it is for me to look after it, Mr. Storm, and I beg of you to give it up to me. Something tells me that God will never give me any children of my own, so I shall be doing no harm to any one, and my husband need never know whose child it is I adopt. I promise you to be good to it. It shall never leave me. And if it should live to be a man, and grow to love me, that will help me to forget the past and to forgive myself for my own share in it. Oh, it is little I can do for the poor girl who is gone—for after all she loved him and I took him from her. But this is my duty, Mr. Storm, and I cannot sleep at night or rest in the day until it is begun."

"I don't know if it is your duty, dear lady, but if you wish for the child it is your right," said John Storm, and they got into the carriage and drove to Soho.

"Boo loo! Lal la! Mum um!" The child was tethered to the chair as usual and talking to the world according to its wont.

When it was gone, and the women on the doorsteps could see no more of the fine carriage of the great lady who had brought the odor of perfume and the rustle of silk into the dingy court, and Mrs. Pincher had turned back to the house with red eyes and her widow's cap awry, John Storm told himself that everything was for the best. The last link with



Glory was broken! Thank God for that! He might go on with his work now and need think of her no more!

That day he called at Clement's Inn. The Garden House was a pleasant dwelling, fronting on two of its sides to the garden of the ancient Inn of Court, and cozily furnished with many curtains and rugs. The cockney maid who answered the door was familiar in a moment, and during the short passage from the hall to the floor above she communicated many things. Her name was Liza; she had heard him preach; he had made her cry; "Miss Gloria" had known her former mistress, and Mr. Drake had got her the present place.

There was a sound of laughter from the drawing room. It was Glory's voice. When the door opened, she was standing in the middle of the floor in a black dress and with a pale face, but her eyes were bright and she was laughing merrily. She stopped when John Storm entered, and looked confused and ashamed. Drake, who was lounging on the couch, rose and bowed to him, and Miss Macquarrie, who was correcting long slips of printer's proofs at a desk by the window, came forward and welcomed him. Glory held his hand and looked steadfastly into his eyes. His face twitched and her own blushed deeply, and then she talked in a nervous and jerky way, reproaching him for his neglect of her.

"I have been busy," he began, and then stopped with a sense of hypocrisy. "I mean worried and tormented," and then stopped again, for Drake had dropped his head.

She laughed, though there was nothing to laugh at, and proposed tea, rattling along in broken sentences that were spoken with a tremulous trill, which had a suggestion of tears behind it. "Shall I ring for tea, Rosa? Oh, you *have* rung for tea! Ah, here it is! Thank you, Liza. Set it here"—seating herself.

At that moment there was another arrival. It was Lord Robert Ure. He kissed Rosa's hand, smiled on Glory, saluted Drake familiarly, and then settled himself on a low stool by the tea table, pulled up the knees of his trousers, relaxed the congested muscles of one half of his face, and let fall his eyeglass.

Drake was handing out the cups as Glory filled them. He was looking at her attentively, vexed at the change in her manner since John Storm entered. When he returned to his seat on the sofa he began to twitch the ear of her pug, which lay coiled up asleep beside him, calling it an ugly little pestilence, and wondering why she carried it about with her. Glory protested that it was an angel of a dog, whereupon he supposed it was now dreaming of paradise—listen!—and then there were audible snores in the silence, and everybody laughed, and Glory screamed.

"I declare on my honor, my dear," said Drake, with a mischievous look at John, "the creature is uglier than the beast that did the business on the day we eloped."

"Eloped!" cried Rosa and Lord Robert together.

"Why, did you never hear that Glory eloped with me?"

Glory was trying to drown his voice with hollow laughter.

"She was seven and I was six and a half, and she had proposed to me in the orchard the day before!"

"Anybody have more tea? No? Some sally lunn, perhaps?" and then more laughter.

"Hold your tongue, Glory! Nobody wants your tea! Let us hear the story," said Rosa.

"Why, yes, certainly," said Lord Robert, and everybody laughed again.

"She was all for travel and triumphal processions in those days——"

Glory stopped her ears and began to sing—

Willy, Willy Wilkin,  
Kissed the maid a-milkin'!  
Fa, la, la!

"Glory, if you don't be quiet we'll turn you out!" and Rosa got up and flourished her proofs.

But Glory had leaped to her feet and fled from the room. Drake had leaped up also, and now putting his back against the door, he raised his voice and went on with his story.

"Somebody saved us, though, and she lay in his arms and kissed him all the way home again."

Glory was strumming on the door and

singing to drown his voice. When the story was ended, and she was allowed to come back, she was panting and gasping with laughter, but there were tears in her eyes for all that, and Lord Robert was saying, with a sidelong look towards John Storm, "Really, this ought to be a scene in the new Sigurdson, don't you know!"

John had retired within himself during this nonsense. He had been feeling an intense hatred of the two men, and was looking as gloomy as deep water. "All acting, sheer acting," he thought, and then he told himself that Glory was only worthy of his contempt. What could attract her in the society of such men? Only their wealth, their social station. Their intellectual and moral atmosphere must weary and revolt her.

Rosa had to go to her newspaper office, and Drake saw her to the door. John rose at the same time and Glory said, "Going already?" but she did not try to detain him. She would see him again; she had much to say to him. "I suppose you were surprised to hear that I had returned to London?" she said, looking up at his knitted brows.

He did not answer immediately, and Lord Robert, who was leaning against the chimney piece, said in his cold drawl, "Your friend ought to be happy that you have returned to London, seems to me, my dear, instead of wasting your life in that wilderness."

John drew himself up. His pride was wounded by the light tone of the man's familiarity. "It's not London I object to," he said; "that was inevitable, I dare say."

"What then?"

"The profession she has come back to follow."

"Why, what's amiss with the profession?" said Lord Robert, and Drake, who returned to the room at the moment, said, "Yes, what's amiss with it? Some of the best men in the world have belonged to it, I think."

"Tell me the name of one of them, since the world began, who ever lived an active Christian life?"

Lord Robert made a kink of laughter, and turning to the window, began to play a tune with his fingers tips on the

glass. Drake struggled to keep a straight face, and answered, "It is not their rôle, sir."

"Very well, if that's too much to ask, tell me how many of them have done anything in real life, anything for the world, for humanity—anything whatever, I don't care what it is."

"You are unreasonable, sir," said Drake, "and such objections could as properly apply to the professions of the painter and the musician. These are the children of joy. Their first function is to amuse. And surely amusement has its place in real life, as you say."

"On the contrary," said John, following his own thought, for he had not listened, "how many of them have lived lives of reckless abandonment, self indulgence, and even scandalous license."

"Those are abuses that apply equally to other professions, sir. Even the church is not free from them. But in the view of reasonable beings one clergyman of evil life—nay, one hundred—would not make the profession of the clergy bad."

"A profession," said John, "which appeals above all to the senses, and lives on the emotions, and fosters jealousy, and vanity, and backbiting, and develops duplicity, and exists on lies, and does nothing to encourage self sacrifice or to help suffering humanity, is a bad profession and a sinful one!"

"If a profession is sinful," said Drake, "in degree as it appeals to the senses, and lives on the emotions, and develops duplicity, then the profession of the church is the most sinful in the world, for it offers the greatest temptations to lying, and produces the worst hypocrites and impostors!"

"That," said John, with eyes flashing and passion vibrating in his voice—"that, sir, is the great Liar's everlasting lie—and you know it!"

Glory was between them with uplifted hands. "Peace, peace! Blessed is the peacemaker! But tea! Will nobody take more tea? Oh, dear, oh, dear! Why can't we have tea over again?"

"I know what you mean, sir," said Drake. "You mean that I have brought Glory back to a life of danger and vanity, and sloth and sensuality. Very well. I deny your definition. But call it what

you will, I brought her back to the only life her talents are fit for, and if that's all——"

"Would you have done the same for your own sister?"

"But how dare you introduce my sister's name in this connection?"

"And how dare you resent it? What's good for one woman is good for another."

Glory was turning aside, and Drake was looking ashamed. "Of course—naturally—I meant," he faltered, "if a girl has to earn her living, whatever her talents, her genius—that is one thing. But the upper classes—I mean the leisured classes——"

"Damn the leisured classes, sir!" said John, and in the silence that followed the men looked round, but Glory was gone from the room.

Lord Robert, who had been whistling at the window, said to Drake in a cynical undertone, "The man is hipped and sore. He has lost his challenge, and we ought to make allowances for him, don't you know."

Drake tried to laugh. "I'm willing to make allowances," he said lightly; "but when a man talks to me as if—as if I meant to——" But the light tone broke down, and he faced round upon John and burst out passionately, "What right have you to talk to me like this? What is there in my character, in my life, that justifies it? What woman's honor have I betrayed? What have I done that is unworthy of the character of an English gentleman?"

John took a stride forward and came face to face and eye to eye with him. "What have you done?" he said. "You have used a woman as your decoy to win your challenge, as you say, and you have struck me in the face with the hand of the woman I love. That's what you've done, sir, and if it's worthy of the character of an English gentleman, then God help England!"

Drake put his hand to his head and his flushed face turned pale. But Lord Robert Ure stepped forward and said with a smile, "Well, and if you've lost your church so much the better. You are only an outsider in the ecclesiastical stud, any way. Who wants you? Your recitor doesn't want you; your bishop doesn't

want you. Nobody wants you, if you ask me."

"I don't ask you, Lord Robert," said John. "But there's somebody who does want me for all that. Shall I tell you who it is? It's the poor and helpless girl who has been deceived by the base and selfish man, and then left to fight the battle of life alone, or to die by suicide and go shuddering down to hell! That's who wants me, sir, and, God willing, I mean to stand by her."

"Damme, sir, if you mean *me*, let me tell you what *you* are," said Lord Robert, screwing up his eyeglass. "You"—shaking his head right and left—"you are a man who takes delicately nurtured ladies out of sheltered homes and sends them into holes and hovels in search of abandoned women and their misbegotten children! Why"—turning to Drake—"what do you think has happened? My wife has fallen under this gentleman's influence—the poor simpleton!—and not one hour before I left my house she brought home a child which he had given her to adopt. Think of it!—out of the shambles of Soho, and God knows whose brat and bastard!"

The words were hardly out of the man's mouth when John Storm had taken him by both shoulders. "God *does* know," he said, "and so do I. Shall I tell you whose child that is? Shall I? It's yours!" The man saw it coming and turned white as a ghost. "Yours! Your wife has taken up the burden of your sin and shame, for she's a good woman, and you are not fit to live on the earth she walks upon!"

He left the two men speechless, and went heavily down the stairs. Glory was waiting for him at the door. Her eyes were glistening after recent tears.

"You will come no more?" she said. She could read him like a book. "I can see that you intend to come no more."

He did not deny it, and after a moment she opened the door and he passed out with a look of utter weariness. Then she went back to her room and flung herself on the bed, face downwards.

The men in the drawing room were beginning to recover themselves. Lord Robert was humming a tune, Drake pacing to and fro.

"Buying up his church to make a theater for Glory was the very refinement of cruelty!" said Drake. "Good heavens! what possessed me?"

"Original sin, my dear boy!" said Lord Robert, with a curl of the lip.

"A bad plagiarism, you mean!" said Drake bitterly.

"Very well. If I helped you to do it, shall I help you to give it up? Withdraw the prospectus and return the deposits on shares—the dear archdeacon's among the rest."

Drake took up his hat and left the house. Lord Robert followed him presently. Then the drawing room was empty, and the hollow sound of sobbing came down to it from the bed room above.

Father Storm said prayers in church that night with a hard and absent heart. A terrible impulse of hate had taken hold of him. He hated Drake, he hated Glory, he hated himself most of all, and felt as if seven devils had taken possession of him, and he was a hypocrite, and might fall dead at the altar.

"But what a fate the Almighty has saved me from!" he thought. Glory would have been a drag on his work for life. He must forget her. She was only worthy of his contempt. Yet he could not help but remember how beautiful she had looked in her mourning dress, and with that pure pale face and its signs of suffering! Or how charming she had seemed to him even in the midst of all that deception! Or how she had held him as by a spell!

Going home he came upon a group of men in the Court. One of them planted himself full in front and said with an insolent swagger, "Me and my mites thinks there's too many parsons abart 'ere. What do you think, sir?"

"I think there are more gamblers and thieves, my lad," he answered, and at the next instant the man had struck him in the face. He closed with the ruffian, grappled him by the throat, and flung him on his back. One moment he held him there, writhing and gasping, then he said, "Get up, and get off, and let me see no more of you."

"No, sir, not this time," said a voice above his back. The crowd had melted away and a policeman stood beside them.

"I've been waiting for this one for weeks, father," he said, and he marched the man to jail.

It was Charlie Wilkes. At the trial of Mrs. Jupe that morning, Aggie, being a witness, had been required to mention his name. It was all in the evening papers, and he had been dismissed from his time keeping at the foundry.

#### LV.

A WEEK passed. Breakfast was over at Victoria Square, and John Storm was glancing over the pages of a weekly paper. "Listen!" he cried, and then read aloud in a light tone of mock bravery that broke down at length into a husky gurgle:

The sympathy which has lately been evoked by the announcement that a proprietary church in Soho has been sold for secular uses is creditable to public sentiment—

"Think of that, now!" interrupted Mrs. Callender.

—and no doubt the whole community will agree to hope that Father Storm will recover from the irritation natural to his eviction—

"Ay, we can all get over another body's disappointment, laddie."

But there is a danger that in this instance the altruism of the time may develop a sentimentality not entirely good for public morals—

"When the ox is down there are lots of butchers, ye ken!"

With the uses to which the fabric is to be converted, it is no part of our purpose to deal, farther than to warn the public not to lend an ear to the all too prurient purity of the amateur moralist; but considering the character of the work now carried on in Soho, no doubt with the best intentions—

"Ay, ay, it's easy to steal the goose and give the gible in alms."

—it behooves us to consider if the community is not to be congratulated on its speedy and effectual ending. Father Storm is a young man of some talents and social position, but without any special experience or knowledge of the world; in fact, a weak, over sanguine, and rather foolish fanatic—

"Oh, yes, he's down; down with him!"

—and therefore it is monstrous that he should be allowed to subvert the order of social life or disturb the broad grounds of the reasonable and the practical—

"Never mind. High winds only blow on high hills, laddie!"

As for the "fallen sister" whom this silly person has taken under his special care, we confess to a feeling that too much sympathy has been wasted on her already. Her feet take hold of hell, her house is the way of the grave, going down to the chamber of death."

Mrs. Callender leaped to her feet. "That's the deacon; I ken the cloven hoof!"

John Storm had flung the paper away. "What a cowardly world it is!" he said. "But God wins in the end, and by God He shall!"

"Tut, man, don't tak' on like that. You can't climb the Alps on roller skates, you see! But as for the deacon, pooh! I'm no windy' about your 'sisters' and 'settlements' and sic like, but if there had been society papers in the Lord's time, Simon the Pharisee would have been a namby pamby critic compared to some of them."

A moment afterwards she was looking out of the window and holding up both hands. "My gracious! It's himself! It's the prime minister!"

A gaunt old gentleman with a meager mustache, wearing a broad brimmed hat and unfashionable black clothes, was stepping up to the door.

"Yes, it's my uncle!" said John, and the old lady fled out of the room to change her cap.

"I have heard what has happened, John, so I have come to see you," said the prime minister. Was he thinking of the money? John felt uneasy and ashamed. "I'm sorry, my boy, very sorry!"

"Thank you, uncle."

"But it all comes, you see, of the ridiculous idea that we are a Christian nation! Such a thing couldn't have occurred at the shrine of a pagan god!"

"It was only a proprietary church, uncle. I was much to blame."

"I do not deny that you have acted unwisely, but what difference of principle does that make, my boy? None at all. To sell a church seems like the climax of irreverence; but they are doing as bad every day. If you want to see what times the church has fallen on, look at the advertisements in your religious papers—your *Church Patronage Gazettes*, and so

forth. A traffic, John, a slave traffic, worse than anything in Africa, where they sell bodies, not souls!"

"It is a crime which cries to the avenging anger of heaven, sir," said John; "but it is the establishment that is to blame, not the church, uncle."

"We are a nation of money lenders, my boy, and the church is the worst usurer of them all, with its learned divines in scarlet hoods, who hold shares in music halls, and its fathers in God living at ease and leasing out public houses. You have been lending money on usury too, and on a bad security. What are you going to do now?"

"Go on with my work, uncle, and do two hours where I did one before."

"And get yourself kicked where you got yourself kicked before."

"Why not? If God puts ten pounds on a man, He gives him strength to bear twenty."

"John, John, I am feeling rather sore, and I can't bear much more of it. I'm growing old, and my life is rather lonely too. Except your father, you are my only kinsman now, and it seems as if our old family must die with you. But come, my boy, come, you are not a fool, though you may have behaved as such. Throw up all this sorry masquerade. Isn't there a woman in the world who can help me to persuade you? I don't care who she is, or what, or where she comes from."

John had colored to the eyes, and was stammering something about the true priest cut off from earthly marriage, therefore free to commit himself completely to his work, when Mrs. Callender came back, spruce and smart, with many smiles and courtesies. The prime minister greeted her with the same old fashioned courtesy, and they cooed away like two old doves, until a splendid equipage drove up to the door, and the plain old gentleman drove away in it.

"Wasn't he nice with me? Wasn't he now?" the old lady kept saying, and John being silent—"Tut, you young men are just pur loblollyboys with a leddy when the auld ones come."

Going to Soho that day, John Storm felt a sudden thrill at seeing on the street in front of him, walking in the same direction, an elderly figure in cas-



sock and cord. It was the father superior of the brotherhood. John overtook him and greeted him.

"Ah, I was on my way to see you, my son."

"Then you have heard what has happened?"

"Yes, Satan's shafts fly fast." Then taking John's arm as they walked, "Earthly snubs are but reminders of Him, my son, like the hair shirt of the monk, and this trouble of yours is God's reminder of your broken obedience. What did I tell you when you left us—that you would come back within a year? And you will! Leave the world, my son. It treats you badly. The human spirit reigns over it, and even the church is a Christian society out of the sphere and guidance of the divine spirit. Leave it and return to your unfinished vows."

John shook his head, and took the father into the clergy house, where the girls were gathering for the evening. "How can I leave the world, father," he said, "when there's work like this to do? Society presents to a large proportion of these bright creatures the alternative, 'Sell yourself or starve.' But God says, 'Live, work, and love.' Therefore society is doomed, and that dead man's sepulchre, the establishment, is doomed, but the church will live, and become the corner stone of the new order, and stand between woman and the world, as it stood of old between the poor and the rich."

The father preached for John that night, taking for his text, "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh." And on parting from him at the door of the sacristy he said, "Religious work can only be good, my son, if it concerns itself first of all with the salvation of souls. Now what if it pleased God to remove you from all this, to call you to a work of intercession, say to the mission field?"

John's face turned pale. "There can be no need to fly," he said with a frightened look. "Surely London is a mission field wide enough for any man."

"Yet who knows? Perhaps for your own soul's sake, lest vanity should take hold of you, or the love of fame, or—or any of the snares of Satan! But good by, and God be with you!"

When John Storm reached home he found a letter awaiting him. It was from Glory.

Are you dead and buried? If so, send me word, that I may compose your epitaph. "Here lies"—*Lies* is good, for though you didn't promise to come back you ought to have done so, therefore it comes to the same thing in the end. You must not think too ill of Mr. Drake. I call him the milk of human kindness, and his friend Lord Robert the oil thereof—I mean the oil of vitriol. But his temper is like the Caspian Sea, having neither ebb nor flow, while yours is like the Bay of Biscay, oh; so I can't expect you to agree. As for poor me, I may be guilty of all the seven deadly sins, but I can't see why I should be boycotted on that account. There is something I didn't know when you were here, and I want to explain about it. Therefore come "right away" (Lord Bob, Americanized). Being slow to anger and plenteous in mercy, I will forgive you if you come soon. If you don't, I'll—I'll go on the bike—feminine equivalent to the drink. To tell you the truth, I've done so already, having been careering round the gardens of the Inn during the early hours of morning, clad in Rosa's "bloomers," in which I make a picture and a sensation at the same time, she being several sizes larger round the hips, and fearfully and wonderfully made. If that doesn't fetch you, I'll go in for boxing next, and in a pair of five ounce gloves I'll cut a *striking* figure, I can tell you.

But, John Storm, have you cast me off entirely? Do you intend to abandon me? Do you think there is no salvation left for me? And are you going to let me sink in all this mire without stretching out a hand to help me? Oh, dear, oh, dear! I don't know what has come over the silly old world since I came back to London. Think it must be teething, judging by the sharpness of its bite, and feel as if I should like to give it a dose of syrup of squills.

As John read the letter his eyelids quivered and his mouth relaxed. Then he glanced at it again, and his face clouded.

"I cannot leave her entirely to the mercy of men like these," he thought.

This innocent daring, this babe-like ripping up of serviceable conventions—God knows what advantage such men might take of it. He must see her once again, to warn, to counsel her. It was his duty—he must not shirk from it.

It had been a day of painful impressions to Glory. Early in the morning Lord Robert had called to take her to the "reading" of the new play. It took place in the saloon of an unoccupied Strand theater, of which the stage also had been engaged for rehearsal. The company were gathered there, and being

more or less experienced actors and actresses, they received her with looks of courteous indulgence, as one whose leading place must be due to other things than talent. This stung her; she felt her position to be a false one, and was vexed that she had permitted Lord Robert to call for her. But her humiliation had yet hardly begun.

While they stood waiting for the manager, who was late, a gorgeous person with a waxed mustache and in a fur lined coat, redolent of the mixed odor of perfume and stale tobacco, crushed his way up to her and offered his card. She knew the man in a moment.

"I'm Josephs," he said in a confidential undertone, "and if there's anything I can do for you—acting management—anything—it vill give me pleesure."

Glory flushed up and said, "But you don't seem to remember, sir, that we have met before."

The man smiled blandly. "Oh, yes. I've kept track of you ever since and know all about you. You hadn't made your appearance then, and naturally I couldn't do much. But now—*now* if you vill give me de pleesure——"

"Then an agent is one who can do nothing for you when you want help, but when you don't want it——"

The man laughed to carry off his audacity. "Vell, you know vhat they say of us—agent from *agere*, 'to do,' and we're always 'doing.' Ha, ha! But if you are villing to let bygones be bygones, I am, and velcome."

Glory's face was crimson. "Will somebody go for the stage doorkeeper?" she said, and one of the company went out on that errand. Then raising her voice so that everybody listened, she said, "Mr. Josephs, when I was quite unknown, and trying to get on, and finding it very hard, as we all do, you played me the cruelest trick a man ever played on a woman. I don't owe you any grudge, but for the sake of every poor girl who is struggling to live in London, I am going to turn you out of the house."

"Eh? Vhat?"

The stage doorkeeper had entered. "Porter, do you see this gentleman? He is never to come into this theater again as long as we are here, and if he tries to

force his way in you are to call a policeman and have him bundled into the street!"

"Daddle doo;" and the waxed mustache over the grinning mouth seemed to cut the face across.

When Josephs had gone, Glory could see that the looks of indulgence on the faces of the company had gone also. "She'll do!" said one. "She's got the stuff in her!" said another, but Glory herself was now quaking with fear, and her troubles were not yet ended.

A little stout gentleman entered hurriedly with a roll of papers in his hand. He stepped up to Lord Robert, apologized for being late, and mopped his bald crown and red face. It was Sefton.

"This is to be our manager," said Lord Robert, and Mr. Sefton bobbed his head, winked with both eyes, and said, "Charmed, I'm sure, charmed!"

Glory could have sunk into the earth for shame, but in a moment she had realized the crushing truth that when a woman has been insulted in the deepest place—in her honor—the best she can do is to say nothing about it.

The company seated themselves around the saloon, and the reading was begun. First came the list of characters, with the names of the cast. Glory's name and character came last, and her nerves throbbed with sudden pain when the manager read, "and *Gloria*—Miss Glory Quayle."

There was a confused murmur, and then the company composed themselves to listen. It was Gloria's play. She was rather scandalous. After the first act Glory thought it was going to be the story of Nell Gwyn in modern life; after the second, of Lady Hamilton; and after the third, in which the woman wrecks and ruins the first man in England, she knew it was only another version of the "Harlot's Progress," and must end as that had ended.

The actors were watching their own parts, and pointing and punctuating with significant looks the places where the chances came, but Glory was overwhelmed with confusion. How was she to play this evil woman? The poison went to the bone, and to get into the skin of such a creature a good woman would have to dispossess

herself of her very soul. The reading ended, every member of the company congratulated some other member on the other's opportunities, and Sefton came up to Glory to ask if she did not find the play strong and the part magnificent.

"Yes," she said; "but only a bad woman could play that part properly."

"You'll do it, my dear, you'll do it on your own!" he answered gaily, and she went home perplexed, depressed, beaten down, and ashamed.

A newspaper had been left at the door. It was a second rate theatrical journal, still damp from the press. The handwriting on the wrapper was Josephs', and there was a paragraph marked in blue pencil. It pretended to be a record of her short career, and everything was in it—the program selling, the dressing, the foreign clubs—all the refuse of her former existence, set in a sinister light and leaving an impression of abject up bringing, as of one who had been *in* the streets, if not on them.

Well, she had chosen her life, and must take it at its own price. But, oh, the cruelty of the world to a woman, when her very success could be her shame! She felt that the past had gripped her again—the pitiless past—she could never drag herself out of the mire.

That night she wrote to John Storm, and next morning before Rosa had risen—her duties kept her up late—she heard a voice down stairs. Her dog also heard it, and began to bark. At the next moment John was in the room and she was laughing up into his splendid black eyes, for he had caught her down at the sofa holding the dog's nose and trying to listen.

"Is it you? It's so good of you to come early. But this dog"—breaking into the Manx dialect—"she's ter'ble, just ter'ble!" rising and looking serious. "I wished to tell you that I knew nothing about the church, nothing whatever. If I'd had the least idea—but they told me nothing—it was very wrong—nothing. And the first thing I knew was when I saw it all in the newspapers."

He was leaning on the end of the mantelpiece. "If they deceived you like that, how can you go on with them?" he said.

"You mean" (she was leaning on the

other end, and speaking falteringly)—"you mean that I ought to give it all up. But it's too late for that now. It was too late when I came to know. Besides, it would do no good; you would be in the same position still, and as for me—well, somebody else would have the theater, so where's the use?"

"I was thinking of the future, Glory, not the past. People who deceive us once are capable of doing so again."

"True—that's true—only—only—"

She was breaking down, and he turned his eyes away from her, saying, "Well, it's all over now, and there's no help for it."

He tried to think what he had come to say, but do what he could he could not remember. The moment he looked at her the thread of his thoughts was lost, and the fragrance of her presence, so sweet, so close, made him feel as if he wanted to touch her. There was an awkward silence, and then he fidgeted with his hat and moved.

"Are you going so soon?"

"I'm busy, and—"

"Yes, you must be busy now."

"And then why—why should we prolong a painful interview, Glory?"

She shot up a look under her eyebrows. His eyes had a harassed expression, but there was a gleam in them that set her heart beating.

"Is it so painful? Is it?"

"Glory, I meant to tell you I could not come again."

"No! You're not so busy as all that, are you? Surely" (the Manx again, only she seemed to be breathless now)—"surely you're not so ter'ble busy but you can just put a sight on a girl now and again for all?"

He made a gesture with his hand. "It disturbs—it distracts—"

"Oh, is that all? Then"—with a forced laugh—"I'll come to see you instead. Yes, I will, though."

"No, you mustn't do that, Glory. It would only torment—"

"Torment! Gough bless me! Why torment?" and a fugitive flame shot up at him.

"Because"—he stammered, and she could see that his lips quivered; then calmly, very calmly, pronouncing the

words slowly, and in a voice as cold as ice—"because I love you!"

"You——!"

"Didn't you know that?" His voice was guttural. "Haven't you known it all along? What's the use of pretending? You've dragged it out of me. Was that only to show your power over me?"

"Oh!"

She had heard what her heart wanted to hear, and not for worlds would she have missed hearing it, yet she was afraid, and she was trembling all over.

"We two are of different natures, Glory, that's the trouble between us—now, and always has been. We have nothing in common, absolutely nothing. You have chosen your path in life, and it is not my path. I have chosen mine, and it is not yours. Your friends are not my friends. We are two different beings altogether, and yet—and yet I love you! And that's why I cannot come again."

It was sweet, but it was terrible. So different from what she had dreamed of: "I love you!—you are my soul!—I cannot live without you!" Yet he was right. She had slain his love before it was born to her—it was born dead. In an unsteady voice, which had suddenly become husky, she said:

"No doubt you are right. I must leave you to judge. Perhaps you have thought it all out."

"Don't suppose it will be easy for me, Glory. I've suffered a good deal, and no doubt I shall suffer more yet. If so, I'll bear it. But for the sake of my work——"

"Ah! But of course I can't expect—naturally you love your work also——"

"I *do* love my work also, and therefore it's no use trifling. 'If thine eye offend——'"

She was stung. "Well, since there's no help for it, I suppose we must shake hands and part."

Not until then—not until he had pronounced his doom and she had accepted it—did he realize how beautiful she seemed to him. He felt as if something in his throat wanted to cry out.

"It isn't what I expected, Glory—what I dreamed of for years."

"But it's best—it seems it's best."

"I tried to make a place for you too,

but you wouldn't have it—you let it go; you preferred this other lot in life."

She remembered Josephs, and Sefton, and the newspaper, and the part, and she covered her face with her hands.

"How can I go on, Glory, to the peril of my—it's dangerous, dangerous."

"Yes, you are a clergyman and I am an actress. You must think of that. People are so ignorant, so cruel, and I dare say they are talking already."

"Do you think I should care for that, Glory?" Her hands came down from her face. "Do you think I should care one jot if all the miserable, scandal mongering world thought——"

"You'll think the best of me, then?"

"I'll think of both of us as we used to be, my child, before the world came between us, before you——"

She was fighting against an impulse to fling herself into his arms, but she only said in a soft voice, "You are quite right, quite justified. I have chosen my lot in life, and must make the best of it."

"Well——" He was holding out his hand. But nevertheless she put her hand behind her, thinking, "No; if I shake hands with him it will be the end of everything."

"Good by!" and with an expression of utter despair he left her.

She did not cry, and when Rosa came down immediately afterwards she was smiling and her eyes were very bright.

"Was that your friend, Mr. Storm? Yes? You must beware of him, my dear. He would stop your career and think he was doing God's service."

"There's no danger of that, Rosa. He only came to say he would come no more;" and then something flashed in her eyes and died away, and then flashed again.

"Yes," thought Rosa, "there's an extraordinary attraction about her that makes all other women seem tame." And then Rosa remembered somebody else and sighed.

John Storm went back to Soho by way of Clare Market, and when people saluted him in the streets with "Good morning, father," he did not answer because he did not hear them. On going to church that night he came upon a group of Charlie's cronies betting six to one against his get-



ting off, and a girl in gay clothes was waiting to speak to him. It was Aggie. She had come to plead for Charlie.

"It's the drink, sir. He's a good boy when he's not drinking. But I ask pardon for him; if you would only not prosecute——"

John was ashamed of himself at sight of the girl's fidelity to her unworthy lover.

"And you, my child—what about you?"

"Oh, I'm all right. What's broken can't be mended."

And meanwhile the church bells were ringing and the cabs were running to the theaters.

#### LVI.

THE rehearsals began early in the morning, and usually lasted until late in the afternoon. Glory found them wearisome, depressing, and often humiliating. The body of the theater was below the level of the street, and in the daytime was little better than a vast vault. If she entered by the front, she stumbled against seats and saw the figures of men and women silhouetted in the distance, and heard the echo of cavernous voices. If by the back, she came upon the prompter's table set midway across the stage, with a gas bracket shooting up behind it like a geyser, and an open space of some twenty feet by twenty, in front, whereon the imaginary passions were to disport themselves at play.

Glory found real ones among them, and they were sometimes in hideous earnest. Jealousy, envy, uncharitableness, and all the rancor of life, where the struggle for it is bitterest; attempts to take advantage of her inexperience, to rob her of the best positions on the stage, to cut out her lines which "scored," to impose upon her genius the twopenny halfpenny traditions, which were like the laws of the Medes and the Persians, and not to be altered—these, with the weary waits, the half darkness, the chill atmosphere, the void in front, with its seats in linen covers, suggesting an audience of silent ghosts, and then the sense of the bright, bustling, real world above, sent her home day after day with a headache, a heartache, and tears bubbling out of her eyes.

And when she had conquered these conditions, or settled down to them, and had made such progress with her part as to throw away her scrip, the old horror of the woman she was to make herself into came back as a new terror. The visionary Gloria was very proud and vain and selfish, and trampled everything under foot that she might possess the world and the things of the world. The real Gloria was not like that, yet there were points of resemblance between them, and it seemed as if the author had somehow given the visionary woman the little traits and harmless tricks of the real one that she might thereby lure her to give up her heart also.

She came near to doing it too. Sometimes during a long scene, running through the whole gamut of passion, pride, vanity, selfishness, and even sensuality, she would wake as from a nightmare with a horrible sense that the pleading, passionate, groaning, guttural voice she heard was not her own voice, and that the evil woman had dispossessed her of herself. Then she would stop suddenly, and looking round, would see the company ranged about her, silent, and with looks of astonishment.

And meantime the real woman had a far different part to play. Every morning, with a terrible reality at her heart, she glanced over the newspapers for news of John Storm. She had not far to look. A sort of grotesque romance had gathered about him, as of a modern Don Quixote tilting at windmills. His name was the point of a pun; there were cartoons, caricatures, and all other forms of the joke that is not a joke because it is an insult.

Sometimes she took stolen glances at his work. On Sunday morning she walked through Soho, past the people sitting on their doorsteps reading the sporting intelligence in the Sunday papers, with their larks in cages hung on nails overhead, until she came to the church, and heard the singing inside, and saw chalked up on the walls the legend, "God bless the Father!" She heard that he was to be allowed to have a children's treat in one of the parks, and when rehearsal was over she hurried away to the scene of it, and came upon the little ones as they were coming home and scuttling across



the fashionable thoroughfares like rats. Taking advantage of the gathering darkness, she picked up a little toddle who was whimpering and dropping asleep, and carried it across a line of carriages, and then came face to face with John Storm himself, at the curb of the opposite pavement, with another child in his arms. Dusk as it was, he saw her, but she hastened off, and he also turned away.

"Strange charge against a clergyman!" It was a low class paper, and the charge was a badge of honor. A young ruffian (it was Charles Wilkes) had been brought up on remand on a charge of assaulting Father Storm, and being sentenced to a week's imprisonment, notwithstanding the father's appeal and offer of bail, he had accused the clergyman of relations with his sweetheart (it was Agatha Jones).

Glory's anger at the world's treatment of John Storm deepened to a great love of the misunderstood and down trodden man. She saw an announcement of his last service, and determined to go to it. The church was crowded, chiefly by the poor, and the air was heavy with a smell of oranges and beer. It was a week evening, and when the organ played the choir came in, followed by John Storm in his black cassock, Glory could not help a thrill of physical joy at being near him.

The text was, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outside, but are within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness!" The first half of the sermon was a denunciation of the morality of men. We made clean the outside of the platter, but the so called purity of England was a smug sham built upon rottenness and sin! There were men among us, damned sensualists, left untouched by the idleness of the public conscience, who did not even know where their children were to be found. Let them go down into the gutters of life and look for their own faces, and—God forgive them!—their mothers' faces, among the outcast and the criminal.

The second half was a defense of woman. The sins of the world against woman were the most crying wrongs of the time. Had they ever reflected on the heroism of

women, on their self denying, unrewarded labor? Oh, why was woman held so cheap as in this immoral London of today? There had been scarcely a breach of the law of nature by women, and not one that men were not chiefly to blame for. Men tempted them by love of dress, of ease, of money, and of fame, to forget their proper vocation; and every true woman came right in the end, and preferred, to the false and fictitious labor for worldly glory, a mother's silent and unseen devotion, counting it no virtue at all.

"Yes, women, mothers, girls, in your hands lies the salvation of England. May you live in this prospect, and may God and His ever blessed Mother be your reward all through this weary life and in glory everlasting."

There was a procession with banners, cross, stars, green and blue *fleur de lis*, and gold cross, but Glory saw none of it. She was kneeling with head down and heart choked with emotion. The next she knew the service was over, the congregation was gone, only one old woman in widow's weeds was left, jingling a bunch of keys.

"Has the father gone?"

"No, ma'am; he is still in the sacristy."

"Show me to it."

At the next moment, with fluttering throat and a look of mingled love and awe, she was standing eye to eye with John Storm in the little bare chamber off the church.

"Glory, why do you come here?"

"I can't help it."

"But we said good by and parted."

"You did. I didn't. It was not so easy——"

"Easy? I told you it wouldn't be easy, my child, and it hasn't been. I said I should suffer, and I have suffered. But I've borne it—you see I've borne it. Don't ask me at what cost."

"Oh, oh, oh!" and she covered her face.

"Yes, the devil tortured me with love first. I was seeing you and hearing you everywhere and in everything, Glory. But I got over that, and then he tortured me with remorse. I had left you to the mercy of the world. It was my duty to watch over you. I did it, too."

She glanced up quickly.

"Ah, you never knew that, but no matter! It's all over now, and I'm a different man entirely. But why do you come and torment me again? It's nothing to you, nothing at all. You can shake it off in a moment. That's your nature, Glory; you can't help it. But have you no pity? You find me here, trying to help the helpless—the brave girls who have the virtue to be poor, and the strength to be weak, and the courage to be friendless. Why can't you leave me alone? What am I to you? Nothing at all! You care nothing for me, nothing whatever."

She glanced up again, and the look of love in her eyes was stronger now than the look of awe. He saw it, and could not help knowing how strongly it worked upon his feelings.

"Go back to your own world, unhappy girl!" he cried. "You love it—you must; you have sacrificed the best impulses of your heart to it!"

She was smiling now. It was the old radiant smile, but with a gleam of triumph in it that he had never seen before. It worked like madness upon him, and he tried to insult her again. "Go back to your own company, to the people who *play* at real life, and build toy houses, and give themselves away body and soul for the clapping of hands in a theater! Go back to the lies and hypocrisies of society, and the brainless mashers who adorn it! They dance superbly, and are at home in drawing rooms, and know all about sporting matters and theatrical affairs! I know none of these things, and I am kicked and cuffed and ridiculed and hounded down as an indecent man or shunned as a moral leper! Why do you come to me?" he cried, hoarse and husky.

But she only stretched out her hands to him and said, "Because I love you!"

"What are you saying?" He was quivering with pain.

"I love you, and always have loved you, and you love me—you know you do—you love me still!"

"Glory!"

"John!"

Then with a wild shout of joy he rushed upon her, flung his arms about her, and

covered her face and hands with kisses. After a moment he whispered, "Not here, not here," and she felt too that the room was suffocating them, and they must go out into the open air, the fields, the park.

Somebody was knocking at the door. It was Mrs. Pincher. A man was waiting to speak to the father. They found him in the lane. It was Jupe, the waiter. His simple face wore a strange expression of joy and fear.

"My pore missis 'as got off and wants to come 'ome, sir, and I thought as you'd tell me what I oughter do."

"Take her back and forgive her, my lad, that's the Christian course."

His love was now boundless; his large charity embraced everything, and going off he saluted everybody. "Good evening, Mrs. Pincher. Good night, Lydia."

"Well, 'e *is* a father, too, and no mistake!" somebody was saying behind him as he went away with Glory.

The moon was at the full, and while they were passing through the streets it struggled with the gas from the shop windows as the flame of a fire struggles with the sunshine, but when they passed under the trees it shone out in its white splendor like a bride! It was a majestic night! The immeasurable vault above was silvered with stars, too, through depth on depth of space, and all the glorious earth and heaven seemed to smile the smile of love. A strong south breeze was blowing, and as it shook the trees of the park, that blessed patch of nature in the midst of the toiling city seemed to sing the song of love!

Their hands found each other and they walked along almost in silence, afraid to break the spell of their dream lest they should awake and find it gone. It seemed wonderful to him that they were together, and he could hardly believe it was reality, though the touch of her hand filled him with a strange physical exultation which he had never felt before. He seemed to be walking on cushions, and she too was swaying by his side as if her blood was dancing. Sometimes she dried her glistening eyes, and once she stopped and swung in front of him and looked long at him and then raised her face to his and kissed him.

"Whether you like it or not, your life is bound up with mine forever and ever!" she whispered.

"It had to be," he answered. "I know it now. I can no longer deceive myself."

"And we shall be happy? In spite of all you said we shall be very happy, eh?"

"Yes, that will be quite forgotten, Glory."

"And forgiven," she said, and then between a sigh and a blush she asked him to kiss her again.

"My love!"

"My soul!"

The wind swept the hood of her cape about her head and he could smell the fragrance of her hair.

He tried to think what he had done to deserve such happiness, but all the suffering he had gone through seemed as nothing compared to a joy like this. The great clock of Westminster swung its hollow sounds into the air and they went riding by on the wind like the notes of an organ, now full and now so soft as a baby's whisper. They could hear the far off rumble of the vast city which fringed their blessed island like a mighty sea, and through the pulse of their clasped hands it seemed as if they felt the pulse of the world. A angel had come down and breathed on the face of the waters, and it was God's world after all.

He took her home, and they parted at the door. "Don't come in tonight," she whispered. She wished to be alone that she might think it all out and go over it again, every word, every look. There was a lingering hand clasp, and then she was gone.

He returned through the park and tried to step over the very places where her feet had trod. On reaching Buckingham Gate he turned back and walked round the park, and again round it, and yet again. The bells tolled the hours out, the cabs went westward with ladies in evening wraps going home from theaters, the tide of traffic ebbed farther and farther and died down and down, but still he walked and the wind sang to him.

"God cannot blame us," he thought. "We were made to love each other." He uncovered his head to let the wind comb through his hair, and he was happy,

happy, happy! Sometimes he shut his eyes, and then it was hard to believe that she was not walking by his side, a fragrant presence in the moonlight, going step by step with him.

When the day was near the wind had gone, the little world of wood was silent, and his footsteps crunched on the gravel. Then a yellow gleam came in the sky to the east, and a chill gust swept up as a scout before the dawn, the trees began to shiver, the surface of the lake to creep, the birds to call, and the world to stretch itself and yawn.

Peace in her chamber, wheresoe'er  
It be—a holy place.

As he went home by Birdcage Walk the park was still heavy with sleep, and its homeless wanderers had not yet risen from their couches on the seats. A pale mist was lying over London, but the towers of the Abbey stood clear above it, and pigeons were wheeling around them like sea fowl around rocks in the sea. What a night it had been! A night of dreams, of love, of rapture!

The streets were empty and very quiet—only the slow rattle of the dust cart and the measured step of policemen changing beats. Long blue vistas and a cemetery silence as of a world under the great hand of the gentle brother of Death, and then the clang of Big Ben striking six.

A letter was waiting for John in the breathless hall. It was from the Bishop of London. "Come and see me at St. James' Square."

## LVII.

SUDDENLY there sprang out to Glory the charm and fascination of the life she was putting away. Trying to be true to her altered relations with John Storm, she did not go to rehearsal the next morning, but not yet having the courage of her new position, she did not tell Rosa her reason for staying away. The part was exhausting—it tried her very much; a little break would do no harm. Rosa wrote to apologize for her on the score of health, and thus the first cloud of dissimulation rose up between them.

Two days passed, and then a letter came from the manager: "Trust you are

rested and will soon be back. The prompter has read your lines, and everything has gone to pieces. Slack, slovenly, spiritless, stupid, nobody acting, and nobody awake, it seems to me. 'All right at night, governor,' and the usual nonsense. Shows how much we want you. But envious people are whispering that you are afraid of the part. The block-heads! If you succeed this time you'll be made for life, my dear. And you *will* succeed. Yours merrily," etc.

With this were three letters addressed to the theater. One of them was from a press cutting agency asking to be allowed to supply all newspaper articles relating to herself, and enclosing a paragraph as a specimen: "A little bird whispers that 'Gloria' as *Gloria* is to be a startling surprise. Those who have seen her rehearse— But mum's the word—an' we could an' we would," etc. Another of the letters was from the art editor of an illustrated weekly paper asking for a sitting to their photographer for a full page picture, and the third inclosed the card of an interviewer on an evening paper. Only three days ago Glory would have counted all this as nothing, yet now she could not help but feel a joyous excitement.

Drake called after an absence of a fortnight. He had come to speak of his last visit. His face was pale and serious, not radiant as usual, his voice was shaking, and his manner nervous. Glory had never seen him exhibit so much emotion, and Rosa looked on in dumb astonishment.

"I was to blame," he said, "and I have come to say so. It was a cowardly thing to turn the man out of his church, and it was worse than cowardly to use you in doing it. Everything is fair, they say in—" But he flushed up like a girl and stopped, and then faltered, "Anyhow, I'm sorry—very sorry; and if there is anything I can do—"

Glory tried to answer him, but her heart was beating violently, and she could not speak.

"In fact, I've tried to make amends already. Lord Robert has a living vacant in Westminster, and I've asked him to hand it over to the bishop with the request that Father Storm—"

"But will he?"

"I've told him he must do so. It's the least we can do. And anyhow, I'm about tired of this anti-Storm uproar. It may be all very well for men like me to object to the man—I deny his authorities, and think him a man out of his century and country—but for these people with initials, who write in the religious papers, to rail at him, these shepherds who live on five thousand a year and pretend to follow One who hadn't a home or a second coat, and whose friends were harlots and sinners, though he was no sinner Himself—it's infamous, it's atrocious, it raises my gorge against their dead creeds and paralytic churches. Whatever his faults, he is built on a large plan, he has the Christ idea, and he is a man and a gentleman, and I'm ashamed that I took advantage of him. That's all over now, and there's no help for it; but if I might hope that you will forgive—and forget—"

"Yes," said Glory in a low voice, and then there was silence, and when she lifted her head Drake was gone.

John Storm came in later the same day, when Rosa had gone out, and Glory was alone. He was like a different man entirely. His face looked round and his dark eyes sparkled. The clouds of his soul seemed to have drifted away, and he was boiling over with enthusiasm. He laughed constantly, and there was something almost depressing in the lumbering attempts at humor of the serious man.

"What do you think has happened? The bishop sent for me and offered me a living at Westminster. It turns out to be in the gift of Lord Robert Ure; but no thanks to him for it. Lady Robert was at the bottom of everything. She had called on the bishop. He remembered me at the brotherhood, and told me all about it. St. Jude's, Brown's Square, on the edge of the worst quarter in Christendom! It seems the archdeacon expected it for Golightly, his son in law. The Reverend Joshua called on me this morning and tried to bully me, but I soon bundled him off to Botany Bay. Said the living had been promised to him—a lie, of course. I soon found that out. A lie is well named, you know. It hasn't a leg to stand upon. Ha, ha, ha!"

(To be continued.)



# MY FAVORITE NOVELIST AND HIS BEST BOOK.\*

BY PAUL BOURGET.

The French novelist and critic advances the claim of his countryman, Balzac, to supremacy among writers of fiction, and names "Cousin Pons" as the master work of the famous "Comédie Humaine" series.

IT is just thirty years ago that I read my first Balzac novel through. It was "Le Père Goriot." I was fifteen years old, and at the Parisian school I attended we boys were privileged to go out every Sunday. Some of us profited by this opportunity to spend the afternoon at a little reading room on the Rue Soufflot, which has since been obliterated. The rear apartment, which was the one we usually occupied, was a place of wild disorder. A great table, covered with green baize hideously disfigured with stains, occupied the center, and on it papers and magazines were heaped in riotous profusion. Scanty daylight was admitted through a skylight, so faintly, however, that in winter it was necessary to light the gas at four o'clock, and then the air in the room became almost insufferable. The mold of the books on the shelves was mingled with the fumes of coke from the fireplace, to say nothing of reminders of the kitchen that escaped from a neighboring ventilator. Some old men, miserably clothed, huddled over the fire, to save the few sous it would have cost them to keep warm at home. And yet this horrible place is sacred to me. It was there that I received one of those vivid mental impressions that are not to be forgotten.

Let me recall the circumstances. It happened that quite by chance I asked for the first volume of "Père Goriot" in one of those so called "reading room editions," which in our day no longer

exist. It was seven o'clock when I found myself back on the sidewalk of Rue Soufflot, having read the entire book. The impression it made on me was so strong that I was literally trembling. The state of mind into which Balzac had plunged me was analogous to that produced by alcohol or opium. I stood still for a few minutes, in order to reaccustom myself to the reality of things about me, and to my own identity. This phenomenon of extreme mental stimulation was accompanied by such a complete lack of power to direct my movements that it took me a quarter of an hour to reach the Collège Sainte-Barbe, where I was to dine. And there were only three hundred yards to go. No book had ever before transported me to such a condition of exaltation. None has ever done it since.

One may well imagine that my first care was to obtain the other works of a writer to whom I owed impressions of such intensity. So it fell out that I read in school, under the shadow of my text books, all the volumes, one after the other, composing that famous "Comédie Humaine." If they did not arouse in me the same fever of excitement that the first had done, their impression on my mind was a profound one. My vocation as a writer dates from that period. Foolish as the confession may seem, I have for years been strengthened in this trying career by the recollection of those literary characters in whom Balzac has incarnated his own energy: the *Valentin* of the

\* Under this title MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE is printing a series of articles in which the leading literary men of the day discuss a question interesting to all readers of novels. Papers by William D. Howells, Brander Matthews, Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Burton Harrison, and S. R. Crockett have already appeared, and forthcoming numbers will contain the opinions of Bret Harte, Conan Doyle, Clark Russell, Ian Maclaren, Jerome K. Jerome, Anthony Hope, and others.



"*Peau de Chagrin*," *Daniel d'Arthez* of "*Illusions Perdues*." Even today, opening a volume by this enchanter is not merely to read a book; it is almost to enter another world, which, as he himself says, "*fait concurrence à l'état civil*." Balzac is not a novelist whom I may be said to prefer, inasmuch as he is a novelist whom it is impossible for me to compare with others. I have loved him too much, I love him too much still, not to feel towards him as towards an artist to whom one owes emotions that are incomparable.

A liking of this sort, on the part of one author for another, and lasting over such a lengthy period, is not susceptible of simple explanation. It is evident that there must enter into it too many reasons of a purely personal nature. In the present instance it is also necessary to add that this strong partiality for Balzac is not an isolated case. I have seen two of my great predecessors, of widely varying tastes, and both decidedly different from myself—the philosopher Taine and the novelist Barbey d'Aureville—yielding to the same influence. Then, again, one finds traces of an idolizing of this great genius in Théophile Gautier, in Charles Baudelaire, in Gustave Flaubert, in Théodore de Banville, to speak only of the dead. There is to be found here, then, a phenomenon sufficiently common to repay a search for its causes elsewhere than in the predisposition of an individual taste. For my part, when I reflect on the motives that prompt me to prefer Balzac to all the other novelists, it seems to me that I can clearly perceive at least three that appear to me scarcely controvertible.

First of all, Balzac presents to the artist of today that singular attraction of being an analytical visionary. Owing to the infinite richness of his nature, there are united in him these two apparently contradictory attributes: a magical creative power which makes even his minor characters life-like, and an acuteness of analytical discernment which, behind each of their deeds, each of their utterances, perceives the motive and brings it to light. A story teller of the Orient has no more brilliant imagination to place at the service of his fantasies, a college professor is not richer in reflections, in generaliza-

tions, and in observations with which to support his theory of the origin of species. This duality of his genius gives to Balzac's work a fascinating paradox of art which contrasts excellently with the duality from which every modern artist suffers.

Nineteenth century literature in France will have been divided, to the extreme limit of the epoch, between these two tendencies, one of which subverts the other: reflecting life in all the vividness of its movement and color, and analyzing life in order to discover its primal elements; or, in simpler terms, reproducing effects in the full vigor of their concrete reality, and discovering the causes with a precision equal to that of a mathematical science. With us, the whole history of poetry, of the drama, of romance, has been for a hundred years but an oscillation between these extremes, which appear to be so contradictory one to the other; for if you think of life in its movement and color you do not understand it, and if you understand it, you think of it as a dead thing, fixed and changeless. With Balzac, this miracle of preserving an equilibrium between fancy and fact is accomplished in such skilful fashion that it is impossible to separate in him the painter, the philosopher, the poet, and the critic. These differing elements are mingled so intimately as to make his books unique, the source of an extraordinary intellectual satisfaction to those who suffer from an inability to reconcile with each other art and science, poetry and philosophy, the stir of life and its analysis.

Here, then, I believe, lies the first of the great charms of Balzac—at least, in so far as I am concerned, and I am certain that many of his admirers agree with me. His intellect impresses us as exemplifying the fulfilment of our own ambitions. But this does not wholly suffice to explain the enchantment; it has in it—and this is the second reason I think I can discern—the fascination of sensitiveness. Balzac was not only the modern artist in the highest technical sense; he was also—with what intensity his correspondence bears witness—the modern man, animated by all the passions of our age. That which characterizes the sentimental side

of all French youth since the Revolution of '89 is that this youth is for the most part composed of plebeians who have received the education of patricians. The study of ancient literature has accustomed them to refine their impressions. They have learned no trade, they have not been trained for any one positive and particular vocation. Once out of school, they perceive, if they are poor, the impossibility of realizing their ideals within the limitations of their class; but they perceive at the same time, if they put forth energy and talent, the possibility of raising themselves to the higher class. They undertake, then, to scale the heights sustained by motives of a romantic order.

Such are the aspirants to whom the attainment of good positions in life represents the hope of success in love, of experiencing the higher emotions of joy or sorrow to the full capacity of their heart. This mingling in the fight for existence of harsh reality and fanciful meditation, this effort of the superior man, or of one who believes himself such, to create an atmosphere appropriate to his aspirations, this is the personal history of Balzac, and this is also the central theme pervading all his books.

Born in 1799, having throughout his childhood come in contact with the things and the people of the empire, he was too much disposed, like all the contemporaries of Bonaparte, to magnify the power of human energy. Was not the wonderful career of the little lieutenant of artillery who became emperor a constant reminder that nothing can resist genius in league with determination? All his life Balzac was haunted by this extraordinary example. From his twentieth year, poor, yet animated by an insatiable ambition, he dreamed of subduing the world by a lucky stroke. He embarked upon a bookselling speculation, which had the result of leaving him with the same ambition and a debt of a hundred thousand francs. It was under these circumstances that he began that wonderful "*Comédie Humaine*," with the fixed and constant idea of paying this debt and of amassing a great fortune besides, which should permit him to realize the dream of his youth—a marriage for love with a lady of high station, to whom he had been paying

attention since he was thirty. He finally married her, but not until 1848, on the verge of his death.

This sort of mixed aspiration, in which the desire for exalted position is ennobled by a pure dream of love, in which the revolt against a commonplace destiny results in a heroic and desperate tension of all the faculties—this is the poetry of Balzac's entire work, and it is, in the main, that of a century whose constant phenomenon is a universal interchange of classes. Why should it be surprising if men educated as this author, and like him dominated by romantic aspirations in the struggle for bread, should recognize themselves in his books? He has done more, he has even revealed us of the end of the century to ourselves, and one is able to say with truth that society today resembles the "*Comédie Humaine*" more than it resembles the society on which that "*Comédie*" was modeled. Balzac has proved himself to be a prophet simply because he includes in himself all the sentiments of his time, carried to their fullest fruitage, by the amplitude and force of his personality.

The third source of his attractiveness lies in the gift of prophecy, which, passing the domain of the senses, has made of him, to quote his own definition, a "doctor of social sciences," the philosopher who has spoken in terms of deep significance of contemporaneous France, of her miseries, their causes, and the means for their mitigation. In certain of his books, the "*Médecin de Campagne*," the "*Curé de Village*," the "*Illusions Perdues*," the "*Paysans*," I find, in that which especially interests me, an intuition of political truth remarkably complete and positive. In others, like "*Louis Lambert*," "*Modeste Mignon*," the "*Menage de Garçon*," the "*Chef d'Œuvre Inconnu*," the "*Muse du Département*," the "*Secrets de la Princesse*"—I quote at random—he has showed an equal sagacity in all that concerns the realities of the literary and artistic life.

It has been said, quite wrongfully, that he has never viewed human nature except in its meaner aspects. From his works, as from those of Goethe, and those of Shakspeare, one is enabled to cull an entire collection of strong and vigorous maxims.

Here is to be found an epitome of the conditions necessary to the national and individual well being of modern France, considered generally and in individual cases; and the force of his maxims is doubled by the fact that they are established, not as abstract hypotheses, but as realities viewed with that surgical eye which takes in at a glance the wound and the operation necessary to heal it. To read Balzac is to see life, to fathom it, to participate in it with one's entire imaginative powers, and it is also to learn the laws which govern its decay or its growth, its losses and its gains.

I remember one day asking Barbey d'Aureville which of Balzac's books he preferred. "The one I have just read," he replied, and I would willingly make that opinion my own. Nevertheless, if I were obliged to make a choice, and to state, to a stranger, for instance, which novel would give the best idea of the master's matchless style, it seems to me that I should name "Cousin Pons." It is the last one he wrote, at the age of forty seven, on the eve of being prostrated by that disease of the heart which carried him off in the full flower of his genius. It may be that he felt within himself, just at this period, the faint foreshadowings of the artist confronted by death, who does not wish to go without having given of his best fruitage. Certain it is that in no other of his novels has his genius been so full of sovereign power. Page after page is charged with impressions, with reflections, with theories. You realize that the writer is not husbanding himself for a future work, that he is giving you with a free hand the heaped up treasure of his experiences. You note, running through his sentences, the deep thought and the far reaching association of ideas which each incident arouses in him.

There is a great store of riches in this novel, which is, as one knows, the narrative of the illness of an old musician and collector of curios, who was cared for by a friend and despoiled by a vast conspiracy of rival lovers of bric-à-brac, covetous business men, and corrupt servants. You will find here, next to a theory on music, a theory on art treasures; by the side of a dissertation on the table

and the kitchen, capable of making Brillat-Savarin jealous, notes on Germany and the Germans which condense volumes into a few lines, like these: "The artlessness of many of the Germans is not enduring. It has ceased. That which remains to them, at a certain age, is drawn, as one draws the water of a reservoir, from the well spring of their youth, and they use it to promote their success in all fields—in science, in art, in business—by disarming opposition." You turn the page, and are confronted with the account of the founding of a theater in Paris, which sums up in a hundred lines the causes of the rise and fall of all enterprises of the sort on the boulevard, since first there existed a boulevard and boulevardiers, scenery and wings; and pervading it all is a great breath of human nature—the human nature of Shakspeare in his later works, "The Tempest," for example, when he is no longer resentful, when he no longer scoffs, when he has seen too much of the seamy and the under side of existence to reckon on anything but the knavery and the cruelty of some, the weakness and the errors of others.

"*Excuse the mistakes of the scribe*" are the last words in the book, and it seems like the last will and testament of the writer. Before such a plenitude of learning, such depth of feeling, a gush of genius so torrent-like, one is almost awed. It is no longer a work of art, it is real life placed before us, reproduced with a fidelity that leaves nothing further to be wished for, which means that there is no tomorrow for the artist. He has required and obtained too much of himself. He is ripe to leave us, because he has gone too far beyond us. It is the blossoming of the aloe, glorious, raised to the dignity of a tree, but which announces the death of the plant that has exhausted itself in this supreme effort.

Viewed as to its workmanship, "Cousin Pons" represents most completely the methods of Balzac's art. In this book, as in all the others, he has based the interest of the story on several characters, and each of these characters represents a question of the first importance in morals, in sociology, in psychology, or even in physiology. No author has gone

further than he into this doctrine of the importance of the characters, to which Goethe constantly reverted in his conversations with Eckermann.

"Cousin Pons" is a tragedy, if one may so call it, of poor relations. The outgrowth of family connections in modern society between the members of those families who are in poverty and those who have riches—this is one of the problems set forth by the book. Another is found in the results of the friendship between two old men, equally buffeted by fortune, who find in a mutual attachment all the pleasures of affectionate intercourse of which fate has deprived them. Then, the manner in which beings guided by mere instinct, such as abound among the people, are able to become, under the influence of unexpected temptations, as criminal in deed as they are honest in appearance, this is a third problem. The evolution of *Madame Cibot*, the concierge's wife, who cares for the dying musician, metamorphosed from a good woman, simple and commonplace, into a monster of rapacity and perfidy, surely constitutes one of the most extraordinary chapters in mental pathology ever put forth in literature.

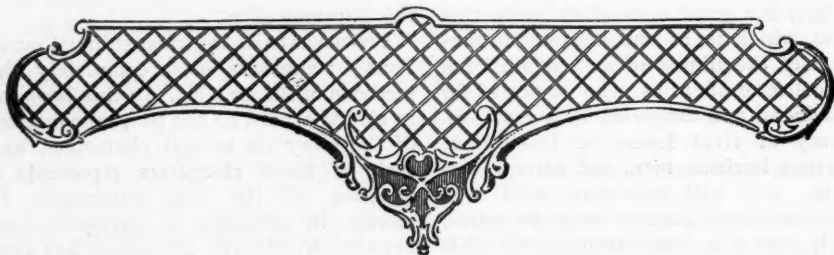
A fourth problem treated in this book is that which one might class among the small vices. It is, in fact, a very small vice, and for which the moralist finds little censure—that of liking to dine too well. *Cousin Pons* has no other, he does not suspect it, but cultivates it; and all his misfortunes, and those of his friend *Schmucke*, arise from this innocent concession to a taste at first partaking of the droll, but the despotism of which finally overthrows an entire career.

Balzac reverts many times in his work

to observations on the danger of small vices. Indeed, he has written two of his most famous books, the "*Curé de Tours*" and "*Un Début dans la Vie*," to illustrate the truth that blows of fate often originate in minor faults beneath which we conceal our selfishness. In "*Cousin Pons*," the tragedy arising from the slight moral infirmity of the hero is so cruel that we no longer think of it with a smile. In merging, as he does, the play of infinitesimal causes in the current of great ones, the novel proceeds as does nature, to whom nothing is insignificant. It resembles nature, too, in blending the pathetic with the grotesque, or rather with the picturesque aspect of life.

Sainte-Beuve, who does not like Balzac, grants him a wonderful power in depicting persons and things. "He digs out the types," he said. This creative faculty is revealed in the description of the *Pons* museum—so detailed, so precise, that we see, as by lamplight, every detail etched out in the silhouette of *Pons* and his friend *Schmucke*, the two "nut crackers," walking together on the boulevard, as well as in the striking sketches of the secondary personages, *Mme. Cibot*; the second hand dealer, *Rémonencq*, the Auvergnat; the "shyster" lawyer, *Fraisier*; *Mme. Camusot*, the rich relative; and the Jew broker, *Elie Magus*. And what a wondrous atmosphere surrounds these faces! What humor! What vigor in the narration! It is necessary to go to the great dramas of Shakspeare, whose name comes naturally to the pen in this place, to discover a genius so strong and so genuine. I find nothing to place beside "*Cousin Pons*" except a drama like "*King Lear*"; and if I were asked which I should prefer to have written—the play or the novel—I should not be able to reply.

Paul Bourget.





## FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

### VI—JOHN HOPPNER.

The brilliant and poetic artist who was the rival of Lawrence during the latter years of George III's reign—His favor with the king and with his son, the "First Gentleman of Europe," and some of the court beauties whom he painted.

OF the great portrait painters who were the chief glory of England's eighteenth century art, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Lawrence have

been the subjects of previous sketches in this series of articles. One other famous name remains—that of John Hoppner.

Reputations have waxed and waned



CAROLINE DE LICHFIELD.

*From an engraving by M. Cormack after the painting by John Hoppner.*





THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD.

*From an engraving by R. S. Clouston after the painting by John Hoppner.*

since a hundred years ago. That generation considered the stiff and conventional Benjamin West as the first painter of

gotten by the world at large. Several living artists—Hoppner, Owen, Romney, Beechey, and others—were ranked to-



"MARCIA."

*From an engraving by Thomas G. Appleton after the painting by John Hoppner.*

modern times. In portraiture, Lawrence, then at the height of his career, was regarded as the great successor of Reynolds, who had just passed away. Gainsborough, also lately dead, was almost for-

gether as equally likely to send their work down to posterity. When Hoppner died, the chronicler who wrote the annals of the court said only: "February 21, 1810. In Charles Street, St. James

Square, aged fifty one, John Hoppner, Esq., one of the Royal Academicians. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been pleased to appoint William of German parents, born at Whitechapel, in London, in 1758; but the gossip which has come down from those days has another tale to tell. His mother is said to



MISS RICH.

*From an engraving by Robert S. Clouston after the painting by John Hoppner.*

Owen, Esq., to be portrait painter to his royal highness in his room." The portrait painter to his royal highness is dead; long live the portrait painter to his royal highness!

There was a mystery surrounding John Hoppner's birth. The biographical dictionaries say gravely that he was the son

have been one of the German attendants at the palace, and the fact that George III's later life was conspicuously moral does not prove that his boyhood—he was but twenty in 1758—was free of escapades. There is no doubt that from the first he was strongly interested in young Hoppner's welfare. At a very early age the



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MISS STANTON.

*From an engraving by H. T. Greenhead after the painting by John Hoppner.*



VISCOUNTESS DUNCANNON.

*From the painting by John Hoppner.*

boy was put into the royal chapel as a chorister, but while Hoppner always retained a fondness for music, his chief passion was for art. The king came sufficiently close to him to discover the lad's tastes, which he would hardly have done in the case of an ordinary chorister, and took sufficient interest in him to pay his expenses in his art training.

When he was in his seventeenth year, Hoppner was entered as a student at the Royal Academy, under royal patronage.

He was a most diligent student, and it is doubtful whether his young enthusiasm and admiration for Sir Joshua Reynolds, who was at this time the idol of all young painters, did not firmly fix his style then, quite unconsciously to himself. In seven years he had gained the greatest prize of the Academy, the gold medal, with an original painting from "King Lear." It was in this year that he married a daughter of Mrs. Wright, the celebrated modeler in wax.





LADY ST. ASAPH.

*From the painting by John Hoppner.*

At this time there were almost no real patrons of art in England. From the royal family down to tradesmen, men were willing to pay for but one sort of painting—a portrait of themselves or their families. The artist who had his livelihood to gain must perforce practise portraiture; and here again it was due in a measure to royal favor that Hoppner

found an opportunity. His first pictures were bad. There is one of "Mrs. Jordan as the Tragic Muse," at Hampton Court, which looks today almost ridiculous. But always he was in the catalogue of the Royal Academy.

We do not know whom Hoppner painted in these early years. At that time everybody except persons of royal blood was



THE COUNTESS OF MEXBOROUGH.

*From an engraving by Thomas G. Appleton after the painting by John Hoppner.*

set down in the catalogue as "A Lady," "A Gentleman," making it perfectly hopeless to identify the canvases. But his royal patronage continued. In 1785, he exhibited portraits of the Princesses Amelia, Sophia, and Mary, and a little later became the portrait painter to the Prince of Wales, as well as to his brothers, the Dukes of York and Clarence. Naturally fashion followed in their wake, and Hoppner was called by many the greatest painter since Reynolds, although the critics and the writers who make a man's reputation were always calling out the name of Sir Thomas Lawrence, who, though much the junior of Hoppner, had just been appointed the portrait painter to the king.

The two artists in a way represented the two factions at the court. The story goes that Hoppner had bitterly offended the king by adopting Whiggism. He was intensely irritable and always unhappy. In spite of his political principles, he disliked painting any but the nobility, and he seems to have been absolutely devoid of the sense of humor. He complained once that a stout city man came to him, with his rosy cheeked wife and five sons and five daughters.

"Well, Mr. Painter," said the merchant, "here we are, a baker's dozen; how much will you demand for painting the whole lot of us?—prompt payment for discount."

"That," Mr. Hoppner said stiffly, "will depend upon the size and style."

"Oh, that's all right. We are all to be touched off in one piece, as large as life, all seated upon the lawn at Clapham, and all singing 'God Save the Queen.'"

Hoppner's wife was an American, Mrs. Patience Wright, who came to London, became celebrated for her portraits in modeling wax, and was a great favorite in society. Her house was frequented by Garrick, Benjamin West, Benjamin Franklin, and all the distinguished men of the day. Hoppner was thrown into an almost intimate acquaintance with them, but it failed to give him the fine originality which flourished in the neighborhood, or the sense of dignity and refinement which made Reynolds the great man he was.

Hoppner became greatly embittered

toward Lawrence, whom he regarded as an artistic rival and a personal enemy. Some people about the court thought that Hoppner's disfavor was Lawrence's gain, and that every effort was made to push the younger man out of dislike for a lost favorite. Lawrence was fairly forced into the Royal Academy by the king. But Hoppner, whose tongue was a sharp one, and who was not above making open attacks upon his foe, used to say that at least he was the painter to a man of some taste. The prince's court far outdid his father's in brilliancy, and all the beauties of Carleton House sat to Hoppner.

They left him, finally, for a most remarkable reason. If Hoppner could not attain the dignity and spirituality of Sir Joshua, at least he gave his women a sedateness and great sobriety. The ladies chafed under it a little, for this was the court of the "First Gentleman in Europe" in his gayest days, and its beauties have been truly described as "loving mirth and wine, the sound of the lute, and the music of the dance." The old king was a homely old person with a homely old court, and to these brilliant women it hardly appeared likely that his court painter would add to their charms. But the tactless and indiscreet Hoppner said the word himself. One day, in a room full of sitters, he remarked with great bitterness:

"The ladies of Lawrence show a gaudy dissoluteness of taste, and sometimes trespass upon moral as well as professional chastity."

One by one the gay ladies dropped their eyes and wondered how Mr. Lawrence would make them look. One by one they slipped away and went to the king's painter to find out. Hoppner never missed them. Orders continued to flow in upon him, and when he died Lawrence not only said, "My one rival is gone," but he forthwith raised the price of his own pictures!

The generous Lawrence also said: "You will believe that I sincerely mourn the loss of a brother artist, from whose works I have often gained instruction, and who has gone by my side in the race for eighteen years."

Hoppner painted women much better than men, although his portrait of him-

self is one of the best of his pictures. It has a sweetness and a charm of expression which must have come before he grew so irritable. His manners were exquisite, but he had a fury against any man or anything which appeared to lower his personal dignity. Once he almost fought with an intimate friend who gave his occupation as "painter" instead of "portrait painter."

His best known works were engraved by Wilkins under the title of "A Select Series of Portraits of Ladies of Rank and Fashion." These were seven of the most beautiful women of their time.

Hoppner had a characteristic fashion of idealizing his faces, not by adding a spirit which, as in some pictures of Sir

Joshua's painting, no mortal woman ever had, but by making the eyes larger, the mouths smaller, and generally exaggerating conventional beauties. His coloring was exquisitely beautiful; but he could not stop following Sir Joshua even in the matter of the choice of pigments, and he ruined his earlier pictures by too free a use of asphaltum, so that many which should be exhibiting his talent today are hidden away in forgotten galleries. But a good Hoppner is a precious possession. There is a depth of color, a brilliancy, a softness of light, which no painter of portraits has surpassed. There are several owned in private galleries in America which form the gems of the collections to which they have been added.

#### THE CLIMB OF LIFE.

THERE's a feel of all things flowing,  
And no power of earth can bind them;  
There's a sense of all things growing,  
And through all their forms a glowing  
Of the shaping souls behind them.

And the break of beauty heightens  
With the swiftening of the motion,  
And the soul behind it lightens,  
As a gleam of splendor whitens  
From a running wave of ocean.

See the still hand of the Shaper,  
Moving in the dusk of being;  
Burns at first a misty taper,  
Like the moon in veil of vapor,  
When the frame of night is fleeing.

In the stone a dream is sleeping,  
Just a tinge of life, a tremor;  
In the tree a soul is creeping—  
Last a rush of angels sweeping  
With the skies beyond the dreamer.

So the Lord of Life is flinging  
Out a splendor that conceals Him;  
And the God is softly singing,  
And on secret ways is winging,  
Till the rush of song reveals Him.

*Charles Edwin Markham.*



# MOLDING THE NEW METROPOLIS.

BY WILLIAM C. DE WITT.

The chairman of the committee which drafted the charter for the Greater New York reviews the finished work, the constitution of the second city in the world—the strength and weakness, the hopes and possibilities, of a municipal government for three million people.

I HAVE been asked to give the readers of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE a clear and concise idea of the Greater New York charter. In doing so I must portray the philosophy out of which the charter arose, its architectural design, its chief structural features, its minor gems; so that the lay and professional reader alike may have an intelligent view of the municipal government which has been constructed, as well as a clue to guide him should he undertake to consider the text of the charter itself. In doing this I shall hope to aid in the great work of municipal progress and reform wherever it is being carried on.

In designing a governmental system for a city of three million people, the constitution of the United States naturally occupied a conspicuous place among the models to be consulted. The rare combination of powers grouped in one republic; the exquisite welding of States sovereign over their domestic affairs, and, in turn, made up of towns, villages, cities, and counties, each enjoying an adequate measure of home rule, into an indissoluble Union, under a supreme federal authority—have rendered the constitution of our country the most perfect fabric of civil society the world has yet seen. No higher tribute to the organic principle upon which it was constructed could be had than that which is presented in the modern politics of England, where, under the doctrine of home rule, it is proposed to assimilate the British Empire to our federal union. It is a principle enforced by all experience. The map of Europe is now as variegated as the face of a checker board with different kingdoms and countries, although in the fourth

century Europe was wholly under one dominion, and we thus know from history that progress has everywhere exacted at the hands of imperialism a division of domain and a distribution of power. Undivided and unbalanced centralism is incompatible with civilization.

The advent and the growth of municipalities mark the intellectual progress of England, and her statesmen may well boast of the fact that if Parliament were dissolved and the king driven into exile, there would still remain in the municipalities—the towns, villages, cities, and counties of the realm—sufficient power to protect the lives, property, and prosperity of the English people. The same sentiment characterized the New England of the Pilgrims in their devotion to the school district as a cradle of liberty. Any governmental system, therefore, to be agreeable to the genius of our institutions, should yield to each distinctive community an appropriate measure of home rule, while consolidating it into a common association, however large, whether imperial or republican.

This organic principle by which large states are made up of small states—*imperium in imperio*, wheels within a wheel, sustaining and not conflicting; a galaxy, not a solid; each orb moving in its sphere, yet all revolving around a central sun—is quite as appropriate to the organization of great cities, and is just as indispensable to a proper distribution of their municipal powers as it is to States. It was not made applicable to any city by the master builders of our republic, because there was no great city in the country when the constitution was formed. While the authors of the constitution

took their inspiration from the system of States then existing and the spirit of community independence which had been the mainspring of the Revolution, they knew quite well that these things had their origin in a race which had fewer acres than great men. From the Amphictyonic League, which was a league of states, to the Achæan League, which was a league of cities, the federative principle governed and characterized the political philosophy and institutions of the Greeks, and it is easy to discern, especially from the papers of Madison, that the American system remotely took its rise on those classic heights.

Beside, the theory of aggregation rather than unification has been enforced in the actual development of the present great cities of the world. "As modified by the act of 1855, the government of London, within what is known as the metropolitan area, consisted of the City Corporation, the Metropolitan Board of Works, and thirty eight vestries and district boards." Paris is divided into twenty arrondissements, with four subdivisions. Each of these arrondissements has a mayor, and has local rights and powers for local purposes. New York has already found it needful to give the trans-Harlem a separate administration of public works. At one time the horses engaged in street cleaning were stabled so far away from some parts of the city that it took them at times half a day to go and come from the locality where they were needed for the work in hand.

It would be to fly in the face of all experience to attempt to unify all the municipalities which are to constitute Greater New York under an imperial system, having no regard for the autonomy, the rights, or the local interests of the various communities. It would be to adopt the systems of Asia and to return to the dark ages.

In 1881 I drafted a plan for the consolidation of the municipalities lying about the harbor of New York within the boundaries of this State, on what is now known as the borough system, and I have advocated it strenuously ever since. It was enforced upon me by the principles and examples I have crudely stated, and it has been a great satisfaction to have it

approved by all who have given careful study to the subject.

It is interesting to note that the present movement for the municipal reform and unification of London arose from an effort in Parliament to reorganize the towns of England; it being by common consent, among the statesmen of the country, assumed that these minor divisions are to be recognized in substance as well in the urban as in the rural sections of the realm.

In the report of the royal commission of 1894, appointed "to recommend a scheme for the complete municipal unity of the metropolis," we find the following trenchant statements:

The government of London must be intrusted to one body exercising certain functions throughout all the areas covered by the name, and to a number of local bodies exercising certain other functions within the local areas which collectively make up London.

We are in all cases dealing with areas which possess the characteristics of town life, and the organization of their joint and several governments should be settled accordingly.

We believe it could be best secured by making, where the areas are conterminous, the members of the central board elected for any district *ex officio* members of the local governing body of the district.

It may be assumed from the article by the Lord Mayor of London, published in the *North American Review* for October, 1894, that there is a concurrence of the leading minds of England on this plan of consolidation—notably of Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt, consolidationists on the one hand, and of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Arthur James Balfour, and Professor Goldwin Smith, "following men like Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Sir George Grey, and Mr. John Stuart Mill, on the other hand."

The principle thus presented ought to be familiar to every American citizen. It is none other than that doctrine of community rights lying at the source of American institutions and evinced in all its manifold forms—towns, villages, cities, counties—from the old school districts of New England to the States united under the Federal constitution. It is that fundamental axiom which teaches us in all forms of government, while effectuating central and supreme power and general

unity, to preserve and develop the humbler, but not less sacred, rights of man in his closer and more familiar relations.

Proceeding upon the principle thus outlined and exemplified, the Greater New York charter divides the city into the five boroughs which nature and history had already formed; that is to say:

(1) Manhattan, consisting of the island of Manhattan and the outlying islands naturally related to it.

(2) The Bronx; that is to say, all that part of the present City of New York lying north of the Harlem, a territory which comprises two thirds of the area of the present City of New York.

(3) Brooklyn.

(4) Queens, consisting of that portion of Queens County to be incorporated into the Greater New York.

(5) Richmond; that is, Staten Island.

Power is given to the municipal assembly to subdivide these boroughs still further, in case of need. But Greater New York will start with these five grand divisions.

The need and the propriety of these divisions for administrative work will not be gainsaid by any enlightened man. We have in Mr. Joseph Chamberlain the highest authority for the statement that "a population of half a million is practically the largest number that can be governed administratively from one center with the individual attention and constant assiduity that have contributed so much to the usefulness and popularity of corporation work." It needs only common knowledge and perception to understand that all the administrative business of Greater New York could not be transacted from one City Hall, with any regard for the convenience of the people or for the expedition of public business. The striking progress in the efforts of government to bring its service nearer to the homes of the people required like effort on the part of the charter makers. To ask the residents of Jamaica, Flatbush, and Staten Island to transact all their business with the city at the New York City Hall alone, would be no less ridiculous than to compel them to mail all their letters in the New York Post Office. We have a letter box on every corner, and nobody has suggested that this distributive system

has tended to the disintegration of the postal department.

I remember that while riding along the borders of a British lake, upon coming to a point where the water had flooded and excavated the roadway so as to cause much inconvenience to the coach, I said to the driver, "Why do you not have that repaired?" He replied, "We have been trying to do it for fifteen years." I said I thought it might be done in fifteen hours, at which he exclaimed, "Great heavens, man, we have to get an act of Parliament!"

In the charter before us common sense dictated the plan of aggregation, rather than unification, as indispensable to honest and expeditious administration.

Besides, it is a vulgar error to assume that only material and pecuniary interests are to be considered in the construction of a municipality. The civic pride of the people and the rivalry of sections will be potential factors in the election of good officers and in the maintenance of honest rule. Each of the five grand boroughs has an autonomy and history of its own.

To foster this spirit, the charter wisely provides that each of the boroughs shall have a president elected by its own people. He will sit in the office of the present mayor, surrounded by the administrative officers of the consolidated city. He will be on guard for the interests of his borough. In his person the spirit of the old city will survive, although blended into a grander association.

Greater New York is divided into twenty two districts, corresponding to the existing Senatorial districts, in each of which will be a local board. These bodies will hold their meetings at the city hall of the borough, whose president will preside over them. Each local board may take the initiative in all local improvements, primary in character, the cost of which is to be paid by assessment on abutting property. These include the opening, grading, paving of streets and the like. They are conducted immediately under the eyes of those who are to bear the burden, and whose self interest will prompt them to spy out bad contract work, and corrupt or unwarranted assessments.

Again, the members of the local boards are charged with the duty of furthering good order, peace, good morals, and good government in the neighborhood of their districts—not by vesting them with any separate or controlling power over these subjects, but to such an extent that they may aid the police, the judiciary, the officers of charity, or of the street department, by calling their attention to whatever requires their action. This moral or supervisory duty, in aid and in reminder of public officers, has proven of great benefit in foreign cities, where the system is carried to a much further extent than that adopted in the charter.

It is not difficult for the wealthy or the influential to make their grievances heard and appreciated; but in a city of many millions the obscure citizen, who might never be heard, either in the municipal assembly or at the administrative department, can at least make known his wants or his wrongs to the neighborhood member of his local board; and the duty and ambition of that member will be pledged to help the lowly, and to advance the good government of his constituents.

I have thus described, at the outset, the division of domain and the distribution of power incidental to that division, contained in the charter. I submit that it is in keeping with the teachings of history and the philosophy of our civilization. The civil laws and the fabrics of government, arising from the experience of mankind, follow a line of consistent progress, involving a survival of the fittest and indicative of a Single Source, just as plainly as do the physical laws and advancing species of our race; and I have no doubt that the system we have constructed in the light of experience, although complex in design, will adapt itself to every want of the vast multitudes, and to every impulse of the imperial city, and will, in practice, operate with simplicity and harmony.

The question now arises, in what way are these divisions consolidated, and how are these local boards made one with the general system? The answer is easy. The body corporate includes all the boroughs. A common mayor and common administrative departments govern

the whole city, each department having offices in each borough; and the local boards are made up of the members of the municipal assembly, resident in the district.

The new municipality is, in law, a body made up of many bodies and in constant touch with all its component parts.

In order that the city may enjoy municipal independence to the full extent attainable under the State constitution, the legislative body is intrusted with every legislative power, known or conceivable, under the range of municipal jurisdiction.

In like manner the mayor and the administrative departments, the heads of which are appointed by him, hold a like unlimited measure of executive and administrative powers. To perfect these grants under the strict rule of construction applicable thereto, the charters of all the respectable cities of modern times were consulted and, with checks and balances needful to wise and careful government, nothing has been withheld from the new city, to which our allegiance was primarily due. The volume of powers granted ought to relieve the city from all need to have recourse to Albany to conduct its government in the future. The mayor and municipal assembly represent the entire corporation, and are supreme over all its branches. Here, then, is centralization and community rule in perfect accord.

On the final decision as to the formation of the legislative body, the commission was governed by the example set by the constitutional convention of 1787. The colonial or confederate Congress, of the Revolutionary epoch, consisted of a single chamber. It had proven itself inefficient even in the exercise of the limited powers with which it was intrusted. Appeals to history were made to show that such a system had been employed only in the Italian states, where it had been an instrument of extravagance and disorder, as in France, where it proved the ready instrument of the authors and actors of the French revolution.

The convention of 1787 was making a government for three millions of people. The charter commission had an equal number with which to deal.



The single chamber or board of aldermen, both in Brooklyn and in New York, had proven most unsatisfactory, even with the "slender and fettered authority" confided to it in the past; and it would have been inconsistent and foolhardy to intrust it with "the more enlarged and vigorous powers" delegated by the charter.

The commission followed the example of a convention presided over by Washington, and of whose members Lord Chatham said: "For solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the general congress at Philadelphia."

If, however, the double chamber had had no such support in high authority, it would still have been indispensable from practical considerations. To make up the local boards of the various districts, it was necessary that the legislative body should consist of the number of members provided by the charter for both houses. There are to be sixty aldermen and twenty nine councilmen, making in all eighty nine members of the municipal assembly, the smallest number possible for the right construction of the local boards. Even as it is, Richmond will have only three members of her local board, and in one of the Bronx districts there will be only two members of the local board. Besides, the members of the municipal assembly in each county are made the board of supervisors for that county, and it being thus indispensable that the members of the legislative body of the city should aggregate eighty nine in number, what possible reason can be assigned in favor of seating them in one chamber instead of two?

On the other hand, how clear is the proposition that if the number is to be necessarily the same, the double house is imperatively advisable. You get a different constituency for each house; a different form and method of election; a different class of men; all the checks against hasty and inconsiderate legislation; more publicity and discussion upon each measure; and a more dignified body as a substitute for the Legislature of the State, at no greater cost and by no larger

intrusion upon the jurisdiction of the coördinate branches of the government. When, in addition, it is considered that we have seated the heads of the departments on the floor of the board of aldermen and the ex mayors on the floor of the council, it is at once apparent that the grander legislature has every advantage and is open to no serious objection. It is worthy of notice that of all the critics of the bicameral system who have talked or written on the charter, each one appears in blissful ignorance of these conclusive facts.

It was evident to the men who made the charter that the Greater New York must have a constitution that will give the city all the powers necessary to conduct its own affairs. Having constructed an appropriate legislative branch, I do not think we can have failed in allotting to this body every right, power, and privilege which the history of cities and the conditions of Greater New York suggest as needful to the enjoyment of self government within appropriate limitations. We considered in this respect the constitutions of European and American cities, especially those of Paris, Berlin, and Budapest upon the continent; of Glasgow, Manchester, Birmingham, and London in Great Britain, and those of St. Louis, Brooklyn, and New York in this country. We have conferred upon the municipal assembly legislative authority over every subject known to municipal jurisdiction. We gathered and preserved all the legislative powers heretofore vested in New York and Brooklyn, and, in addition, intrusted the new city with the original power to build bridges or tunnels over or under the rivers within its domain; construct parks, school houses, and public buildings; and generally to execute those higher and more expensive functions needful to meet the wants arising from the rapid growth of population and the advancing greatness of the metropolis.

We have, however, respecting the mode of exercise of the powers of the municipal assembly, effected a radical and far reaching distinction between those powers which, in a judicial sense, are political, and those powers which, in the same sense, are proprietary in character.

As to everything concerning the rights,



privileges, and liberties of the citizen, the legislative body is subject to no restraint. But in respect to the large and costly range of works and properties comprised in the general term "public improvements," we have determined that the initiative, in each case, shall be with the board of public improvements, and other appropriate departments, and that the action of the municipal assembly shall be also subjected to the concurrence of the commissioners of estimate and apportionment. When the multitude and magnitude of the public works and properties of the Greater New York, at present and in the future, are duly considered—the bridges over the East River and the Harlem River, the Croton and the Ridgewood water works, Central Park and Prospect Park and the other parks, boulevards, and driveways, the number of streets and avenues paved or to be paved, or to be repaired and repaved; the vast extent of the sewer system, and so forth—it is quite obvious that these works should be primarily controlled by expert and administrative authority, so that they may be developed and distributed upon a fixed plan yielding the greatest service to the city as a whole, and designed and constructed obediently to the highest attainable scientific agencies. For this reason we thought that in the institution of new works or properties of the character described, or in the development of such as may be old, the action of the municipal corporation, on its proprietary side, should originate with the board of public improvements, or administrative department. From a like consideration of the enormous outlay of money to be constantly required by the municipal corporation in its capacity as proprietor, we thought that the action of the municipal assembly should be dependent upon the concurrence of the commissioners of estimate and apportionment, who should be always familiar with the volume of taxation and the extent of the city debt, and whose highest function it will be to guard the solvency of the corporation and to lighten the burdens of taxation. These checks and safeguards against extravagance and corruption cannot be overcome in the interest of jobbery or speculation until each department has become venal,

and our people lost to all sense of public honor.

Nor are these checks in any degree an abridgment of the sovereignty of the people. The officers of the executive and administrative branches of government spring no less from the people than the members of the legislature, and it is therefore, in principle, merely a question as to which method will be more conducive to economical and honest government. These are the only restraints, apart from the veto power, placed on the municipal assembly. In short, I am sure that every one, upon reading the chapter on the legislative department, will admit that consolidation is thereby effected under a central government equipped for every emergency, so far as the future can be discerned by the past or anticipated by diligent study and forethought.

If, however, more is needed to make unification complete, it will be found in the consideration of the deputed powers of the mayor and of the administrative departments.

To the mayor is given the power to appoint all the administrative and executive officers, excepting the comptroller, who is rendered elective by the people every four years, so that the treasury and finances may be constantly in the hands of an independent department. The mayor will be *ex officio* president of the board of public improvements. He may direct the police in the enforcement of the laws, and in time of tumult or of riot he may demand the assistance of the State militia located within the city. He will have supervisory control over the various departments, and an enlarged veto power upon the acts of the municipal assembly. His power and patronage will be so great that it is no exaggeration to say that he will in these particulars, be a dignitary second only in importance to the President of the United States.

The board of public improvements is made up of the mayor, comptroller, corporation counsel, presidents of the various boroughs, each to have a vote only on matters concerning his borough; and the respective heads of the departments of water supply; of highways; of street cleaning; of sewers; and of public buildings, lighting, and supplies. In this

body all the large public works to be conducted by the various departments mentioned must originate.

I have no time to speak in detail of the various departments; of the department of finance upon which we spent so many days of investigation and of labor, assisted by the most expert financiers, and which met with the hearty commendation of the efficient gentleman who is now the comptroller of the City of New York; of the law department, in the construction of which we abolished all the special attorneyships existing in the several administrative departments of the various municipalities, and intrusted the entire law business of the city to the sole care of the corporation counsel, who is given power, subject to the limitation arising from the amount annually appropriated for the purpose by the board of estimate and apportionment, to appoint as many assistant corporation counsels or attorneys as may be necessary to attend to all the law business of the city, or any of its officers; of the department of charities, with all its great and sacred trusts, wherein we have brought the city into coöperation with the State board of charities, conformably to the new provisions of the constitution of 1894, in the composition of which we had efficient aid from the public discussions before us, and from private communications from the leading philanthropists of the State, and the foremost members of the New York Bar—Mr. Choate, Mr. Gerry, and Mr. Bliss; of the department of parks, where all the parks, great and small, plazas and public places, with their adjunctive boulevards and driveways, are placed under one symmetrical system under the control of expert architects, in which we had much assistance from men like Paul Dana, who have given years of their lives and thought to these grand properties; of the department of buildings, the chapter on which, at the public hearing, received the utmost commendation from architects, builders, and all those concerned in its practical operations.

Nor can I speak at length of the department of corrections, which underwent the examination of the various cognate officers in the different municipalities without a single objection; of the fire

department, to the construction of which those most experienced—like William Cullen Bryant, of Brooklyn—suggested many novelties and betterments; of the department of docks and ferries, wherein after persistent effort to endow the city with a title to all the tideways and waste and unpatented lands within its domain, we at least succeeded in giving it the prior right to these properties, and in clothing the municipality with a primary power to control and develop the great harbor on both sides of the East River, upon both sides of the great bays, and along its ocean front, which never again can be polluted by the dumping scow, but will hereafter be washed by the ocean in its native purity and beauty; of the department of taxes and assessments, far too intricate and complicated to be discussed on this occasion, but which perhaps required more time and closer study than any other; of the departments of water supply, of highways, and of sewers; of the department of street cleaning, wherein we adopted the present vigorous and efficient system of the City of New York; of the department of public buildings, lighting, and supplies, wherein we abolished the board of electrical control, and created an agency adequate to conduct all the modern uses of electricity by wires laid underground to the exclusion of the unsightly network of overhead wires now existing in some of the municipalities, and providing the citizen with inspectors competent to see not merely that the required volume of gas or electricity is furnished, but that the gas is of the requisite quality and the electricity of the required force; of the department of bridges, in which the great East River Bridge, as well as the bridges over the Harlem and elsewhere, are handed over to the care of a single head, carefully retaining in their places those officers who, by study and experience, are familiar with the peculiar mechanism of the greater structure; of the department of health, in which we have garnered all the provisions for the preservation of the life, comfort, and health of the citizen, known to the voluminous charter of the City of New York and the other and better charters of our country; and of the department of education, constructed under the

guidance of our distinguished colleague, the president of Columbia University, assisted by the aids and advisers who naturally surround him, and which ought to be the best system of popular education known to the cities of the globe.

Among the minor gems of the charter I may mention the art commission, which, emanating with the Society of Arts and Sciences in New York, was finally, with the aid of Mr. Elihu Root, put into legal form agreeable to the constitution of the State. In this section we have, with something of the Athenian spirit, cared for public works of art, and seen to it that no public building, memorial, statutory, or work of art can be erected in any of the public places of the city without the approbation of expert and distinguished artists. I commend also the munificence with which the various institutions of the arts and sciences, situated in our parks and throughout the great city, have been treated. I like the advance which will test the drugs and medicines sold by pharmacists, not merely in search of adulterations, but so that all drugs and medicines shall be known to be of the requisite freshness and potency. I was glad to make the Sunday laws uniform, so that a gentleman may be made presentable by going to a barber openly at any time before one o'clock on either side of the Bridge; and, in a sporting spirit, I like the sections which provide for regattas on our rivers and bays, so that when a great event like an international regatta takes place, the police may clear the race course, and the flying vessels be no longer impeded by tugs or insolent craft. The measure which authorizes the issue of city bonds in small amounts, so that the humblest citizen may invest his earnings in the debts of the metropolis, is a feature of deserved popularity.

There are in my judgment only two substantial errors in the charter. The first and less important consists in the plan for laying assessments for primary local improvements after the work is done, and after it has been paid for by the issue of city bonds. The second error, which is of the first magnitude, consists in the restraint put upon the mayor's power of removal, coupled with an en-

larged term and a fixed ineligibility to reelection. I am quite sure the experience of less than ten years will bring the city back to the system proposed in the original draft, whereby assessments for first local improvements are laid upon the abutting property in advance, and their total collection made reasonably certain before a single bond is issued.

I am for a czar mayor, with a short term, and a free right to go again to the people. I fully appreciate the objections successfully urged in the commission to so powerful an officer. I acknowledge there would be danger to the independence of the departments, and that an ambitious mayor, with such power, might convert all the vast machinery of the government to the uses of his party or himself. There is a loss, too, in point of efficiency on the mayor's part from a short term, whereby he might go out of office at the very time when he was most competent for the discharge of his duties; but in my judgment these dangers and evils are of no considerable weight against the advantages arising from the centralization of all responsibility for maladministration in one man, who must, either in person or through his party, go to the people every two years. I believe that the Supreme Ruler of the Universe moves through the minds of the multitude, and in this age of free schools and ubiquitous journalism, no mayor with plenary power and full responsibility would dare to permit corruption or inefficiency to exist in any department. If he did, the people would have only one head to hit and one party to demolish.

This cardinal error corrected, nothing would remain of the subsidiary objections. It would then be wholly immaterial, in point of efficiency, whether the police department were under one head or four heads, were partisan, bipartisan, or non partisan. If the mayor had constantly the power of removal, he could at any moment put an end to discord, irregularity, or deadlock in a bipartisan police board by discharging either or all of the commissioners. A bipartisan board, amenable at all times to the mayor's power to remove, is far better than a partisan police with a bold and ambitious Fouché at their head.

Nor is there anything in the suggestion that the charter gives the police any real control over the machinery of our elections. While the heads of the bureau of elections are selected by the bipartisan board of police, and their offices are classified with that department, their relation to the elections is purely clerical and perfunctory. All the real election officers—the registers, who make up the list, the inspectors, who superintend the casting of the ballots in the boxes, and the canvassers who count the votes—are appointed by the regular committee of the political parties respectively. The returns are made to several departments, and there is not the slightest chance under the charter for the police to interfere with the voter or the count.

I have thus, in whole and part, in principle and substance, from foundation to summit, in all its structural features, presented in concise form the charter for Greater New York. My embattled energies were at it for eight long consecrated months. Since I have no selfish interest to conserve, I think I may speak of it with freedom and with pride. I shall not be a candidate for any of its offices. On the contrary, I shall be far away in foreign lands at the time of its inauguration. I beseech my fellow citizens to confide the first administration of the charter exclusively to its friends. Those who have assailed it, as well as the opponents of consolidation, should have the decency to consider themselves ineligible to the first terms. No intelligent people would, in the first instance, confide so complex a piece of mechanism to those who are ignorant of its principles, or who have declared it defective in its parts, or whose reputations, as prophets, might be enhanced by its failure. It is due to the commission that the charter be tested by its friends.

It is likewise of the utmost importance

to each section, as it is to the supreme municipality, that the ablest men should be chosen to fill the various offices. These two requests being observed the charter is secure.

It is adequate to all the emergencies of the vast future. It is constructed not merely for the present, but for many centuries to come. It has in it all the virtues of existing charters and the vices of none. It will adapt itself to any extent of domain, and to any multiple of population. As well with a population of ten millions as with a population of three millions, it will give to each neighborhood the utmost care and attention, and to the imperial metropolis, as a whole, the utmost dignity and power. The form of government for Greater New York, it will be the model upon which Greater London will be constructed. Under it the City of New York at one bound becomes the mistress of the western hemisphere and the second city of the world. It should be to its people what Athens was to the Greek, Rome to the Romans, Florence to the Florentine; what St. Petersburg is to the Russian, Paris to the French, London to the English—an object of constant solicitude and of civic pride. They should preserve its honor; uphold its independence; develop its greatness.

In all these patriotic aspirations the charter will be found a ready instrument for the best results. The months are passing, and in a little while the studied page will be a living reality. Upon that reality will hang the hopes, the happiness, the prosperity of millions yet to be. In the approaching dawn of the twentieth century, the majestic fabric rises upon the tides of time. As I hail it and bid it farewell, I fervently implore the favor of heaven in its behalf, and I confidently intrust it to the patriotism and the genius of my countrymen.

*William C. De Witt.*





## LITERARY CHAT

### MR. HOWELLS' LATEST BOOK.

Any one taking up Mr. Howells' latest book in the expectation of finding a quick moving, connected, and coherent plot is speedily doomed to disappointment; but the majority of Mr. Howells' admirers do not approach his novels in any such expectant frame of mind. People who are looking for plots may find remarkably good bargains on the ten cent counter of the corner news stand, but in "The Landlord at Lion's Head Inn" the plot is quite a secondary matter. Mr. Howells' work is rarely characterized by any haste to tell his story, and the book under discussion is exceptionally deliberate in the unfolding of the theme. Plot hunters will say that it is hopelessly padded, but these people are hypercritical. As a matter of fact, Mr. Howells is merely lingering throughout the book among the rugged New England scenes he delights to sketch, and with the Yankee people of whom he writes with keen perception and good natured wit.

The Lion's Head was originally a New England farm house overlooking a ridge of the surrounding mountains worn into the semblance of the head of a lion. With enterprise characteristic of that region, the farm house is gradually remodeled into the usual rambling and hideous summer hotel. The farmer's family is consumptive, and this fact is most depressingly insisted upon; the book opens with a chorus of coughs, and we are told that the family got into the habit of sitting in the parlor (instead of the kitchen) from having it open so much for funerals. *Jeff*, the only non tubercular member of the unhappy home circle, goes to Harvard, where he endures the indignities to which a countryman is usually subjected at the great centers of liberal culture. The countryman at college plays a leading rôle in the story, and this portion of the book, bearing upon the unhappy lot of those students whom the author designates as "jay," forms an interesting exposition of the sharply drawn social distinctions at our larger universities.

A place among the most popular books of the season is generally conceded to "The Landlord at Lion's Head Inn," but it is difficult to say wherein its chief claim lies. It is a slender story, enriched by Mr. Howells' wealth of English, and by his usual scrupulous attention to the niceties, the graceful trivialities, of his art. On the other hand he occasionally breaks into this vein: "The air

in the little house was close and stuffy, mixed with an odor of mold and an ancient smell of rats." The story itself is so attenuated that it is hardly visible at times, and the unfaltering pursuit of it from start to finish is as good a test as any reader could give of fidelity to the leader of a contemporary school of American fiction.

### THE SEQUEL TO "LOOKING BACKWARD."

Mr. Edward Bellamy, whose "Looking Backward" commanded such wide attention a few years ago, has written a sequel to that hopeful dream of twentieth century life, continuing his scheme of universal coöperation of labor under governmental supervision at the point where he left it in concluding his first volume. The new book is called "Equality."

On laying the volume down, the first distinct impression of which the reader is conscious is a feeling of exhilaration that such glowing promises of solution for existing difficulties should be given. However chimerical these promises may be, the mere suggestion of the disappearance of all want and wretchedness from the face of the earth is an inspiring thought. Indeed, a casual perusal of the book is quite likely to leave the superficial reader with the thought that Mr. Bellamy has sketched the probable trend of twentieth century progression, and given a fairly prophetic vision of ultimate economic equality.

But mature deliberation upon the propositions of the book will render it difficult for the reader to treat Mr. Bellamy seriously. As it is preposterous to suppose that he is playing practical jokes upon his million readers, we must assume that he has set down his honest convictions, thoughtfully and deliberately. On this assumption the book should receive respectful attention from intelligent readers. Unfortunately, however, the laboring classes, to which Mr. Bellamy's propositions appeal most strongly, and among which his dicta will be most revered, are those wherein such conditions obtain that an impartial standpoint of criticism is almost impossible. Men who are none too far from the starvation point at best are not apt to weigh with discretion the pros and cons of any suggestion for economic reform. Nevertheless, Mr. Bellamy suggests a scheme of reform necessitating the utmost forbearance on the part of these people, and calling for many



decades of unanimous brotherly indulgence and concession during the period of its adoption. We must give him credit for eliminating all professed incendiary motives from his book, but this bare suggestion seems much like touching a match to gunpowder.

The problem of treating Mr. Bellamy seriously is rendered more difficult by the daring flights of his Utopian fancy. The book is too full of weighty generalities for any extended discussion of its exact data, but Mr. Bellamy gives a few figures which we are forced to take as fair samples of his scheme, and which lead to amusing conclusions. In the year 2000 each person is assumed to have a private income equivalent to \$4,000, on a scale of values wherein a suit of clothes is put down at twenty cents! That is to say, machinery has so simplified production, and coöperation has so increased individual wealth, that in the year 2000 each person's annual wage is equivalent to twenty thousand suits of clothes. Taking the present cost of a workingman's suit at ten dollars, this is equivalent to an income, at the present day, of \$200,000 a year per capita! Mr. Bellamy's promises are certainly liberal enough.

Then, again, he puts the value of one man's daily labor (in A. D. 2000) at \$50. On a basis of twenty cent clothes, this is the same as stating that one worker—plus machinery and new fabrics and processes—is to create out of primitive elements two hundred and fifty finished suits of clothes every day. This scarcely sounds consistent with the promised short hours of labor.

Another matter which makes it still harder to regard "Equality" with composure is the attitude of the author in regard to present conditions. Any argument, to be convincing, must be based upon the best available data impartially collected; but Mr. Bellamy's premises are often open to challenge. He says of contemporary times that "while a boy's training looked forward to fitting him to earn a living, a girl was educated with a chief end of making her, if not pleasing, at least not displeasing, to men." Is this an unprejudiced review of present tendencies?

Again he says: "Religion, in a word, like industry and politics, was capitalized by greater or smaller corporations, which exclusively controlled the plant and machinery, and conducted it for the prestige and power of the firms." We need not recite other sweeping accusations which the author brings against nineteenth century methods; those we have given are sufficient to show his frame of mind in regard to contemporary society.

It is very easy to solve a problem by beginning at the solution and working backward. Mr. Bellamy has assumed the satis-

factory solution of all present difficulties, and then improvised an attractive intermediate chain of reasoning to sustain his assumption. His method is not a sound one. Arguments of this sort are pleasing, but they generally end where they began, and we cannot feel that he has brought the social problem which he attacked with so much vigor ten years ago any nearer to a rational solution than it was when he wrote "Looking Backward."

None can say that Mr. Bellamy has been guilty of the literary crime of trading on his reputation, for since the publication of "Looking Backward" he has not offered any other wares for sale until this spring. Considering the phenomenal success of the earlier novel, its author's silence of ten years' duration is praiseworthy, for he must have known that any book of his, however commonplace it might be, would command wide notice and bring in a rich harvest of royalties.

Mr. Bellamy began his first book, it is said, with no idea of the magnitude of the task he had set for himself. It was his intention merely to write a fanciful and amusing story of the future, until, becoming deeply interested in his work, he ended by evolving a deliberate scheme of social reorganization. His whole mental attitude became changed, so that the narrative of his scheme, as continued in "Equality," is really the expression of his most cherished ideals.

His case is a striking instance of the founding of wide spread fame on a single book. His work up to 1887 was little known, but of "Looking Backward" nearly five hundred thousand copies were sold in this country alone, and it was translated into many foreign languages. In spite of his success, Mr. Bellamy is characterized by a modest and unassuming manner. His absorption in his work is so complete that it is said he has practically no other interests.

#### A NOVEL BY MR. DAVIS.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis is certainly versatile. Only a few weeks ago his "Cuba in War Time" was published, and now comes a book of an entirely different sort, "Soldiers of Fortune." He appears to be quite as much at home in portraying the stern realities of the rebellion in Cuba as in giving the lighter touches to his new but widely discussed romance.

"Soldiers of Fortune" is a strong, dramatic story of love and war. The central figure, *Clay*—the younger soldier of fortune—is kept well to the front throughout the book, and the other characters are grouped about him in a manner which proves that Mr. Davis possesses in marked degree the sense of proportion. The reader's interest is not side

tracked by irrelevant accessories, but the main line of the story is clear from beginning to end. The men and women Mr. Davis depicts are wholesome creatures, full of life and good spirits, and the book is entirely free from morbid impulses. After a course of Gertrude Atherton, we extend our thanks to Mr. Davis for writing a clean book, and we sincerely hope he will send others after it.

On the other hand, we admit that certain portions of the book occasioned unseemly mirth on our part. There is young *Clay* himself, hardly more than a boy, but having the far corners of the earth at his finger ends, and adorning his broad chest with medals won on more battle fields than are written in the life history of most veterans. Then there is the young New York girl, yet in her teens—not even a débutante—who plays a leading rôle in a South American revolution, and drives a stage coach past the ambushed enemy with all the level headedness and grit of the justly celebrated Buffalo Bill. Mr. Davis seems to have had in mind the juvenile prodigies of the dime novels, or possibly he found a model in his own distinguished career of personal prowess.

Nevertheless, the critics are saying that Mr. Davis has revealed himself at last as a "master of fiction"—all in capitals. We are not altogether convinced of the truth of this eulogy, though the book is by far the strongest piece of work its author has done. As in Mrs. Kingsley's case, his fame sprang quickly from small beginnings. "Van Bibber" was put into type to fill gaps in the daily paper on which Mr. Davis was employed as a reporter. The spontaneity and "go" of the sketches thus dashed off under pressure drew attention to them. "Gallegher" was his first conspicuous magazine contribution, and it may interest some of our ambitious readers to know that this suffered a long series of rejections before an editor could be found who looked upon it with favor. But after these first steps had been won, the young journalist began to forge ahead with accelerating pace. "Gallegher" appeared only seven years ago, and "Van Bibber" at about the same time; yet today Mr. Davis' name is as widely known, in this country at least, as almost any other contemporary writer.

#### MORE ABOUT OLD NEW YORK.

Not long ago we spoke of "A Romance of Old New York," by Edgar Fawcett, a book dealing with the metropolis of eighty years ago. Mrs. Augusta Campbell Watson has gone still farther back in her latest book,

"Beyond the City Gates; a Romance of Old New York," and has written entertainingly of the little settlement on Manhattan Island as it was two hundred years ago. At that date the thought of Captain Kidd brought terror to the crew of every out bound ship, and Mrs. Watson's story chiefly concerns an accomplice of that notorious buccaneer, who dwelt on shore among the worthy citizens of New York. In those days the Dutch patroon held sway over his semi feudal grants, and it is the patroon's heir who, as the partner of *Kidd* and the lover of the sweet and dainty *Freida van Dycke*, forms the central figure of the romance.

Mrs. Watson's book does not exhibit any great wealth of historical embellishment, nor would it be improved by a further application of the antiquating process; but we are grateful to her for dating her romance away from our own time, and for showing us scenes and characters out of the vicinity of the conventional society novel, with its questionable morals and its aimless dalliance with hypothetical problems of sex and sect.

It cannot be said without challenge that the purely historical novel is growing in popular favor, but there is a marked tendency in recent works to grace the plot with the atmosphere of bygone days, drawing upon historical data merely to remove the story from the overtaxed purlieus of up to date fiction. This is a good sign and one to be hailed as an augury of better times.

The young heir, *Adriaen de Witte*, goaded to desperation by the fear that his dealings with *Kidd* will become known, kills the patroon in a fit of anger. The mockery of circumstantial evidence fastens the guilt upon the beautiful *Freida*, and she is convicted of murder. The craven *De Witte* has not the courage to own his crime, and *Freida* is far too loyal to her guilty lover to implicate him, even to save her own life. These two young people, the noble *Freida* and the weak and nerveless *Adriaen*, are followed with unusual fidelity throughout the stirring narrative, and "The Strength of Woman's Devotion" would have been a fitting sub title for a story which is remarkable for its strong delineation of feminine character.

Mrs. Watson is by no means unknown among bookmen, but her latest work should make for her a still wider circle of friends. She comes of the old New York family of Campbell, and her father was known as a writer of repute. Her best known book is "The Old Harbor Town," which tells of the picturesque port of New London as it was in Revolutionary days. Again, in "Off Lynnpport Light" she takes us back to the early days of New England. One of her books,

"Dorothy the Puritan," is to be dramatized for the metropolitan stage.

#### MRS. KINGSLEY'S SERIES.

The competitive story, written for a prize, confined within the bounds of stipulated conditions, and forced to completion through the deadly stimulus of a time limit, is not as a rule a healthy intellectual product. The marks of the struggle are still upon it when it is led forth for the plaudits of the people, and the mere fact that it is avowedly a combatant on hotly contested ground brings it perilously close to the suggestion of the prize ring.

We emphasize these facts merely to call attention to an author whose first volume made a grateful exception to the majority of prize stories. Mrs. Florence Morse Kingsley commenced her literary career six years ago when "Titus, a Comrade of the Cross," appeared as the winner of a prize contest. There is food for thought in the fact that Mrs. Kingsley began this really notable story with no preliminary training beyond the routine of an ordinary schooling, and brought it to full and symmetrical completion within the space of eight weeks. The plot of "Titus" dawned suddenly upon her one day, and she immediately began to write. Some say that such an occurrence as the flashing of this complete idea upon her consciousness is an inspiration; others, in more technical but no whit more intelligible phrase, might aver that the idea is merely the working out of an ever active inner consciousness—an unconscious consciousness, if you like. In whatever way one looks at the matter, the book was written, and written well, in a space of time that seems almost incredibly short when one considers that the author came to her work a novice.

Last year Mrs. Kingsley wrote a second book, also founded on biblical data, "Stephen, a Soldier of the Cross," and recently she has added a third, making a series of novels based on religious history. This latest one is "Paul, a Herald of the Cross."

Mrs. Kingsley's books have already found their way into millions of homes, and theirs is no evanescent fame. Intentionally, or by chance, she has grouped her books in climactic order. First came the story of a thief, then the history of the martyr Stephen, and now she has written about the great apostle himself. She has capped the climax of her biblical series, and it is difficult to see how she is to proceed further and avoid the pitfall of an anticlimax.

Small things have given direction to Mrs. Kingsley's talent for writing. Her mother required her to write an essay every week

during her earlier years, and an uncle, to whom she has always been devoted, urged her to give herself to serious literary work, and suggested that she should enter the prize competition which resulted in "Titus." On such slender bases rested the beginning of her work. And yet, if the history of the world could be written—not the obvious, outside history of events, but the real and hidden history of motives, of ultimate causes and beginnings—we should find it to be merely a long chain of just such small directing influences as those that sent a million copies of "Titus" into the farthest corners of the land.

#### MORE ORIGINAL VERSE.

If poetry is not already dead, as some of our pessimists are assuring us, it is at least rapidly dying. Those lists of "books received," which one sees so often in some obscure corner of the daily papers, contain usually a baker's dozen of volumes of alleged verse. As a rule these are virtually obituary notices of murdered art.

It has frequently been said that English words lend themselves to versifying with a degree of facility which is fatal to true poetry. Conceding this deadly ease of "poetic" expression, it is all the more astonishing that among these woebegone booklets there are so many in which the most self evident tenets of poesy are set at naught.

We received recently two volumes of original verse by one Louis M. Elshemus, which are positively startling in thought and expression. They are called "Mammon; a Spirit Song" and "'Lady' Vere." The author draws his characters with bold strokes. An example or two may be entertaining:

Ethel,

The one whose bulging forehead proved her obstinate,  
Seemed not to feel his favors much; but Maud,  
Whose prominent nose pronounced her ways presumptuous (*sic*),  
Felt angered somewhat.

Elshemus loves to wander in the woods, as the following proves:

There he sought for her the shoots  
That have a bloodlike tinge, are so fresh—ah,  
ooze  
Not from them ruby liquids!

"Ah, ooze," repeated rapidly, will keep one from yawning, though the poem itself is soporific. Evidently the promising author dislikes women:

Deft with the oars, a champion walker's gait;  
Maud could have entered any college nine,  
So sport-fond was she.

But alas her tongue,  
So thick and long, proclaimed her feminine.

Rising to a climax of poetic frenzy he exclaims:

So quickly may our thoughts change—aye in woman.

Yet who can read a woman's fickle mind  
He is a marvel.

These disquieting books remind one of the blare and fizzle of a safety valve. Those who are unluckily near are annoyed by a noisy, spluttering flow of wasted vapor—and then comes the interval of grateful quiet. Possibly the publication of such formless and senseless stuff operates as a safety valve upon the scribbling impulses of unemployed people, but those whose tympana are easily jarred will do well to stand at a distance.

#### "LADS' LOVE."

We saw recently in a comic weekly a cartoon which possessed the unique merit of being genuinely funny. It depicted a man carrying in his hand a diminutive booklet of Scotch tales, and upon his shoulder the ponderous dialect lexicon by aid of which he hoped to interpret the kailyard stories.

It is a matter for rejoicing that "Lads' Love," by Mr. Crockett, although it is a dialect story, may be read without the aid of such an unwieldy ally. It is a fresh and breezy tale of country life and country lovers. It is good to read about the strong and noble type of woman exemplified in *Nance Chrystie*, and the strong and wholesome men from among whom her sturdy lover *Alec* is drawn.

The book abounds in unexpected bursts of merriment, sallies of light and unforced wit. We admit that we are ill prepared for this exposition of Scotch nature. Here and there appears a capital practical joke, a quick touch of humor, more typical, we should have said, of our own Yankee lads than of the sedate and serious Scotchmen with their pious jokes and noiseless laughter. If Mr. Crockett's portrayal of Scotch life in its lighter moods is strictly accurate, we have been doing the sons of Caledonia an injustice in assuming them to be devoid of a spontaneous vein of facetiousness approaching to comicality. At the same time, we think that "Lads' Love" is no more illustrative of the usual vein of Scotch merriment than the pranks of *Huckleberry Finn* are typical of the fun of the average American school boy.

The following poem by George Du Maurier illustrates, as perhaps nothing else could, the passionate devotion of the artist author to music. He has called it "Music and Death," and coming, as it did, so soon before he joined the great majority, it appears particularly significant:

Kindly watcher by my bed, lift no voice in prayer,

Waste not any words on me when the hour is nigh;

Let a stream of melody but flow from some sweet player,

And meekly will I lay my head and fold my hands to die.

Sick am I of idle words, past all reconciling,

Words that weary and perplex, and pander and conceal;

Wake the sounds that cannot lie, for all their sweet beguiling—

The language one need fathom not, but only hear and feel.

Let them roll once more to me, and ripple in my hearing,

Like waves upon some lonely beach where no craft anchoreth;

That I may steep my soul therein, and craving nought, nor fearing,

Drift on through slumber to a dream, and through a dream to death.

\* \* \* \*

A poet need not live until the gray hairs come in order to bring forth his *chef d'œuvre*. Keats died at the age of twenty three, and though he considered his name "writ in water," every lover of verse knows the true worth of his poetry. At sixteen "Robby" Burns had given the world evidence of his genius by writing his "Songs of Childhood," and the beauty loving Shelley gave us "Queen Mab" at eighteen.

In prose, however, the best work has been done in more mature years. Great novelists, especially, have matured late in life. Thackeray was fifty when he published "Vanity Fair." Dickens, Scott, and Bulwer were all well advanced in middle life when they gave us their best books. A poem may be all the sweeter for having been written before the poet's love of beauty was dulled by the struggles and disappointments of manhood; but that keen insight into human nature which is the foundation of all enduring fiction comes only with the passing of years.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Robert Hichens makes one of his characters say, "Why, my best romances come straight from my liver! My pathos springs from its condition of disorder and my imaginative force is only due to an unnatural state of body which I can deliberately produce by drinking tea that has stood a long while and become full of tannin." As a bit of satire this is delicious; taken soberly, it is not inappropriate to much of Mr. Hichens' own work. In any case, it is suggestive of a possible school of novelists of the melancholic order who might induce the necessary physiological condition by a diet of pâté de foie gras and Welsh rarebit.



## THE STAGE

### MAXINE ELLIOTT AND HER SISTER.

If managers' intentions are carried out, playgoers will have an opportunity to make an interesting comparison during the coming season. Both Nat Goodwin and Sol Smith

the Knickerbocker. It was in Gotham that she made her humble start, and although but few years have passed since then, she had reached an enviable goal before she tried other fields, eighteen months ago.



GERTRUDE ELLIOTT.

*From her latest photograph by Bushnell, San Francisco.*

Russell promise to include "The Taming of the Shrew" in their repertoires, intrusting the part of *Katharine* to their respective leading ladies—Maxine Elliott and Blanche Walsh. Miss Elliott has not acted in New York since the spring of 1896, and metropolitan theater goers will have a warm welcome for her when she opens with Mr. Goodwin at

Miss Elliott's beauty, to be sure, has done much for her, and yet, on the other hand, it is a constant drag on her pride of achievement. She is an ambitious woman; one who burns to win high rank in her profession by art that appeals to the mind, not by attractions that merely please the eye. And her work at Daly's bore evidence to the sincerity of her





MAXINE ELLIOTT.

*From her latest photograph by Morrison, Chicago.*

purpose in this respect. The coming season will set the seal upon her conquest in this worthy field, where fairness of countenance is but the adjunct to inborn talent.

Miss Elliott returned from Australia in the spring, and has spent the summer in Europe. She will probably be seen first in Mr. Goodwin's great success, "An American Citizen," not hitherto presented in New York. This is a light comedy, written especially for Nat Goodwin by Madeleine Lucette Ryley, who did it while she was in London during the summer of 1895. Some time ago Mrs. Ryley told a representative of the *Dramatic Mirror*

the characteristic instructions she received from the actor for this play.

"Go home and write me a comedy," said he, "and don't let me see it till it is finished."

"Good clothes?" I queried.

"No," he answered.

"Wig or no wig?"

"No wig."

"Nat Goodwin or somebody else?"

"Nat Goodwin."

Accompanying Maxine Elliott's portrait we present one of her younger sister Gertrude, who now plays in the same company. She made her first appearance two seasons ago,

with Marie Wainwright, and won much praise for her work as the maid in "The Love Chase." Critics have made special mention of her distinctness of utterance. She

now only as a member of Sir Henry's company, and hope I shall not be looked upon in any other light. But when I come back as a star, why——" And the item continues:



JULIA ARTHUR AS "DRUSILLA IVES" IN "THE DANCING GIRL."

*From a photograph by Elliott & Fry, London.*

is considerably shorter than her sister, whose height somewhat limits her versatility.

#### JULIA ARTHUR AND "A LADY OF QUALITY."

On the 21st of November, 1895, there appeared in a New York newspaper an article about Julia Arthur, in the course of which she was quoted as saying: "I am back here

"Miss Arthur finished this sentence with a look indicating that she had fully resolved to return in that form."

The months have rolled round, and after another sojourn in England as a portion of the Irving organization, Miss Arthur has come back to us, and as a star, too. Circumstances of special interest attend her advent, for she

introduces to the stage a story which would have challenged unusual attention of itself, even without the extraneous notoriety which clings to it by reason of the dissension between author and manager as to who should create the title part.

The very pretty quarrel between Mrs. Burnett and the Frohmans regarding "A Lady

written the part, in order to make it more closely adapted to its first exponent.

Miss Arthur is a Canadian by birth, and belongs to a family of which several members have gone on the stage. She began when she was only eleven, and has played an immense repertoire, including all the famous gallery of Shaksperian rôles. All her laurels



MAUDE ADAMS.

*From her latest photograph by Dupont, New York.*

of Quality" is still a matter of newspaper memory, with Olga Nethersole as the championed favorite on the managers' side, and an actress of quite untested abilities representing Mrs. Burnett's preferences—because, we are told, this good lady had met her and promised to lend a helping hand in her career! The matter was finally adjusted by both parties giving up, although in a strict sense it is only Mrs. Burnett who was defeated, as the Frohmans, in backing down from their stand, also backed out from producing the play. Julia Arthur was the compromise, and her handling of the wilful *Clorinda* will be awaited anxiously. Mrs. Burnett has re-

were won under the flag of the United States till she went to England some four years ago, and began to add to them as part and parcel of the London Lyceum. She was associated with leading rôles in A. M. Palmer's stock at the epoch of "Saints and Sinners," "Lady Windermere's Fan," and Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "Mercedes," in which last she achieved what some critics have regarded as her greatest triumph. During Ellen Terry's illness last winter she played *Imogen*.

#### A PLAYER WHO IS WELL BELOVED.

The success of Maude Adams is one of the pleasantest incidents in the theatrical history



ELLEN BEACH YAW.

*From her latest photograph—Copyrighted by George Steckel, Los Angeles.*

of the decade. She is such an altogether healthful specimen of humanity, and so devoid of all affectations, that one cannot but be glad over her prosperity. Brought up in the atmosphere of the playhouse, Miss Adams has no taint of it clinging to her garments.

offense, but infinitely harder to keep within bounds when only the simulation of the condition is called for. Her success in just this one particular showed Miss Adams to be both a born actress and a true gentlewoman.

Two other parts stand out from the number



W. J. LE MOYNE.

*From his latest photograph by Schloss, New York.*

To every new part, to each night's repetition of an old part, she brings a freshness, a zeal, that conveys no suggestion of study or effort. Then she never fails to win the sympathy of the best people in the audience; no matter what the character, she exhales an atmosphere of refinement that instantly makes her one of them. Her very first part with John Drew—*Suzanne*, in "The Masked Ball"—proved her powers in this line, for she was required to pretend to be tipsy. It is sufficiently difficult for a woman to enact a genuine depiction of intoxication without giving

of those she has created while leading woman of the Drew company—one that of sweet *Jessie Keber* in "The Bauble Shop"; the other, her last season's success—*Dorothy*, in "Rosemary," of which Mr. Parker, one of the authors, wrote: "Miss Adams puts into it such an amount of personal genius, such an individuality, as, I am sure, neither my friend and collaborator, Mr. Murray Carson, nor I, had ever conceived the part capable of containing."

As the public has often been told, Miss Adams was born in Salt Lake City, but per-





NANCY MCINTOSH IN "THE CIRCUS GIRL."

*From a photograph by Sarony, New York.*

haps it is not so generally known that her mother (Mrs. Annie Adams, who plays in her daughter's company) was also born there, her father being one of the pioneers. Mrs. Adams played lead in the stock company of the local theater for several seasons.

With the opening of the present season Maude Adams inaugurates her career as a star, Robert Edson being her leading man. Her success will be especially gratifying to the public, in whose heart she has made for herself so enviable a place.

#### ELLEN BEACH YAW AND SOME OTHERS.

Human nature has its weaknesses, and it would be folly to deny that there will be a

larger audience to greet Jean de Reszke and Mme. Nordica, reconciled and singing together at the Metropolitan in '98, than if there had been no quarrel previous to their reappearance. Dissensions seem to have replaced stolen diamonds as a mine of treasure to the operatic press agent.

Just how much race horses had to do with M. de Reszke's forgiving mood we shall doubtless never know, but it *is* known that just previous to the "kiss and make up" episode, two of his stable had won prizes at the English races, one of them very unexpectedly. In fact, during the past year the distinguished tenor's gains from the turf have footed up some \$30,000. His training stables

are on his Polish estate, at Borovno, and are managed by his younger brother Victor, who is said to possess an equally fine tenor voice, but to prefer bucolic pleasures to the applause the multitude.

covering nearly four octaves. She is a native of New York State, but her home is now in California. Under competent management, one that would lay stress on the artistic rather than the phenomenal qualities of her voice,



ELLALINE TERRISS IN "THE CIRCUS GIRL."

*From a photograph by Ellis, London.*

Our portrait of Ellen Beach Yaw shows another remarkable singer who has not yet gone on the operatic stage, although she has for some time been appearing in concert, and her rendering of the mad scene from "Hamlet" has aroused much enthusiasm. Her voice is a soprano of extraordinary range,

she should make an impress on the musical history of the decade.

—  
A UNIVERSAL FAVORITE.

The actor who was most missed from the reorganized Lyceum stock last autumn was Le Moyne—"the old reliable," as he might well

be called, for though of late his parts had been frequently to his distaste, he never suffered this disinclination to affect his industry in extracting all there was in them. His voice—never to be disguised—was certain to send a pleasant anticipatory thrill through the audience whenever it heralded his coming from the wings. He was many men during his long term at the Lyceum, and he was happy, to use the player's term, in them all; but out of the lengthy list there crops a universal favorite—genial, hapless, tipsy *Dick Phenyl* in "Sweet Lavender." Here was an exhibition of art so finished that it seemed nature itself, and no matter who might play the technical "leads," Le Moyne's *Dick* was always in the van.

Mr. Le Moyne made his first professional appearance just forty five years ago on the 10th of May last, and did it at such short notice that he was obliged to rely on two prompters, one on each side of the stage. He was *Friar Laurence* in "Romeo and Juliet," and things were no better with his second venture, in a farce, the lines for which he was forced to read from his hat. His theatrical career was interrupted by the civil war, throughout which he served honorably. Later, he was a stand by at the old Madison Square Theater under both the Mallory and the Palmer directions. He went over to the Lyceum with Dan Frohman, and was in the first play produced there in the stock season—"The Wife," playing *Major Homer Q. Putnam*, a member of the G. A. R.—three letters very dear to Mr. Le Moyne's heart. Herbert Kelcey was also in this cast—it was away back in 1887—and it is a pleasant resoldering of old ties that will find Mr. Le Moyne, during the coming season, in the company of two of his Lyceum associates—Mr. Kelcey and Effie Shannon.

The play for the new organization has been written by Madeleine Lucette Ryley, which should be a guarantee of its excellence, and the warmest wishes of a wide circle of admirers desire success for this opening attraction at Wallack's. Mr. Le Moyne's part is that of a gay, butterfly sort of old fellow, who dyes his hair and considers himself irresistible with the ladies.

#### TWO FIGURES IN "THE CIRCUS GIRL."

Among our portraits this month are two from "The Circus Girl," the newest musical comedy to achieve success on both sides of the Atlantic. The photographs represent participants in the two casts—Nancy McIntosh in the name part at Daly's, New York, and Ellaline Terriss, who fills in the London Gaiety bill the rôle played here by Virginia Earle.

Miss McIntosh, who is sister to Burr McIntosh, the original *Taffy*, is an American girl who began her theatrical career on the other side under the most kindly auspices—none other than those of W. S. Gilbert. She started at the top and has remained there. She had sung in only one part in London—the prima donna's rôle in "His Excellency"—when she came with that opera to America, the winter before last, and after a brief experience in Philadelphia, she became a leading member of Mr. Daly's company. She replaced Dorothy Morton in "The Geisha," and was *Hero* in "Much Ado About Nothing." Her voice is singularly sweet and clear, and her present environment is a happy one.

Ellaline Terriss is the daughter of William Terriss, the English actor who first came to this country with Irving, and afterwards became identified with melodrama at the London Adelphi. He is now appearing at the Haymarket in a prominent part in "A Marriage of Convenience," which John Drew is to produce here. His daughter was first brought to the notice of Americans in the early summer of 1894, when she appeared at Abbey's in the title rôle of "Cinderella." Her husband, Seymour Hicks, played one of the jealous sisters. He is also in the English cast of "The Circus Girl," having the part that falls here to Cyril Scott.

Miss Terriss' last visit to the United States was with "His Excellency," when she achieved renown for her "Umpty-aye" song. Both she and Miss McIntosh are charming women to meet—low voiced and of particularly modest bearing.

#### STAGE NOTES FROM LONDON.

Our London correspondent sends us the following review of the summer situation in the dramatic world of the British metropolis.

"'A Marriage of Convenience,' which is being played by Mr. William Terriss and Miss Winifred Emery at the Haymarket, is pretty with its Louis XV costuming, but if it comes to America, and you have anything else to do—stay away. It is light and pleasant, but it has no more substance than a rather long baked soufflé. Miss Emery is a beautiful woman, who created the part of *Renée* in 'Under the Red Robe,' and she plays her rôle in the translation of Dumas' old 'Marriage Under Louis XV' with charming grace and tact; but the play is better adapted to private theatricals than to a metropolitan stage. As there is only one scene, and the costumes are picturesque, it can be recommended to amateurs. Miss Emery, who is Mrs. Cyril Maude in private life, wife of the actor and manager, has already visited America with Henry Irving's company. She

has been on the stage since she was eight, and has played at all of the principal London theaters.

"Sarah Bernhardt is here, playing 'Lorenzaccio,' and also 'Camille' in the dress of its own time, besides the rest of her repertoire. 'Lorenzaccio' is as disagreeable as any play she has ever put before the public, and while it was a great success in France, it is not such here, nor will it be in America. It is a novelty to see Bernhardt taking the part of a boy, and she does it as she does everything, with the wonderful shading which only genius could teach her. She appears as a young Florentine, but he is interesting to the normal Anglo Saxon mind only because she personates him. A virtuous youth, of weak body and strong will, becomes the most degenerate of the followers of Alessandro de' Medici, Duke of Florence, that he may find an opportunity to kill him, and he does it, after he has stolen his mail shirt, and while a bravo holds his victim's hands.

"We hear a great deal about Bernhardt coming to America to make money. The seats for her performances in London are a guinea apiece, which is more, I think, than ever was charged in America. But as you know, nearly all theater prices are a little higher here. The regular tariff for orchestra stalls—the same exactly as our orchestra chairs—is ten shillings and sixpence.

"'The Princess and the Butterfly,' which will soon be seen in New York, is still on at the St. James, played by George Alexander, Julia Neilson, and a very good company. George Alexander has never been in America, and we hope he will not come in this play. He is too good an actor to have his first engagement among us meet with anything except enthusiastic success, and it is not our opinion that 'The Fantastics,' as this play is very appropriately named in its sub title, will be a hit. We congratulate America that this should be so. We are too primitive a people, yet, for the exact phase of civilization which Pinero has depicted to touch our sympathies. A woman approaching forty who wants the love of a boy is rather an object of ridicule with us. Julia Neilson steers clear of ridicule, but she makes comedy—a result which is inevitable, and which the author doubtless intended.

"Mr. Alexander reminds us of Henry Miller, except that he has a sense of humor which Mr. Miller lacks. In that respect he has some of the salt which we have thought peculiarly American. Miss Neilson is as handsome as she was in 'The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith' when she was John Hare's leading lady. Mr. Irving, who is the son of Sir Henry, acts the part of her lover admir-

ably. Fay Davis, the girl of all languages, is a young American who has made something of a hit in this play. She came to London as a drawing room entertainer. Oddly enough, the name of the character she impersonates is *Fay*, and somebody calls attention somewhere to the extreme suitability of the cognomen.

"'The Princess and the Butterfly' may be the 'smart' play in New York—for a limited time; but it will never be another 'Rosemary,' or 'Under the Red Robe.'

"Sir Henry Irving as *Napoleon* is something to wonder at in anticipation. After you have seen it, you wonder how you supposed that Irving had any limitations. His makeup is marvelous. He does not look like the pictures of the little Corsican, but he does something better: he suggests him as a living man. In other renderings of 'Madame Sans Gêne,' the woman's character has entirely predominated; in this, it is that of *Napoleon* about whom the interest centers. Irving transforms his own dominating individuality into that of the emperor, and he keeps the audience's thoughts upon him. Ellen Terry plays the part of *Sans Gêne* with a trifle more abandon than might have been expected, particularly in the washerwoman scene. Julia Arthur, who is the American addition to Mr. Irving's company, makes a beautiful picture as *Elise Bonaparte*, and acts her one scene with spirit and cleverness. Like everything at the Lyceum, the play is superbly mounted, the costumes being magnificent. There are forty three actors named in the program.

"The Lyceum is the best house in London in which to see a representative audience. The theater hat has no existence in any London playhouse, except in the lowest priced seats, railed off to themselves. A hat would be as odd as at a ball, for everybody goes in the fullest evening dress—the rule being much more stringent than at the Metropolitan Opera House in the height of the season, for a woman in a high necked gown is a curiosity in a London theater. Diamond coronets are commoner than collars. It gives the house a splendid appearance, making an American audience seem poor in comparison."

As an example of the difficulty that exists in obtaining good plays, listen to the remark of a star, who recently played a brief season in New York. He was inviting a young dramatist to come to the theater to see him act in the piece on which he had been obliged to rely throughout the season.

"You will note in it," he said, "every quality a good play ought not to possess."



# THE WORLD OF MUSIC

## THE DICTATRESS OF COVENT GARDEN.

Opera as it was done in London this year afforded the American who happened to know something about it and its workings other emotions beside wonder. Thankfulness might be mentioned as one of them. In America we had spasms of indignation over Jean de Reszke's desire to "run things," and a few more spasms over his comparative success in doing so; but his influence in New York is as moonshine compared to the sun of his glory in London. When Mr. Grau has passed through the business difficulties which are likely to take all of his attention for the next few months, and gets into condition to give opera again, the season after next, he will doubtless begin to feel that after all America is not a bad place to live in, even if a man is forced into bankruptcy now and then. At least, when he manages an opera, he is allowed to open his own doors when he wants to.

We believe, too, that if Mr. Grau were to tell the facts concerning his own state of mind, he would confess that one of the joys of his managerial career would be to see the people of the United States and the people of London learn enough of musical criticism to realize that Jean de Reszke is not only not the one good tenor in the world, but is actually not a good one at all, compared to the real tenors who have been heard in England and America. The people of other countries discovered it some time ago—the music lovers of continental Europe, who are not bound by fashion or taken with posing and costuming. We have nothing whatever to say against M. de Reszke's social qualities. They have made him fashionable friends in London, and it is fashionable people who control opera there. But why New York, and Chicago, and the other cities in America, should pretend, at London's instigation, that they like something which in their hearts they cannot like, is one of the mysteries of a faddy age. The booming which has blown the De Reszke bubble to its present proportions has bankrupted an American opera company, and has put the London season at Covent Garden a hundred thousand dollars in debt.

We have nothing as curious in America as the way in which opera is managed in London. The control of it appears to be in the hands of Lady de Grey, who is the wife of an earl, and who has a fancy for this sort of thing. She hears singers during her morn-

ing hours—almost anybody who chooses to come before her. This has never been known to advantage the singers, but it amuses Lady de Grey, and fills in her morning. Then she takes a casual look over the wardrobes, and if a prima donna has a preference for puffed sleeves she is usually put into plain ones. Lady de Grey's management of the wardrobe was so clever that at the "state performance," during the Jubilee, Mme. Melba and Marguerita Macintyre were found quarreling over one gown, which finally appeared on the two ladies in different parts of the evening. The energetic countess personally asked most of the stockholders to take their shares, and when the state performance came tickets were only let out to the elect, under her direction, with the result that it was like a De Grey reception to which royalty was induced to come, to get a satin program with the heads of the four generations of the queen's family printed on it.

The performance was in reality a most beautiful and magnificent one, the performers being London society. Nobody paid any attention to the stage. There were flowers, and diamonds, and uniforms, and royal tableaux to dazzle the eyes, and this was the acme of opera. Music? The *Telegraph* gave four long columns to the evening, and thirty lines to the music. Let us pray that by the time we get opera again we shall cease to be so hopelessly Philistine and middle class as to take our opinions of singers from the restless wife of an earl who has nothing to do but exploit her flatterers.

## TWO FAMOUS FAILURES.

To struggling vocalists, the will-o'-the-wisp that carries weary hearts over all the bogs and brambles is the hope that some day they will have the good luck *arriver*. "*Arriver*" is the elegant and Frenchy translation of a racy phrase of our own which will readily be recognized.

The ambitious aspirant looks with deep envy at the lucky singers that have reached the pinnacles of fame, and sighs: "If I could only 'get there,' my troubles and disappointments and failures would be all ended." But this last season has seen a pathetic proof of the instability of the footing held by two of the world's favorites. Greatness is no safeguard against humiliation and defeat. Melba and Nordica have both had serious and signal artistic disasters this year. They

have not been dethroned from supremacy, because there are no worthy pretenders to their places; but they have scored failures that must have caused bitter heartache and tears, the more bitter for the publicity of their ill fortune.

Mme. Melba, at the instigation of over zealous friends, and spurred by an ambition thoroughly worthy, however ruinous, hoped to demonstrate her ability to sing one of the heavier Wagnerian rôles. The opera chosen for her entrée into the realm of Wagner was "Siegfried." As *Brunnhilde* her part is not long—she does not appear until the last act; but the first phrase sung showed that the singer and the rôle were hopelessly incompatible. This proves nothing to the detriment of either. But Wagner has been insisted upon as the test of a singer's real operatic greatness, and Melba could not help feeling that she was dismally and publicly defeated. Shortly afterwards, she found that the state of her health necessitated a change of air, and her defection was one of the causes that brought about the collapse of the opera season in America.

Melba is as great a singer as before; for purity of tone and flexibility of voice she is still unapproached among the public vocalists of the world. But her preëminence did not avail to protect her from a misadventure of crushing weight.

So Nordica, who is more versatile than Melba, possessing a larger voice and more dramatic variety, and having been considered, for these reasons, really our first contemporary soprano, has met, nevertheless, with a serious disappointment. Hailed in America as the greatest of all the *Isoldes*, called to Bayreuth by Wagner's own wife to sing in his own theater, she went to Paris with every right to expect a triumph. But whoever attempts to prophesy the attitude of the French public reckons without his fickle host. It is only the plain, blunt truth to say that Paris would have none of her. The French critics, who delight to cast epithets like "magnificent, superb, inexpressible, exquisite," upon mediocre vocalists, received this regent of song with utter indifference, patronized her with half hearted attention, and sealed her doom with faint praise. So Nordica withdrew from Paris with the same dejection in which Melba dropped her Wagnerian repertoire.

It would be utter toadyism for us to base our own opinions of this wonderful artist upon the whim of a foreign town notorious for provincialism, and for mobbing its actors one day in rage and mobbing them the next day in idolatry. America has reached a point where it can make up its own artistic mind for reasons good and sufficient in themselves.

None the less, Nordica failed of an important conquest, and is doubtless inconsolable. She left Paris, to fall, like Melba, into an illness that threatened her very life.

The struggling vocalist, then, should cease idle envy of those who seem to have "arrived," for no one arrives finally and conclusively. This may seem poor consolation, indeed, in one light; but on the other hand it should convince the aspirant that the true end of art is in the effort rather than the attainment, in the hard won progress rather than the destination, and in the pure joy and glory of battle for one's artistic creeds and personal salvation.

#### THE M. T. N. A.

The Music Teachers' National Association has a name weighty enough to anchor a much larger craft in the harbor of security; but it is threatened with serious mutiny.

There is every reason for the existence of such an organization, and the general lines of the present association are the correct ones. The separate States have their own conventions, and a national congress is capable of infinite good to the cause of American music. But as faction and rebellion have had to be quieted in our body politic, so this body artistic seems about to pass through a test which must result in dissolution or solid success.

The division in the association is not along a Mason and Dixon line, but between East and West. The West claims that the East is inclined to be supercilious and grasping, and the East retorts that the West lacks power to keep the movement alive. When the M. T. N. A. met last year in Denver, it showed signs of hopeless languor and the promise of a speedy death from inanition. Mr. H. W. Green, of New York, thought he could infuse life into it, and was elected to its presidency. The result was the recent convention in New York—an affair planned on a grand scale with a complex program arranged on the lines of a three ring circus. There was a restaurant on the ground floor of the building, a large and a small concert room, a department for a music trades exposition, a woman's saloon, and a roof garden for conferences. The New Yorkers called the gathering a huge success; the Chicagoans styled it a "chaotic vaudeville."

However one may complain of details in such an undertaking—even the Chicago World's Fair was not without its faults—it must be confessed that much important work was accomplished. It was so generally admitted that the convention was a marked improvement upon that of 1896, that the same president and the same meeting place

were chosen for next year, in spite of a rival ticket and the claims of Omaha.

The defeated faction is so loud in its complaints, however, and each side musters such distinguished and influential supporters, that the dispute is more than the petty squabble always to be expected when two or three artists are gathered together. But the dissolution of the organization would be such a setback to the progress of national musical interests, that it is to be hoped that the malcontents, will decide to drop re-creation, and unite in putting their shoulders to the wheel.

#### OUR CHAMBER MUSIC.

Perhaps the purest and highest expression of musical art is to be found in chamber music. It is necessarily the most intellectual effort on the part of the composer. In orchestral compositions, the accidental effects produced by brilliancy of color among the various instruments are often extremely fine; but in chamber music every voice must have a meaning, every effect must be sincere and logically accounted for. Some of the masterpieces of the classic composers are of this order.

Of recent years cultivated music lovers have religiously attended the Kneisel Quartet concerts, which at first used to draw a mere handful of people to Chickering Hall. The earliest promoters of chamber concerts in this country had to work for art and art alone. Thus, when Mr. Thomas and Dr. Leopold Damrosch gave concerts in old Steinway Hall, only the critics and a few personal friends went to hear them.

Musical cultivation is to be estimated, not so much by the attendance at operatic performances, where so many attractions exist aside from the music, not so much from our Philharmonic and Symphony concerts, where an artist of renown usually appears, as from the steady increase of subscribers to our chamber concerts. The Kneisel Quartet has been warmly praised abroad, and ranked with the foremost music of the world. Our other permanent quartets, such as those of Arnold, Dannreuther, and Kaltenborn, do much excellent work in making known a great number of compositions. During the coming season there will be a series of free chamber concerts in Carnegie Hall.

#### WOMEN COMPOSERS.

There are few arts or sciences in which women have not won high places for themselves, but in music their success has lain within sharply defined limitations. As interpreters of great compositions they have achieved the foremost rank, but as creators

their rank has never been of the first order. A notable pioneer in this latter direction appeared in the person of Mlle. Chaminade, who came into prominence some five years ago.

Much excellent work has been done by some of our leading women pianists in arranging the works of great composers. Conspicuous instances are found in Clara Schumann's editions of her husband's works, and in those of Tausig by his wife. Julia Rivé King, too, has made some arrangements which are popular among pianists, and Adèle Aus der Ohe has composed a number of clever sketches for the piano. Among these is a suite of special musical merit, which may properly be classed with the best compositions of the day.

Mlle. Chaminade carries the palm among women composers. Her work shows true feminine grace and beauty, while at the same time she possesses a knowledge of the elements of her art which is truly masculine. She has written, besides many songs and works for the piano, sonatas for violin, piano, and 'cello, trios, quartets, an orchestral suite, and a concerto for the piano which is worthy of Saint-Saëns. It is bright and melodious, holding the attention from start to finish. The orchestration is strong, but does not overbalance the piano. The chief point in her work is the logical and musicianly construction.

During the Teachers' National Convention, a trio by Mlle. Chaminade was performed, which put far into the background the many compositions by American women rendered at that time. The native work showed great energy, perseverance, and thought, but little real music.

#### THE MANUSCRIPT SOCIETY.

Dr. Gerrit Smith, who has been president of the Manuscript Society for eight years, has this summer resigned the post for the reason that he found its duties encroached too much upon his own time and upon his professional work. Dr. Smith has labored hard for the success of the society, and has done much to make it what it is—one of the most valuable features of our local world of music. Its purpose—to find real talent among aspiring composers and to give them opportunities for setting their work before the public—is an excellent one. It has helped to raise the standard of musical culture, and to create an atmosphere as congenial to music lovers and students as that of foreign centers of the art. Under Dr. Smith's guidance its influence has steadily grown, and his resignation was received with much regret.

We wish the society a continued prosperity under its newly elected president, Mr. Reginald De Koven.

# IN VANITY FAIR

MASQUES AND DANCES, DINNERS AND TEAS, MUSICALES, OPERAS, PLAYS,  
GOSSIP AND GALLANTRY, WAYS OF EASE, FOLLY FRAUGHT NIGHTS AND DAYS;  
GREED OF GOLD AND THE PACE THAT KILLS, GLAMOUR AND GLOSS AND GLARE  
FADS AND FURBELOWS, FANCIES AND FRILLS—THIS IS VANITY FAIR!

## A PLEA FOR THE MINORITY.

As one who does not ride a bicycle, the writer desires to know whether there is not some admitted age, sex, condition of servitude, or other excuse that may be urged for not using the wheel. When he "took up" with the photographic fad, he was called upon to give reasons for his faith; but he never felt justified in asking his fellow creatures to stand and deliver arguments why they did not dabble in pyro and hypo. Yet in several—nay, in many cases, has he been called upon to deliver his own justification for refraining from locomotion by means of the air shod wheel. He has tried various pleas. He has said he "didn't want to," "didn't like it," "hadn't time," "couldn't learn," "found that it hurt him," "had plenty of other things to do"—but all these availed nothing. The answers were usually in the form, "Nonsense!" and often with the additional remark, "It will reduce your flesh"—an adding of insult to injury.

What, then, is a valid excuse for not riding? May an honest man pretend that he has a wooden leg or tendencies to lumbago or plumbago? Or must he say that he can't find a brand of wheel that suits him? What shall be the defense adopted by the cheerful old fogley who thinks he prefers to walk, and fears the frisky wheel?

## LAST YEAR'S WHEEL.

One of the most puzzling of the minor problems of bicycling is the proper disposition of last year's wheel. It is the girl cyclist who has found the most pleasing and original solution of the question. Her home is adorned, just now, in a style no decorator ever dreamed of until this year of 1897. It is full of bicycles in every stage of dissection; wheels to the right of you, wheels to the left of you, wheels all around. Front forks stare at you from darkened corners, so gilded and beribboned that, like French hashes, it is difficult to discover what they originally were. Chains confront you that have been twisted into wonderful and fearful shapes. Hat racks that once were handle bars, and handle bars that now form backs to chairs (as un-

comfortable as they are unique) seem to glance at you with pity for your ignorance. Above and beyond all gleam the wheels themselves, which have cast off their shackles of rubber, and now shine forth resplendent with gilt, resembling nothing so much as miniature suns. The tires have been inflated and gilded, and form new fashioned frames for old fashioned pictures. The balls have been taken out of the bearings and have been polished until there was nothing left to polish—after which they were laid in her pin tray as souvenirs of her labor.

"But the bicycle seat?" asks the visitor breathlessly; "what does she do with the seat?"

The bicycle girl is equal to even such an emergency as this. If you would learn the intricate workings of this young woman's brain, look toward that corner where hangs a strange begilded object encircled with broad blue ribbon. "A patent duster holder—a new parlor toy for the baby?" Nothing of the kind. A *bona fide* bicycle seat, now dignified by the name of chair. Pretty to look at? Yes—and no doubt quite safe—for the other fellow.

Of all the countless parts that go toward the making of wheels, the lamp is perhaps the most dear to the heart of its owner. Not only does she utilize her own of last year, but those of her friends from whom she can beg, borrow, or steal. Golf enthusiasts pale; stamp collectors wither and die; devotees of the Horse Show sink into oblivion before the grasping, swooping, beguiling possibilities of the bicycle girl in search of headlights to swell her ever increasing number. One particularly popular fashion is the arrangement of lamps to resemble a swan. The glass varies in color, and inside is placed a tiny wax candle. The variegated tints, red, yellow, and green, shine out when they are lit, and make the astonished beholder believe himself witnessing a display of Chinese fireworks.

But the most unique and delightful part of the scheme is the fact that the bicycle girl calls her friends about her *en masse*, and makes them help with the gilding, hanging, and be-



ribboning, and, like Yankee Doodle, who called his feather macaroni, dignifies this laborious slavery as a "bicycle decorating house party"!

#### A GIRL'S AGE.

Habit still clings to the idea that a girl's age is either her pride or her shame; a thing for which she is to be incessantly applauded, or which is to be softened off and made as easy for her as possible. The humorous papers still represent the world as making jokes about Miss Elderleigh and Miss Passay, but, as a matter of fact, Miss Elderleigh and Miss Passay do all the joking there is on the subject themselves. The girl of the period has no more reticence about her years than she has about her appetite, displaying both with humorous frankness, and having only scorn for the old fashioned person who would shroud her birth year in mystery.

"I'm twenty nine; and if I couldn't get the better of that fact in people's eyes, I'd give up society and take to boys' clubs," said one young woman. "Girls who fib about their age are practically acknowledging that their only power is their youthfulness, and that there is nothing else in them. Well, it's their fault if it's true!"

Sweet seventeen is still the age of supreme charm from the public standpoint, but, as individuals, we all know better. A girl in her teens is too imperfectly acquainted with herself to be interesting, and, by the modern standards, she must be interesting, even though she is beautiful. Her conversation is always concrete, and generally impersonal, in spite of youthful egotism, while the present ideals call for the abstract and the personal. Her vitality and freshness can no longer counterbalance this lack, for there is not now such a decided contrast between her and her older sister in this respect. A national influx of common sense has granted the latter a new lease of youth, and the disappearance of the tradition that one must be an old maid because one does not marry has given her a rejuvenating freedom from responsibility.

From twenty three to twenty eight, or, some say, from twenty five to thirty, are now the best years of a girl's life, her climax of power, for she is then gaining valuable mental ground without serious outward loss. She has discovered others, and is beginning to discover herself. The first wild, restless vanity is over, and yet the world still glitters with possibilities. She has not caught up with her future, and things are still worth while.

It is not self denying honesty that makes her proclaim her age to all who care to hear

it. It is the unconscious knowledge that with every year lost, there is also a year gained.

#### WATER ON THE BRAIN.

Godliness may be going out, but cleanliness has certainly come in. The old fashioned family bath tub, tinny and uninviting, and depending on a limited boiler that could supply but one hot bath a day, is becoming as inadequate as the family best hat. Nowadays each individual claims a right to a separate altar of cleanliness, white within and blue without, set on little dachshund legs and shrined in mermaid tiles. The chic girl takes a cold plunge before breakfast, trifles with a needle bath after exercise, luxuriates in a hot dip at night, and spends her stray half hours in her own private steam box. She is fond of referring to these devotions, taking as much satisfaction in airing them as her parvenu rival does in the mention of her maid; and she would feel indelibly disgraced should but a single day pass leaving her untubbed.

There was one girl whose social career was haunted by a dark secret. She could not, would not, and did not take a cold bath before breakfast. Her friends all felt that there was something inscrutable about her, but she kept her own counsel so well that they put it down to a love affair, and included her, unchallenged, in everything pertaining to the set. On going to visit in a very English household, she was confronted, on the first night, by a grim tub planted on a splashable rug in the center of her room, and flanked by a heap of towels and two great pitchers filled with water that was icy cold even then. She shuddered as she thought what its temperature would be in the morning. For several hours she lay awake tormented with the dread of that ordeal. She might possibly have brought herself to confess her weakness to her hostess, but she felt that she never could face the servants of the household.

Towards dawn, a sudden idea came to her. Jumping up, she emptied both pitchers into the tub and dropped in the soap; then, going back to bed, she slept soundly. When the maids entered in the morning they found the towels soaked, the rug deluged, the water a foamy lather, and the young lady so fresh and rosy that it was evident she belonged to the very inmost circle, the golden bullseye of society.

It is hard to acknowledge that we are still ablutionary parvenus, but our pride of cleanliness betrays us. We cannot yet take it as a matter of course, and we still want to show visitors the beautiful new bath rooms we have had built in, for servants as well as for

the family. It is not so very many years since every household had that terrible thing known as "bath night," and referred to it frankly, never dreaming what a shocking stigma it put on the other six nights of the week. The children were tubbed all around on Saturday evening, not so much because it was necessary as because that was the hereditary custom.

The new standard shows a new stage of national refinement. If more such fads would come over from England, we could cry "*Viva Anglomania*" with good grace.

#### GIFTS AND THEIR MAKERS.

The delicate bit of stamped linen, with its accompanying skeins of silk, which has hitherto found a corner in every summer maiden's trunk, has disappeared, and in its place are to be found hanks of heavy Scotch wool, with four short bone knitting needles—because the only up to date fancy work this year is the knitting of golf hose.

The outward and visible reason for this renewal of an old time industry is that golf stockings are an absolute necessity in everybody's bicycle costume, and those made by machine are not always of suitable coloring or design. But the inward and spiritual explanation of the summer girl's willingness to undertake the arduous task of knitting these accessories of her own and her friends' costumes is that she knows that the contrast between the heavy dark yarn and her fair white hands is most attractive. And then this same yarn must be wound into balls, and to be so wound it must be "held." Cupid is an adept on the tight rope, especially when the strand is a bit of wool passing from the sun brown hands of an adorer to the white fingers of the adored.

An amusing story in connection with this knitting craze comes from a near by watering place. A young woman who numbers her adorers by the score was very free with her proffered gifts of golf hose, and the number of pairs that she turned out was simply amazing, especially when one considered the "hanks" that had to be held, and the clumsiness of the men who held them. For the skeins seemed to get into the most inextricable tangles, and to require an immense amount of time and patience for their unraveling. But her needles clicked unceasingly, and she apparently had no trouble with dropped stitches or intricate patterns. Her progress was not visible, but all might see that in the morning she commenced a stocking and toward evening she had reached the end of the work. Other girls looked upon her with envy, until one afternoon the German governess of her small sisters appeared

on the veranda, and approached Miss Helen with the finished mate to the stocking in that young lady's hands.

"I have just finished this one," she said, "and you seemed to be so anxious to have them both done by this evening that I thought I would better come for that which you were at work on."

The words were in German, but the accompanying gesture and the finished stocking told the tale. There were many uplifted brows in the little circle of knitting maidens, and the feminine portion of the group, at least, knew how and by whom Miss Helen's gifts were made.

#### COSTUMES AND "STORIES."

It is extremely doubtful whether humanity offers to the angels a more diverting spectacle than that of a person who takes himself or herself too seriously. A woman, however, being more versatile than the average man, has many more ways of manifesting her inordinate respect for herself, and is therefore infinitely more amusing than the male egotist. But the combination of "new woman" and "new journalist" appears to be the very acme of egotistical humor. The desire of "new journal" editors to secure women's descriptions of morbid scenes and characters is perfectly comprehensible to all who understand the functions of a decadent newspaper, but that female writers should be unable to resist the temptation to exploit their own vagaries and describe their costumes, in the course of a narrative having a hanging or prize fight for its subject, is at times inexplicable.

These little details are given with such consummate art that the reader is led to assume that their recital is absolutely essential to the story. For instance, a murderer with the noose around his neck is placed on the trap. Just before the black cap is drawn over his features, the sympathetic female witness to the execution observes that the eyes of the condemned man gaze admiringly at—the flowers on her new spring hat! This is his last view of mundane things, and the story would, of course, be incomplete without the mention of such an important particular. The hat and flowers are therefore described, and woe to the copy reading dolt who strikes them out with his blue pencil!

Mr. Andrew Lang has said that in literature "the story's the thing," and for many years this statement has been equally true with respect to "old journalism." But when a female "new journalist" undertakes an investigation of fact, it is invariably the female writer's costume first, and the silly old story afterward.

# ETCHINGS

## TRADITION.

In the world dwelt a giant.  
His name was Tradition.  
All men bowed before him.

Lo, one day came a man,  
And defied the giant,  
Who crushed him with quick, huge hands,  
Till red blood spattered the green grass;  
While all the slaves shrieked, "Fool!"

Years passed, and men,  
Looking on his white life, said:  
"There lived a hero!"

But the man was dead.

*Ernest Neal Lyon.*

## THE PRICE.

My better half desired a wheel;  
I argued and I thundered,  
But yielded when she said to me  
"Twould only cost a hundred.

The price for so much pleasure seemed  
Quite small to me; I wondered  
Where else such joy could be obtained  
With but a paltry hundred.

With it she ordered her a suit  
That half my income sundered;  
Yet pointed to her wheel with pride—  
That only cost a hundred.

My market bills began to rise.  
I thought some one had blundered;  
But no, 'twas due to that new wheel  
That only cost a hundred.

Repair men came and "sundries" men;  
My bank account they plundered;  
And yet how glad I am to feel  
That wheel cost but a hundred!

*Tom Masson.*

## MAIDEN HAIR.

We roamed within the woodland,  
She and I, to gather ferns;  
We wandered where the brooklet  
Makes many bends and turns.

But all in vain; the dainty things  
Evaded every look;  
We searched in vain each mossy bank,  
And every shady nook.

Quite wearied with our search, at length  
Our steps we homeward turned,  
But stopped to take, beneath a tree,  
The rest we well had earned.

Success at last our efforts crowned,  
When home we reached—for there  
Upon my coat lapel was found  
This bit of maiden hair!

*Elizabeth A. Martin.*

## IN LILLIAN'S EYES.

In Lillian's happy eyes, ah me!  
Two dimpled cupids there I see,  
Peeping out in sweet surprise;  
When from a joyous dream I start,  
Their cruel arrows pierce my heart,  
As I look in Lillian's eyes.

Within her eyes, like some clear sky,  
Is written "stay," is written "fly,"  
While the cupids, wondrous wise  
And imp-like, dance in fiendish glee,  
And swear there is no hope for me,  
As I look in Lillian's eyes.

Yet if perchance I touch her hand,  
Soft falls the light o'er sea and land,  
Like the glow of summer skies;  
The stars the glad earth seem to greet,  
And life's a song divinely sweet,  
When I look in Lillian's eyes!

*Thomas H. Herndon.*

## SHE GAVE ME AWAY.

I TOLD my bride about the cake  
My darling mother used to make;  
And then with sighs and many a pout  
My poor wife went the house about.

I told her of the bread I ate  
When I was aged some six or eight,  
And of the cookies sweet and round  
That in the jar I always found.

Alas, my mother came to stay  
A week with us the other day;  
She gave our kitchen just one look,  
And sighed, "How I wish I could cook!"

*Tom Hall.*

## AS THE BUGLE CALLS.

SPURRED and booted, saber clanking,  
Goes my love to war.  
Would I keep him safe from danger,  
Him whom I adore?

Never! Let him brave the battle!  
In the fiercest strife  
I would have him try his saber,  
Risking limb and life!

I would glory in my soldier—  
And how could that be  
If I hid him safe from danger,  
Kept him home with me?

Go, my lover, fight and suffer!  
And when to my side  
You return with war won honors  
I shall weep for pride!

Spurred and booted, saber clanking,  
Goes my love to war;  
Would I keep him safe from danger,  
Him whom I adore?

*Elizabeth Harman.*

#### CONSISTENCY.

SHE has commanded me to sing,  
And I've consumed my taper  
In fruitless efforts at the thing,  
And spoilt a quire of paper.

Yet were I not a simple goose  
I'd waste not any pages,  
But turn her aviary loose  
From half a hundred cages!

A song, indeed! The little bird  
She wears upon her bonnet  
Once sang a note as never stirred  
In lyric strain or sonnet.

And she to ask of me to sing  
Whose sex helped to throttle  
A billion songsters! Waiter bring  
A hot bird and a bottle!

*Joseph Dana Miller.*

#### ROUNDEL.

WHEN dew hung heavy on the grass  
I met a lady in the lane;  
She came where fields of waving grain  
Hide meadow brooks as clear as glass.

The night before, her eyes, alas,  
Had told me that my suit was vain—  
When dew hung heavy on the grass  
I met a lady in the lane.

But as I stood till she should pass,  
Those eyes, as rainbows shine through  
rain,  
Flashed this—that I might love again;  
And all the world held but one lass  
When dew hung heavy on the grass.

*Walter Winsor.*

#### A DIVORCE.

THEY had walked along together  
Side by side, o'er life's rough road;  
Never had they shirked a duty;  
Each had borne an equal load.

Often had they tramped together  
Through earth's mire and mud and slush;  
Always true and faithful comrades  
In life's mad and merry rush.

Now they have grown old together;  
Each is feeble, sad, and worn;  
Life has used them very roughly;  
Many hard knocks have they borne.

Now, when they should help each other,  
When fond words should cheer each heart,  
Unresponsive, cold, and silent,  
They have drifted far apart.

Yes, 'tis sad to see them lying  
On either side the muddy road—  
My cast off rubbers, which, so faithful,  
Long have borne life's heavy load.

*Grace Eleanor Comstock.*

#### BOATING SONG.

WE'LL sing full many a lusty stave  
To the rhythmic lap of the rippling wave;  
For the heart is strong and free and brave  
That throbs with the throbbing tide.

'Tis a life that merrily speeds along,  
A life that knows nor care nor wrong,  
For the heart is brave and free and strong  
That bounds with the bounding tide.

*John Carleton Sherman.*

#### TO A DELFT CLOCK.

MOST provoking of all clocks,  
There you sit, with warning face.  
Yet you cost me many "rocks"  
Ere I bore you from the case  
At the jeweler's, to this room,  
Where you tick for Mabel, who  
Thanked me sweetly, with the bloom  
Of a blush—not meant for you.

Though your works are guaranteed  
Accurate, for years to last,  
You have quite erratic speed,  
Now too slow and now too fast.  
On the fireplace mantel low,  
Oh, exacting chaperon,  
Why so fast, and never slow,  
When with Mabel I'm alone?

Ten o'clock you indicate  
Ere the evening's half begun,  
And I know it's not so late;  
Yet you say my call is done.  
But should other men be there,  
And I fain would have them go,  
Clock of Delft, will you declare  
Why you run so very slow?

*Ed L. Savin.*



## IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

AMONG the more recent literary reputations, there is none more notable than that of Flora Annie Steel. Her stories have power and originality—qualities that called the world's attention to Kipling, Weyman, and Stephen Crane, and that seem likely to rank Mrs. Steel with them as a figure in contemporary fiction. The critics are watching her with interest, and our readers will find it worth while to read the specimen of her work given in this number of *MUNSEY'S*, "A Bad Character Suit."

France, as represented by Paul Bourget, probably her most widely known literary critic, this month contributes to our discussion of the "best novel" a plea for the work of her famous son, Balzac, who did for his countrymen what Charles Dickens did for England. Ian Maclaren, Anthony Hope, Jerome K. Jerome, and Conan Doyle will continue the discussion in later numbers.

Three millions of New Yorkers, and a good many more who are not New Yorkers, are interested in the movement which is shortly to result in the formal creation of a new American metropolis, the second city of the world. On an earlier page we print an important article by William C. De Witt, the chairman of the committee which drafted the Greater New York charter, briefly sketching the magnitude of the task, and estimating its possible results.

Our serials, by Hall Caine and Marion Crawford, are now rapidly drawing to a close. Stories by three of the first novelists of the day—Anthony Hope, Stanley Weyman, and Rider Haggard—have been engaged for *MUNSEY'S*, and will be published during 1898 and 1899. So will many other contributions of the highest literary merit and the widest general interest.

### DEGRADING ALMA MATER.

THE one purpose which, above all others, was cherished by the founders of this nation, was the establishment of an educational system so abundant and so complete that a type of highly cultivated intellect might obtain among the entire American people, not limited to any class. A scheme of popular education was slowly developed, and every available resource was made tributary to this one purpose. As a result we have, today, a public school system which is, in many respects, unrivaled among European nations.

Supplementing the work of the common

school came the primitive colonial college, growing apace with the phenomenal extension of kindred national interests, until now we have hundreds of institutions for the higher education, some of them extending the territory of progressive scientific thought, and others presenting the best opportunities for historical research. Few of the sage provisions of the nation's early architects command such respect as we accord to the broad intelligence which insured this solid educational groundwork.

In view of the vital importance of our collegiate institutions, the attitude of the average young man toward his alma mater is far from satisfactory. Within a year, many discreditable college episodes have appeared in print. In New York, a number of students were found gambling with cards in the college library. A body of Yale undergraduates formally sent the good will of their university to their favorite contestant in a prize fight. The fair fame of another college was more seriously tarnished by the mysterious death of the victim of a hazing gang. We hear of scandals which have been hushed up by the influential families of the undergraduates involved in them.

The average young man, to whom his alma mater should be as sacred as his nation's flag, is willing to bring disgrace upon the former at the dictate of his lightest whim, while he resents any fancied insult to the latter with instant bravado. Recently we saw two fairly typical reports in the same paper of the results of alleged youthful ardor; the first was the smashing of furniture by a disorderly crowd of college "men" on a Sound steamer; the other was the senseless defacing of a statue in a public park.

Thanks to the forethought of our forefathers, we have ample provision for general culture of a high order among the people, but, the wisdom of our college builders and the expedients of police law seem equally futile against the versatile rowdiness of the young men themselves when they assign to their trained wits the task of bringing odium and discredit upon the name of alma mater.

### HONORS WITHOUT HONOR.

WHILE we are speaking of the discredit too often brought upon our colleges by their undergraduates, mention may be made of a kindred evil. We refer to the questionable custom, to which some of our best universities

have given a certain degree of sanction, of issuing alleged honorary degrees. Formerly these degrees were bestowed upon men who had distinguished themselves along purely scholarly lines, and the compliment paid them, if superfluous, was at least a harmless one, and above suspicion as to its motives. But during the past few years the custom has grown until it is a matter of shameful record that the highest scholastic honors in America have been offered to men distinguished primarily as money getters—offered not in recognition of intellectual attainments commensurate with the dignity of the degree, but in payment, unconfessed but palpable, for financial aid.

In a country like ours, where there are no "peers of the realm," and where no one can even write "honorable" before his name without a challenge to good taste, the hallmark of a great university is a recognized and coveted mark of distinction. The genuine doctorate of such an institution is a pledge of many years of the keenest intellectual competition, a guarantee of notable scholarly achievements, and the guinea stamp of a cultivated mind. The spurious doctorate—what melancholy satire to call it honorary!—stands for nothing but a sordid struggle for recognition, guarantees nothing but the ability to make money contributions, and testifies to a questionable exertion of personal influence. This system may be dominant in politics, but should never have been allowed a foothold in the hallowed precincts of our universities.

The honorary degree, scarcely American in its inception, has become in many cases positively degrading in its bestowal. It throws the stigma of disdain at once upon the conferring board who are mercenary enough to bring their wares down to the level of the machine shop and the meat market, and upon the recipient whose vanity is so short sighted that it allows him to accept so palpable a travesty as a mark of distinction—a travesty which no seal or signature can possibly make honorable.

#### TO PERFECT THE HUMAN TYPE.

Two New York reformers, according to the newspapers, have started a novel movement for the betterment of the human race. They urge that the beneficent law of the survival of the fittest has been upset by man's interference with the course of nature. Under the existing social order, it is the unfit, rather than the fit, who are the parents of each new generation. The improvident and the reckless rush into matrimony, while the prudent and the intelligent hesitate to undertake its responsibilities. The slums swarm

with children, while on Fifth Avenue a baby is almost a curiosity. Nature destroys her failures, and slays her cripples and incapables; man's mistaken tenderness protects the weak, provides for the helpless, and keeps alive the diseased, to transmit their tainted blood to a widening circle of posterity. The result must infallibly be a lowering of the physical, mental, and moral standard of the race.

These observations, of course, are not new, and they are likely to meet with no more general acceptance than they have received before. The alarm is not wholly a baseless one; but it is doubtful whether humanity is more seriously imperiling its own destinies at the present time than in earlier ages. How to meet the emergency, if it can be called an emergency, is a problem still more certain to elicit opposing opinions. The subject is a difficult and delicate one. To some minds, it may seem only practical common sense to argue that improvement in the human type is no less feasible, and far more important, than improvements in the breed of horses or dogs; to others, such a suggestion may sound almost sacrilegious.

It is amusing, perhaps, but certainly not surprising, to read that the latest propagators of these advanced views, with their insistence that only people of first rate physique should be allowed to marry, are a recently wedded couple. Their ideas of the stern duties of parents toward their children, and of the community toward both—they hold that deformed and sickly infants should be electrocuted—are not founded upon experience of the parental relation. Their equipment for their self appointed task of revolutionizing modern society is scarcely a thorough one.

#### A WESTERN "NEW WOMAN."

THE recent indictment of a Colorado woman, on the charge of making false returns of an election at which she acted as judge, is, of course, a regrettable incident; but a single case of the sort will scarcely serve the most extreme conservative as the text for a new diatribe against the admission of her sex to a share in the responsibilities of public affairs. Indeed, the wide publicity which the press gave to so comparatively unimportant an occurrence is a decided testimonial to the average of feminine honesty. Fraudulent practices on the part of male election officials are, unfortunately, too common to excite more than local comment.

That one woman should have failed in a position of trust no more proves her sex unworthy of such positions than the occasional downfall of a "pillar of the church" proves that the professedly religious are morally worse than the professedly irreligious.

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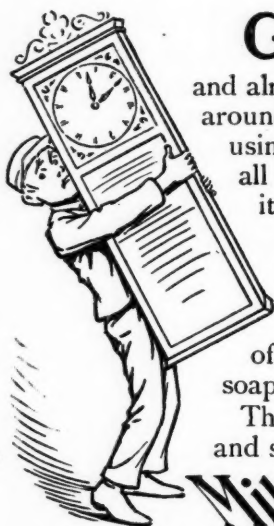
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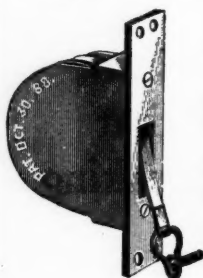
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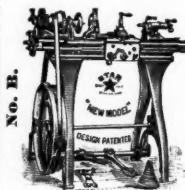
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Removes all Freckles, Tan, Sunburn, Pimples, Liver Moles, and other imperfections. Not covering but removing all blemishes, and permanently restoring the complexion to its original freshness. For sale at Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of 50c. Use **MALVINA ICHTHYOL SOAP** 25 Cents a Cake.

Prof. I. Hubert  
TOLEDO, O.

# What New York Women are Wearing.

We have recently made some exquisite Autumn and Winter Dresses and Jackets for leading New York society women who are famed for the good taste which they display in the selection of their toilettes. Photographs of these ladies and the garments which we made for them are shown in our new Fall Catalogue, which is now ready. To the lady who wishes to dress well at moderate cost we will mail *free* this attractive Catalogue of Suits and Cloaks and a complete line of samples of Suitings and Cloakings to select from.



*Our Catalogue illustrates:*

**Tailor-Made Suits, \$5 up. Charming Costumes from new Paris designs, \$5 up.**

**A handsome line of new Blouse Suits.**

**Silk, Satin, and Moire Velour Skirts, \$8 up. Bicycle Suits, \$6 up.**

**Riding Habits, \$10 up. Newest Styles in Jackets, \$3 up.**

**Fur Collarettes, genuine sealskin, \$10. Cloth Capes, \$3. Plush Capes, \$10.**

**Golf Capes. Newmarkets and Ulsters.**



Our line of samples includes the newest fabrics in Suitings and Cloakings, many of them being exclusive novelties not shown elsewhere. We also have special lines of black goods and fabrics for second mourning.

We make every garment to order, thus giving that style, fit and exclusiveness for which our costumes and wraps are famed. Express charges paid by us to any part of the world.

Write to-day for catalogue and samples;  
you will get them by return mail.

**THE NATIONAL CLOAK CO., 119 & 121 West 23d St., New York City.**

## THE RIVAL FOUNTAIN PEN.



**Price \$1.50.**—The "Rival" is the best Fountain Pen offered at this price. It is fitted with a No. 2 Gold Pen of absolutely finest quality. Every Pen warranted to give satisfaction.

## THE D. W. BEAUMEL FOUNTAIN PEN.



**Price \$2.00.**—The best Pen ever sold for this price. It is fitted with a No. 4 Gold Pen, under feed, and will write until the last drop of ink is used. Every Pen is unconditionally guaranteed. Ask your dealer, or

**D. W. BEAUMEL, Manufacturer and Inventor, 17 John Street, New York City, U. S. A.**

**AGENTS WANTED.**

Mention MUNSEY'S.

**SEND FOR CATALOGUE.**

**WE REPAIR PENS.**

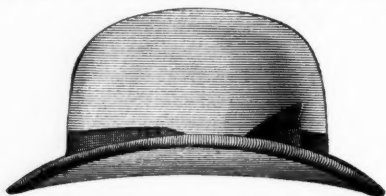
You'll Always  
Wear a

*Hawes*

if You Wear  
One Once.

1897-98

FALL AND WINTER STYLES NOW READY



*Hawes* **GUARANTEED  
HATS**

DERBIES AND SOFT HATS, \$3.00 The World  
OPERA AND SILK HATS, \$6.00 Over.

LADIES' TAILOR MADE CLOTH HATS, \$3, \$4, AND \$5.  
LADIES' ROUND, DRESS, AND OPERA HATS.

**LONG DISTANCE HAT'TERS.**

If, by chance, you live where "Hawes Hats" are not on sale, the U. S. mail enables you to get one.

Remit the price; give us your height, waist measure, and size of hat worn. State whether Stiff, Soft, Opera or Silk Hat is wanted. Expressage prepaid on all orders. Money refunded, less express charges, in all cases if hats are not satisfactory.

*Hawes Hat Company*

...NEW YORK...

BROADWAY, Cor. 13th, and BROADWAY, Cor. 30th.

**GREATEST DURABILITY. SMALLEST COST. BEST PIGMENTS.**

If you CAN know, positively, that the

### PAINT FOR YOUR HOUSE

is made with Pure Linseed Oil only, you know it will be durable and bright.

White Lead and Colors have very little to do with the durability of Paint. That is in the Linseed Oil only.

The only way to know positively that your Paint is made with Linseed Oil is to put it there yourself.



## Hammar Paint

is made of the best known Paint Pigments, such as all good painters use, and is ground THICK.

Half gallon Hammar Paint costs . . . . . 87 1-2 } \$1.10  
Mixed with half gallon Pure Linseed Oil, anywhere . . . 22 1-2 }  
Makes 1 gal. of Pure Linseed Oil Paint, ready for use, \$1.10 Per Gal

HAMMAR PAINT and Pure Linseed Oil make the best Paint, for all work, inside or out, that it is possible to make at any price. They cost 30 per cent LESS than MIXED PAINT or WHITE LEAD and are guaranteed satisfactory for 5 years. It is little trouble to mix them.

It is only a practical, common-sense principle. Our Book, "The Truth About Paints," gives full details. Send for it now! It is free! Ask your dealer for HAMMAR PAINT. If he does not keep it, don't let him sell you any other paint for his own benefit; he can't sell any paint that is better, and he will charge you more for what he sells, BUT SEND US your order, we will have it filled. Any order delivered, freight prepaid, at your depot. We will also sell you Pure Oil. F. HAMMAR PAINT CO., 1210 Spruce St., St. Louis, Mo.

# BLINDNESS PREVENTED



ALL DISEASES OF THE  
EYE CAN BE CURED  
OR RELIEVED BY

**Dr. Williams' Absorption Method**

of treating the eye and lids. **NO KNIFE and NO RISK.**

Consultation at office or by mail free. Hundreds successfully treated at their homes and at Dr. Williams' Eye Sanitarium. Descriptive pamphlet mailed free to any address.

**F. A. WILLIAMS, M. D., - 200 Columbus Avenue, - BOSTON, MASS.**



## Ladies' Tailoring

### Our Exclusive Specialty.



DURING the past fifteen years we have established a reputation second to none in manufacturing tailor-made suits, jackets, capes and skirts of perfect fit and beautiful finish at the lowest prices at which reliable goods can be sold.

### No Ready Made Goods nor Bargains

but every garment cut and made especially to order by our own methods and under the direct supervision of experienced artists, thus securing that set and style for which our garments are renowned, and at very moderate prices.

Tailor-made suits, \$5.00 up; new style jackets, \$3.00 up. Our popular embroidered or strapped seamed capes, \$2.50 up. Seven-gored skirts with full pleated or shirred back, \$3 up.

### A Great Success

We have introduced an absolutely perfect self-measuring system, which we will send free on request together with our beautifully illustrated catalogue of which the first edition of Fall and Winter goods is just out. It shows one hundred of the most attractive styles for this season's wear and also complete samples of goods. We solicit a trial order. We prepay all express charges.

**The American Cloak & Suit Co.,**  
LADIES' TAILORS,

35 E. 12th & 48-50 E. 13th St., New York City.

**\$27.50** buys this excellent "MACEY" desk (direct from the factory), freight prepaid to any point east of the Mississippi and north of Tennessee and South Carolina.

A dealer asks \$40.00 to \$50.00 for a similar desk.



No. 241.

Massively built of the choicest grained quarter-sawn white oak, richly polished. It is our latest design, and has a "made-to-order" effect not found in any ordinary desk. Notice elaborate arrangement of panels in ends (which is found in entire back also).

**OUR LIBERAL TERMS:** Any article in our entire line will be sent you "On Approval," subject to return at our expense if not considered upon receipt positively the best obtainable anywhere at so low a price as we will quote. More than ordinary quality and extremely low prices must be essential for such terms.

**THE FRED MACEY CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.**

(Art Catalogue free.)

**LETTER FILES:** COMPLETE LINE; REFINED DESIGNS. CATALOGUE FREE.

# Sozodont

FOR THE

## TEETH AND BREATH



### The Opinion of a Practising Dentist

"The popular dentifrice known as Van Buskirk's Sozodont contains ingredients that will prove of the greatest utility to the health of the mouth and teeth."

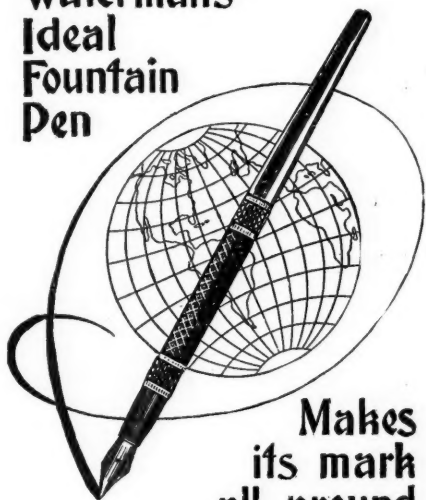
G. F. J. COLBURN, D.D.S.,  
Author of "Popular Dentistry."

He might have added with equal truth: "It has invaluable antiseptic properties."

A sample for three cents.  
P. O. Box 247, N. Y. City.

**HALL & RUCKEL,**  
New York Proprietors. London

## Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen



Makes  
its mark  
all around  
the World

Shall it make your mark also? Your money back if its mark doesn't suit you. Ask your dealer or send for Illustrated Catalogue to

**L. E. Waterman Co.,**

155 and 157 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturers in the World.  
(9, '97, MUNSEY'S.)



# FIRE!

Protect your property with a

## HERO FIRE EXTINGUISHER

Price \$15.00

delivered any express office in U. S. Holds 3 gallons Chemical fluid. Throws a stream 50 feet. Equal to 120 gallons water. Fully guaranteed. You need one. Send for catalogue. . . . .

THE BOQUE LEAD CO., - - - Denver, Colo.

# The Cycle of the Future

A Flexible Frame and

Third Wheel, doing

away with all jolts,

jars and vibration.



**Our New Gents'  
Rex**

can be ridden by a lady as well, making it a family wheel without any change.

**THE EASIEST PUSHED AND ONLY COMFORTABLE WHEEL NOW EXTANT.**

Riders claim they push an 88 gear on the **REX** easier than 68 on the Regular Safety.

Endorsed by leading physicians as the only healthful mount.

Rides as easy on Country Roads as on Asphalt Pavement. (It is in the construction.)

### Cardinal Points Epitomized:

Accidents reduced to a minimum. No jolting or jarring. Absolutely Non-Vibrating. Will stand alone when rider dismounts, or desires to repair or inflate tires. Will not slide from under the rider on a wet pavement. Rides over R. R. Crossings or curb stones without any annoyance whatever.

**Write for Printed Matter To-day.**

*Our Tandems can be turned in their own space. Think of it.*

**WE WANT GOOD AGENTS,**

**DISCOUNTS ON APPLICATION.**

**REX CYCLE CO., 84 Adams Street, CHICAGO, ILL.,**

Sole Owners and Manufacturers of the Easiest Pushed Cycles Now Known to the Cycling World.



## **PADONA** Instantly Removes **HAIR** From the Face, Superfluous . . . . Neck and Arms,

and other parts of the body, and leaves the skin white, soft, and beautiful. **Padona** is a scientific marvel. Positively the only safe and sure remedy. **Padona** is absolutely free from the injurious substances so common in remedies for the removal of superfluous hair that a child can use it freely without fear of injury. A great blessing to old and young.

**\$1,000.00 Forfeit Up. There Is No Case Where Padona Fails,**

or leaves the slightest trace of injury or discoloration of the skin. An enthusiastic purchaser writes: "I have used many preparations to remove superfluous hair on the face, without results. I sent for a box of **Padona** and now I am free from ugly hair blemishes, and it has beautified my complexion."

**Padona** has been used by thousands of persons of culture and refinement, who have used it successfully, and is absolutely guaranteed. **Padona** is sent by mail, postage paid, in safety mailing cases approved by postmasters, securely sealed, on receipt of **\$1.00 per box**. Safe delivery of your letter is insured by registering it at any Post-office. All correspondence held strictly confidential. Please cut this out, as it may not appear again. **Descriptive Booklet of Padona free.** Mention **MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.** Address **Department B.**

**The Padona Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, U. S. A. Live Agents Wanted Everywhere.**



## Rollers and Breakers

are synonymous in more ways than one. In the matter of Shade Rollers, for instance, the roller is pretty apt to be a breaker too. If you want the unbreakable kind ask for

### HARTSHORN SHADE ROLLERS

Seasoned wood, tempered steel springs and the best metal end fittings make Hartshorn Rollers perfect acting and everlasting.

**WOOD ROLLERS. TIN ROLLERS.**



## For the Hair.

Absolute Cure for Dandruff. Soothes all Irritation of the Scalp. The only preparation that makes the hair grow by nourishing the roots. Price, 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

**JOSEPH BURNETT CO.,**  
36 India Street, Boston, Mass.

*Send your address for our pamphlet on the Hair, its care and management.*



**1897 Columbias \$75.**  
**1898 Columbias \$60.**  
Hartfords \$50, \$45, \$40, \$30.

**POPE MFG. CO., HARTFORD, CONN.**  
Catalogue free from dealers or by mail for 2 ct. stamp.

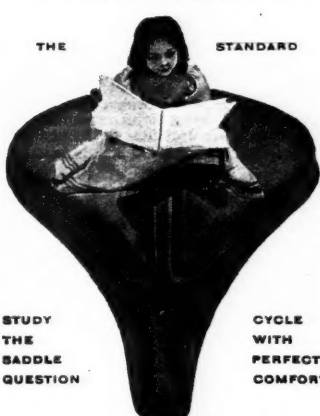
## BICYCLES

*Over one-half America's riders ride*

## Garford

### CYCLE SADDLES

THE STANDARD



STUDY  
THE  
SADDLE  
QUESTION

CYCLE  
WITH  
PERFECT  
COMFORT

*Send for Catalog and Booklet of hints on choice of a saddle. Styles to suit all.*

**GARFORD MFG. CO., ELYRA, OHIO**

# BIG PRESENTS FOR BRAINY PEOPLE **FREE**

## \$500, \$300, \$150, \$100—in all \$20,000

**YOU** Should Read Every Word in This Advertisement. { **IT IS**  
It Is Important. Do Not Miss It. { **FOR YOU.**

In these days of misleading and catch-penny advertising, we wish to impress upon your mind that this advertisement means exactly what it states. Sustained by a capital of \$200,000, we are in a position to carry out every offer made, and will refund money to any dissatisfied subscriber at any time.

The following 1,069 prizes will be given to the 1,069 persons making the greatest number of words from the letters in the word "NATIONAL." Use each letter as many times as you like in making words, but not more times than it appears in "NATIONAL" in any one word. Example: **Nat, Not, Nit, Nil, A, At, An, Ant, Tin, Ton, Tan, In, It, etc.** etc. You can use A and N twice, as in **Ann, Inn, Nation, Natal.** You can use the above words in making list. Use nothing but English; use any dictionary. **This contest closes November 20, 1897. BEGIN NOW.** Send your list when complete. No list of words received after November 20.

### Here Is the List of Prizes

1 Cash Prize.....	\$500
1 Cash Prize.....	300
1 Cash Prize.....	150
1 Cash Prize.....	100
5 Worcester Bicycles, \$100 each.....	500
10 Solid Gold Watches, \$50 each.....	500
25 Genuine Diamond Rings, \$25 each.....	625
100 Cash Prizes, \$5.00 each.....	500
200 Cash Prizes, \$3.00 each.....	600
500 Cash Prizes, \$2.00 each.....	1,000
225 Cash Prizes, \$1.00 each.....	225

1,069 PRIZES. \$5,000

### Why We Give These Prizes

We are large publishers, and to more widely introduce our beautifully illustrated monthly, **THE NATIONAL HOMESTEAD MAGAZINE**, devoted to Choice Modern Literature, The House, Garden and Kitchen, How to Obtain a Home, How to Build a House, and Furnish It at a minimum cost, and a score of other features new to the general public.

### How to Get a Prize

With your list of words you must send 25 cents, silver, postal, or express money order, or 30 cents in stamps, for a three months' subscription to the **National Homestead Magazine**. The person sending the largest list of words made from letters in the word "National" will win the \$500. The person sending the next largest, \$300; the next largest, \$150; the next, \$100; the next 5, each a Royal Worcester Bicycle, and so on until 1,069 presents are given away.

These prizes are given free and without consideration, twenty-five cents being the regular quarterly subscription price. **Word-making is a**

most fascinating and educational pastime. It is now the fad. Three prominent gentlemen, selected from three New York daily papers, will award the prizes, and certified checks will be sent to all cash prize winners. The names of the winners will be published in the next number of our great magazine immediately after the award. **There will be 1,069 who will win from \$1 to \$500. It's worth your while to try it—it costs nothing.** Our magazine alone is worth more than 25c. for three months.

### \$15,000 in Extra Presents

Besides being publishers on a large scale, we are also large owners of real estate near **Greater New York**. We build, decorate and furnish homes for the people. We own and control over \$150,000 worth of handsome residential property, subdivided into choice **villa sites, house and business lots**. Out of these we shall give \$15,000 worth to those who can make as many as 30 words from the word "NATIONAL." These are extra presents to subscribers who can make 30 words or more. No such bonafide, liberal, and genuine offer has ever been made.

**DO NOT ANSWER THIS** if you are skeptical or unbelieving. The little 25-cent pieces we shall receive for subscriptions will not pay the cost of advertising unless we can merit your confidence and retain to the end your patronage and good will. The profits ultimately made by us come from advertising patronage to a Magazine of immense circulation at rates that amply repay us many times over the amount given away in presents to subscribers.

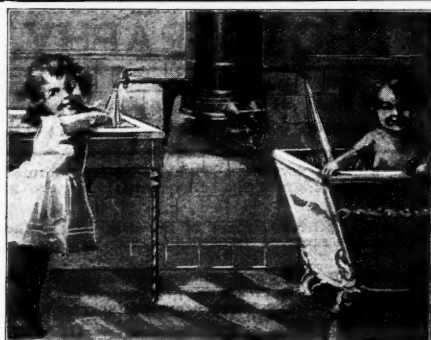
**IN CONCLUSION** we want it borne in mind that the primary object in publishing **THE NATIONAL HOMESTEAD MAGAZINE** is to present such features and attractions as will enable us to secure 100,000 new subscribers, and at the same time so educate the minds of the public at large as to enforce the belief that it is the duty of every one to own a home. The first requisite is the land. Our plan for those who acquire a homesite free is without a parallel in the history of the publishing business. And at the same time through the plans and specifications furnished free in **THE NATIONAL HOMESTEAD MAGAZINE** we show how to build houses costing from \$500 to \$5,000 and to furnish the same down to the minutest detail from the kitchen to the garret at a saving of from 25 to 40 per cent.

Always bear in mind that the man or woman who owns a home paid for is not only in a position to absolutely make life worth the living, but that the achievement is an encouragement to humanity in general.

The home-building and house-furnishing feature of this Magazine is alone worth many times the amount of the subscription price. **We invite all to enter this contest.** An opportunity like this will not occur again. **DO NOT MISS IT.** As to our responsibility we refer to any Mercantile Agency, or if you have friends in the city have them call and investigate. Remit in silver, postal or express money order, or registered letter. Address

**THE NATIONAL HOMESTEAD MAGAZINE, 206-208 Broadway, New York.**





## The Daily Bath's a Pleasure

If you can have water just the temperature desired always at hand. Light the

### Lightning Gas or Gasoline Heater

and warm water will be ready for you as soon as you are ready for your bath. A continuous stream, any temperature up to 190 degrees Fahrenheit. The heater is made of copper, handsomely designed and lacquered—a real ornament. It is scientifically made—no lost heat—economical, cleanly, odorless, safe and simply operated.

Beautiful Booklet Free.

The Horix Manufacturing Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

## SAVE \$8 to \$20

on Your Suit or Overcoat.

If you want to be well dressed, wear our Merchant Tailor Made Clothes. Made to order in any style.

**\$10 Suit or Overcoat**

made to your measure, equal to any tailor's \$18 garment.

**ALL WOOL GOODS.**

**SUITS AND OVERCOATS** from \$10 to \$30 equal to those made elsewhere from \$18 to \$50.

**TROUSERS** from \$3.50 to \$8.

On higher priced goods the saving is in proportion.

**Have Your Clothes Made by Us**

and save the difference. We do our business by mail for cash, saving expense of traveling men, expensive store rent, and buying the finest selections of woolsens and trimmings in large lots. Every garment made to order, fit guaranteed Sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination and trying on before you pay for them. **WE PAY EXPRESS CHARGES.** New Fall and Winter catalogue with samples, fashion plate and tape measure sent free.

**KRAMER & CO.,** Sept. 5,  
American Express Bldg., CHICAGO.



## 48 Choice Winter FLOWERING BULBS for 25c

in silver or 27 one-c. stamps to introduce my Nurseries and Magazine into new families. My offers are famous for their liberality, having made mine the largest mail order seed and bulb house in the world, but this offer surpasses every offer ever made by me in the past:

**HYACINTH**, bright red; fine for forcing.  
**TULIP**, La Reine, early; white, then pink.  
**TULIP**, double; late; yellow rose.  
**NARCISSUS**, Polyanthus, elegant scented.  
**JONQUIL**, pure yellow; good forcing.  
**CROCUS**, Cloth of Gold, yellow; early.  
**CROCUS**, Reine Blanche, pure white.  
**SCILLA SIBERICA**, bright, intense blue.

All the above bulbs, forty-eight in all, sent neatly packed and postpaid, also catalogue of full line of choicest bulbs and 6 months' trial subscription to my bright, new, Illustrated Magazine, if you send only 25c. silver or 27 one-c. stamps. Bulbs guaranteed true to name and color, 5 full collections and sub's for \$1. Club with friends and get yours FREE, with extras. I treat you liberally. L. N. CUSHMAN, the Bulb and Seedman, Winthrop Sq. BOSTON, Mass.

## NO KNIFE. BLINDNESS PREVENTED! NO RISK.

**The Absorption Treatment "A Heaven Sent Blessing." No Waiting to be Blind.**

THE NEW YORK OBSERVER says: "Among the grateful patients we find the Rev. B. N. Palmer, D. D., of New Orleans, La., well known to our readers. Dr. Palmer, some two years ago, noticed his eyesight failing, and consulted Dr. Knapp, of New York, and Dr. Pope of New Orleans, who diagnosed the case as atrophy. After being under treatment for one year they pronounced his case hopeless, and further treatment was abandoned. On July 24, 1896, one eye being nearly sightless and the other failing, he consulted E. H. Bemis, Eye Specialist of the Glens Falls, N. Y., Sanitarium, remarking that he had 'nothing to lose and a great deal to gain,' as cataracts were forming which would make blindness sure, and the little sight left was only available with the aid of a strong magnifying glass. On September 7, six weeks after commencing the absorption treatment, the strong lens had been laid aside, and the glasses, discarded years ago, now enabled him to read again, to the great surprise of himself and friends."

Dr. PALMER says: "His theory is rational, based upon the self-restoring power of Nature herself. Medicine cures only by rousing a peccant organ to the performance of its duty, when disease is thrown off and the patient recovers. The eye, he thinks, should form no exception. His aim, therefore, is to stimulate the eye, promote its secretions and increase the circulation, thus REVITALIZING the eye and enabling it to fulfil its functions. IT THROWS OFF ALL THE TROUBLES AND REPAIRS ITS OWN WASTE. His method is simple, safe, and in no way unpleasant."

A. B. COLVIN, State Treasurer of New York and a resident of Glens Falls, writes: "The history of the Bemis Sanitarium and its advance by marvelous strides is due to Edward H. Bemis, Eye Specialist, whose marvelous success makes his name familiar to thousands all over the United States and in many foreign lands, and God speed him."

**Pamphlet free, explaining the cause of impaired vision and diseased eyes. Their treatment at home by mail, or at our Sanitarium, by the absorption treatment, which has given relief to thousands becoming blind.**

Bemis Antiseptic Eye Drops will give immediate relief to weak or diseased eyes and lids. Trial size 50 cents. Regular size \$1.00 by mail with instructions for use. Address,

**BEMIS SANITARIUM,**

**Glens Falls, N. Y.**

In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.

# IT HAS SIMPLIFIED PHOTOGRAPHY.

These are the Devices *"The Adlake" Superior* that make

*The Adlake Plate Holder*, has proved a revelation. Tight as a secret. Shuts like a watch-case. Light tight. Dust proof. Easy to manipulate. 12 with each camera.

*The Adlake Lens* is extra rapid, single achromatic and of universal focus. The lens holder can be instantly removed for cleaning lens.

*The Adlake Shutter* is simplicity itself. Is easily and quickly regulated. Has no projecting levers. Nothing to break off, give out, or get lost. The diaphragm has three stops. No concussion, no noise; adjustable for time or instantaneous work. Perfect in every way.

THE...

## ADLAKE CAMERA

{ COMPLETE WITH 12 LIGHT-TIGHT METAL PLATE HOLDERS. Prepaid to any part of the United States for } **\$12.00**

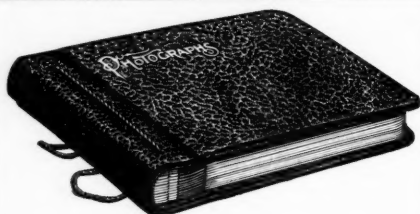
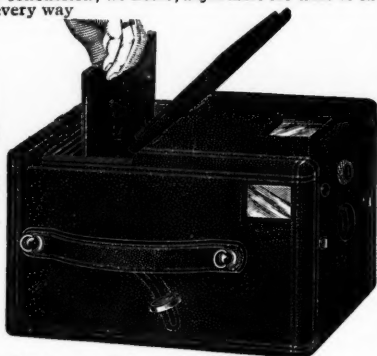
Can be loaded and adjusted in broad daylight. Takes 12 glass-plate pictures at one loading. Cuts clear, sharp picture to edge of plate. No "extras". Get your plates anywhere. Standard size, 4x5 inches. Has two finders. Two tripod sockets. Elegantly covered with seal grain leather.

Ask your photo stock dealer to get you an "Adlake" for inspection.

Our "Adlake Camera Book" tells all about it. Free for the asking.

Sample mounted photograph 5 cents in stamps.

**The Adams & Westlake Company, 120 Ontario Street, Chicago.**



## The NEW Gilson Adjustable Album . .

ADJUSTABLE  
COVERS.  
INTERCHANGEABLE  
LEAVES.

### For PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS.

The only Album that fits Collections of all sizes, employing **FROM 1 TO 48 LEAVES.**

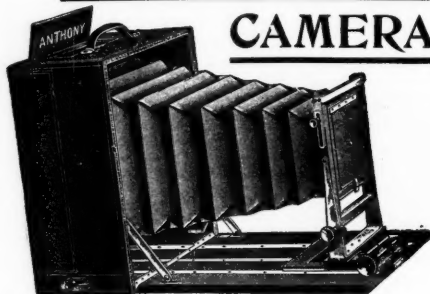
This is the album for the amateur photographer and photograph collector. There are no disappointing blank leaves. It can be expanded or contracted at will by simply loosening a silk cord. Equally adapted to large home collections, or small collections to be given as presents. All styles and sizes of leaves and bindings.

**PRICES, 80 CENTS TO \$5.00.**

MANUFACTURED BY THE F. H. GILSON COMPANY, BOSTON.

For sale by all Photo Supply Dealers, Booksellers, and Stationers. Send for Catalogue M.

## THE MARLBOROUGH CAMERA



### REVERSIBLE SWING BACK RISING AND SWING FRONT

**5 x 7**, fitted with Rapid Rectilinear Lens, B. & L. Shutter, and Two Double Holders, **\$60.**  
**8 x 10**, without lens and shutter, **50.** *Send for Free Illustrated Booklet.*  
**6 1/2 x 8 1/4**, **45.**  
**5 x 7**, **35.**

**Send for Free Pamphlet of \$5 and \$8 Cameras**

**Catalogue** of all kinds of cameras and all requisites for photography mailed on application. **Free.**

We recommend **CLIMAX DRY PLATES.** They are quick to amateurs and reliable.

The INTERNATIONAL ANNUAL, Vol. IX., 100 illustrations, 80 practical articles on photography, now ready. Price, 75 cents; postage, 15 cents.

**E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,**  
**591 Broadway, New York.**

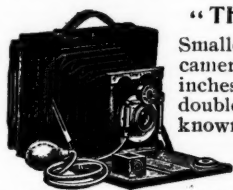
**\$6,205.00** to be **GIVEN AWAY** absolutely **FREE** by  
**IN GOLD** **The COLUMBIAN**  
 and over **1,500 PRIZES**  
 that are attractive to all to further introduce the magazine into new families.

**THE COLUMBIAN** to-day has the largest circulation of any publication in this territory except the *Youth's Companion*. At our present rate we shall soon pass it. Our last contest for the largest list of words from the nine letters in the word **COLUMBIAN** proved highly successful. The full list of prize winners was published in a recent issue. We now offer hundreds of valuable and attractive prizes to those who can form the greatest number of words from the twelve letters in the two words **T-H-E C-O-L-U-M-B-I-A-N**. Here are samples: The, tan, tea, can, calm, cabin, am, aim, bin, lamb, etc. Every person who makes a list of fifteen words or more will receive a prize. You can think up words with the help given you above. **RULES:** English words only; use no letter more than once in any one word; use words spelled alike but once; use any legitimate word, including proper nouns, pronouns, prefixes, suffixes. The person sending in the largest number of words made from the twelve letters in the words **THE COLUMBIAN** will receive \$100, the second \$50, the two next \$10 each, the two next a fine Bicycle each, the four next \$5 each, the 100 next a \$3 Komet Camera each, the 500 next a life subscription to **THE COLUMBIAN**, five next a good American Watch each, ten next \$1 each, next 1,000 each an extra year's subscription to **THE COLUMBIAN**.

**SPECIAL!** In addition to the above grand prizes we shall give away absolutely free hundreds of dollars worth of **PRIZE BUDGETS** to all who send lists of fifteen words or more. **PRIZE BUDGETS** sent, all charges prepaid, same day as lists are received. Grand Prizes will be awarded as soon as possible after close of contest, which will be on Christmas Eve, and list of winners published in first possible issue thereafter. **REMEMBER**, every contestant sending a list of fifteen words or more will receive by immediate return a **PRIZEBUDGET**, consisting of book of over seventy novels and stories by most popular authors, a score of late songs, with words and music, a great collection of jokes, magic tricks, puzzles, parlor games, cooking and money making receipts, secrets of toilet, How to Tell Fortunes, Dictionary of Dreams, etc., etc. Entertainment for months to come.

**To Enter the Contest** you must send 25c. stamps, for six months trial subscription, with your list of words. Every person sending a subscription with list of fifteen words or more will receive **THE COLUMBIAN** six months, a **PRIZE BUDGET** free, sent same day list is received, and a **Grand Prize** according to length of list. We guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Any publisher or bank in this city can be referred to as to our reliability. We make these offers to thoroughly establish **THE COLUMBIAN** as a National Literary success. Make up your list at once and send 25c. silver or 27 one-c. stamps. Address **THE COLUMBIAN, 13, 15, 17 Otis St., Boston, Mass.**

## Take pictures on your wheel with the Baby Wizard



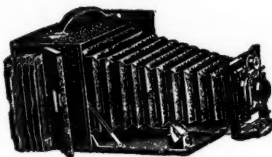
### "THE LADIES' PET."

Smallest and strongest 4 x 5 camera in the world, only 2 3/8 inches thick, has our best double lens, together with all known improvements; can be carried in any valise or satchel in travelling.

Don't fail to take the "**BABY WIZARD**" with you on your trip.

Did you get a catalogue of the "Baby Wizard"? If not send for one and see our new \$5.00 Camera.

Also see the **BO-PEEP C.** Camera, with the extra long bellows extension, especially arranged for long distance views and portrait photography.



EVERYTHING PERTAINING TO PHOTOGRAPHY FURNISHED AT LOWEST PRICES.

New catalogue mailed free if you mention Munsey's.

**MANHATTAN OPTICAL CO., OF N. Y.**  
 Factory and Executive Offices:  
**CRESSKILL, N. J.**

Eastman's No. 2 Eureka Camera is a simple instrument for use with glass plates. Makes pictures 3 1/2 x 3 1/2 inches, and has space in back for three double plate holders.

Fitted with fixed focus achromatic lens, which is carefully tested by our own expert. Safety shutter for time or instantaneous exposures, set of three stops, view finder and socket for tripod screw. Covered with fine leather and made with that careful attention to detail which characterizes all of the Eastman Products. Without trappy attachments or clumsy attempt at a "magazine"—no changing bag, no complicated mechanism.

Price No. 2 Eureka Camera, with one double plate holder, \$4.00  
 " Extra Double Plate Holders, each, .75  
 " Eastman's Extra Rapid Dry Plates, 3 1/2 x 3 1/2, per doz., .85

For sale by all dealers. Booklet of Eureka and Bicycle Kodaks free at agencies or by mail.

**Eastman Kodak Co.**  
**Rochester, N. Y.**



These brands in red rubber mark the highest grade Pebble Tread VIM Tires. None other genuine without them.

**BOSTON WOVEN HOSE & RUBBER CO.,**

Boston, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Denver, St. Louis, San Francisco, Toronto, Can., London, Eng.



**30,000**

**"QUAD CAMERAS"**

in use, and

**EVERY ONE A WINNER.**

Price **\$5.00**

Makes a Perfect Picture nearly as large as a half page of this magazine.

It is the only **COMPLETE PLATE CAMERA** in the market.

Others charge you extra for Plateholders, but **we give you the "Quad"** and four Plateholders **complete for \$5.00.**

Every one guaranteed.

Pictures can be made without drawing a slide or opening a box.

It is the only absolutely new Invention. All others are old styles revived after having failed years ago.

Keep up with the Times and buy a **"QUAD."** Fullest instructions with each one. Its manipulation is as easy as opening and shutting a door. 50 per cent. of the exposures on films are failures.

Use Glass Plates in the **"QUAD"** and have success every time.

Send two 1c. stamps for booklet and Sample Picture, before buying a Camera, to

**EDWARD G. CONE, Manufacturer,**

**811 Champlain Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.**

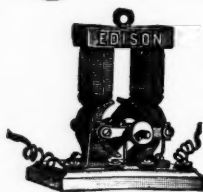
**E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,** 591 Broadway, N. Y., Eastern Trade Agents.

**CALIFORNIA CAMERA CO.,** 22 Geary St., San Francisco, Pacific Coast Agents.

## The 4 Leading Electric Novelties



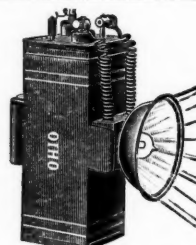
Necktie Light.



Dollar Motor.



\$3 Necktie Light.



Bicycle Light.

*We undersell all on Everything Electrical*

**OHIO ELECTRIC WORKS, Cleveland, O.**

HEADQUARTERS FOR ELECTRIC NOVELTIES.

AGENTS WANTED.

SEND FOR NEW CATALOGUE, JUST OUT

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POPULARITY

# CAMERAS

They give the most for the money and make perfect pictures. 4 x 5 inches.

Corrected achromatic lense. Universal in focus. Sample picture and catalogue mailed for 5 cents.

**EASTERN OFFICE:**  
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NEW YORK CITY.

**WESTERN CAMERA MFG. CO.,**  
85 Adams Street, Chicago.

*In answering any advertisement on this page it is desirable that you mention MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE.*





SNAP SHOT, TAKEN WITH THE \$5.00 VIVE.

Thousands Certify That

## VIVE \$5.00 Cameras

Lead Everywhere.

Each \$5.00 instrument will expose **12 Glass Plates** or **50 Cut Films**, 4 1/4 x 4 1/4, or any size under, **without reloading**, while our \$7.50 Vive will expose double the number of the same size of each. The \$5.00 includes 12 Metal Combination and Reducing Glass Plate and Cut Film Holders. Avoid buying a Camera where the required additional Glass Plate Holders alone double the advertised price, and then you cannot carry them in the Camera. Size 4 1/4 x 5 x 7 1/4. Handsomely covered, with **heavy, black, seal stamped leather**.

**Large, brilliant, centered, square finder.**

**New 1897 3 time Pneumatic Finger Release Shutter. Nothing equal to it.**

1897 VIVES also in 4x5 and 5x7 sizes, also same sizes in the best and cheapest **folding cameras** made.

**Every camera guaranteed to take as good Photos as "sample pictures" mailed.**

Examination allowed at Express Office.

**Before buying any other** send 2-cent stamp for 1897 Art Catalogue, containing sample pictures; or 3 cents extra for finely embossed mounted photograph.

**VIVE CAMERA COMPANY,**

HOME OFFICE,  
153 LA SALLE ST., CHICAGO.

N. Y. OFFICE, 621 BROADWAY.

BOSTON OFFICE, 145A TREMONT ST.

## "I have had Success from the Start"

is the expression of our amateur friends that have obtained the **Baby Hawk-Eye.**

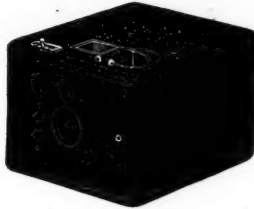
The reason is this:—The "Baby" is a high-grade camera on a small scale, so constructed that a child can readily understand the method of making exposures.

By the use of our **Sunlight film** this camera can be safely loaded and unloaded in broad daylight, and this advantage, together with its compactness, endorses the Baby Hawk-Eye as the leader for the tourist's use.

Send for catalogue giving description of all kinds of cameras.

**The Blair Camera Co., Mfrs.,**

22 Randolph St., Boston, Mass.

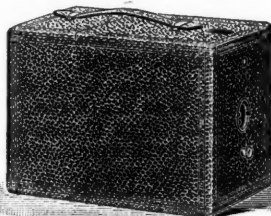


Dimensions, 2 1/4 x 3 1/4 x 4 in.

Weight, 7 oz.

Capacity, 12 exposures.

## RAY CAMERAS are now made in FOUR sizes and EIGHT different styles.



THEY are the simplest cameras on the market to manipulate, and one can learn to make photographs quicker with the **RAY** and at less expense than with any other camera ever offered to the amateur.

**SEEING IS BELIEVING.** Ask your dealer to show you the **RAY**, and a glance will convince you.

There is no **key** or "coat" **sleeve** to be used in making a photograph with one of the **RAY** cameras.

They are the only cameras in the **world** that use the **new patent plate holders**, which are the lightest, most compact, and cheapest on the market.

Every camera is thoroughly tested before leaving our factory. Drop us a postal and we will send you our **new catalogue**.

**MUTSCHLER, ROBERTSON & CO., - Rochester, N. Y.**

# HOW IT WORKS

THE HAMMERLESS  
SAFETY  
REVOLVER

SMITH  
AND  
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13 STOCKBRIDGE ST.  
SPRINGFIELD,  
MASS. U.S.A.



- A. SAFETY LEVER.
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12 DIFFERENT STYLES.....  
.....SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

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about your cycling achievements unless a . . .



*Veeder*

**CYCLOMETER**

is on your  
Wheel.....



The Veeder has banished all other forms of Cyclometer, and its success has aroused imitations that resemble it only in appearance. Be sure your purchase bears the name that assures perfection—**VEEDER.**



Actual  
Size.

PRICE \$1.50.  
Weight, 1 oz.

**DUST-PROOF.  
WATER-PROOF.  
POSITIVELY  
ACCURATE.**

AT ALL DEALERS.  
Booklet Free.

**VEEDER MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.**

# SPECIAL OFFER!

A \$55.00 Guaranteed Machine for Only **\$18.50**

Try It  
**FREE**



Buy Direct  
From Manufacturers.  
Save Agents Large Profits.

On receipt of \$18.50, we will ship this New High Arm, High-Grade

**"Arlington"**

SEWING MACHINE anywhere, and prepay all freight charges to any railway station east of Rocky Mountains. Money refunded if not as represented after 30 days test trial. We will ship C.O.D. with privilege of 20 days trial on receipt of \$5.00, Oak

A first-class machine and a reliable arm.

Style No. 15

or walnut. Light-running, noiseless; adapted for light or heavy work, self-threading shuttle, self-setting needle, automatic bobbin-winder, and complete set of best attachments free. **TEN YEAR'S WRITTEN WARRANTY.** If you prefer 30 days' trial before paying, send for large illustrated CATALOGUE, with Testimonials, explaining fully how we ship sewing machines anywhere, to anyone, at lowest manufacturers' prices without asking one cent in advance. We are headquarters and have all makes and kinds in stock from cheapest to the best. Over 52 different styles. High-Arm "Arlington King" machines \$14.00 and \$16.50, guaranteed better than machines sold by others at \$19.00 to \$23.00. We also sell new sewing machines at \$13.00, \$10.50 and... **\$8.00** We will sell you a better machine for the same money or the same machine for less money than you can buy elsewhere.

**REFERENCES—First National Bank, Chicago, Dun's or Bradstreet's Commercial Reports.** This special offer is made to introduce our machines and make new customers. Write to-day. Address (in full)

**CASH BUYERS' UNION,**  
158-164 W. Van Buren St., Dept. A-113, CHICAGO, ILL.

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AN HONEST LAMP IN EVERY PART.

Absolutely without a rival. Its Interchangeable Grip Hanger, readily attached to either fork or head of wheel, enables light to be thrown from any angle; and it is impossible to blow or jar it out.

Gives Light that **IS** Light.  
Protected by Patents.



Height, 5 1/4 in.  
Weight, 17 oz.

**SURPASSES ALL OTHERS IN ITS  
REVERSIBLE RESERVOIR.  
CLEANLINESS; No Leak or Sweat.  
CONVENIENCE: Lights on Either Side.  
CONSTRUCTION: Solid Brass Throughout.  
Glass Protectors to Reflecting Surfaces.**

**EDWARD MILLER & CO.**  
FACTORIES AND GENERAL OFFICE, MERIDEN, CONN.  
STORES: { 28-30 West Broadway, New York.  
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## The Aeolian

To conduct an orchestra, to direct the playing of a body of trained musicians so that each will play at the proper time, with correct expression, does not necessarily require a technical mastery of any musical instrument. The conductor, himself, plays no instrument; he indicates by means of a baton when and how each instrument shall be played; but it would be possible for a man to be a competent conductor and yet be entirely unable to perform on any of the instruments comprising his orchestra.

The Aeolian is a Parlor Orchestra. The performer on the Aeolian is the conductor. Like the leader of an orchestra, he does not require technical skill. All that is required is a love of music.

Each piece of music for the Aeolian is marked with simple instructions showing the changes of tempo and expression as they occur. All the principal orchestral instruments—Violins, Flutes, Clarinets, etc., are represented by stops. These

are controlled by the player. A person totally without musical skill or knowledge can learn to play the Aeolian within a week, and play it well.

Aeolians as low as \$75.00; from that to \$750.00. Aeolian Orchestrells, from \$1,500.00 to \$2,500.00. Aeolian Pipe Organs, for churches, from \$2,500.00 upward. Aeolian Pipe Orchestras, for private homes and music rooms, from \$2,500.00 upward.

A new piano, "The Aëriol," played in the same manner as the Aeolian. Catalogues upon application.

*The Aeolian Company, No. 18 West 23d Street,  
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THE M. STEINERT & SONS CO., 162 Boylston St.

**PHILADELPHIA:**  
C. J. HEPPE & SON, 1117 Chestnut St.

**CHICAGO:**  
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## Like the Fashion Plates

Remember that all the leading dressmakers use genuine **Fibre Chamois** for interlining their creations, as it is the only interlining that can be depended upon to keep materials in desired shape under all conditions.

It is important that you get the genuine

## Fibre Chamois

GENUINE HAS "FIBRE CHAMOIS" STAMPED ON EVERY YARD.

**Fibre Chamois** should always be cut the exact size of the goods and be sewn up in the seams with the material. Gather or pleat just as you would the material alone.

**Fibre Chamois** is absolutely uncrushable, yet is delightfully light and pliant.

**Be Careful** that you get the proper weight:

No. 10, for silks and light materials; No. 20, for heavier goods; No. 30, in place of canvas.

Sole Selling Agents:

**J. W. GODDARD & SONS, 98-100 Bleecker St., New York.**

**LATEST PARISIAN SKIRT PATTERN**  
will be mailed free to Dressmakers  
sending business card to

**AMERICAN FIBRE CHAMOIS CO.,**  
412 TEMPLE COURT, NEW YORK.



"Now, Friday, we're in luck! This will complete your education in civilized cooking. A salad is the culmination of the culinary art; and Durkee's Dressing is perfection."—*Robinson Crusoe, Chapter 49.*

Send for FREE booklet on "Salads: How to Make and to Use Them," giving many valuable and novel recipes for Salads, Sandwiches, Sauces, etc.

E. R. Durkee & Co., 127 Water Street, New York.



**CHEW**  
**Beeman's**  
**THE**  
**ORIGINAL**

# Pepsin Gum

A DELICIOUS REMEDY FOR  
INDIGESTION AND SEA-SICKNESS

All others are imitations.



## DO YOU KNOW

that we make a fine, pure, fragrant smoke, one that you will relish as much as the highest-priced, for less than the cost of a poor cigar. Just try

## Dominoes

**The Finest Hand Made Stogie Cigar.**

A combination of fine Natural Leaf Tobaccos, long filler, absolutely pure, no artificial flavors. A mild, rich, mellow flavor that means good tobacco, a smoke of which every whiff is a treat. And then you can make considerable saving in your cigar bill. If your dealer don't keep them we will send

100 for \$2.00.

Prepaid, anywhere in the United States.  
Sample box (12) to any address, 30c postpaid.  
**EMPIRE TOBACCO CO., Wheeling, W.Va.**



11½ x 11½ x 15 in. high.



"The Baby," \$1.50.

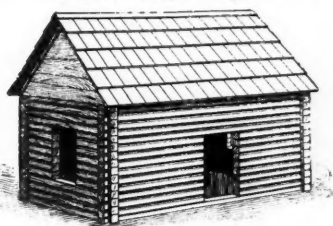
## Continual Amusement for Boys and Girls

Built of miniature logs,  
shingle roof—  
watertight.

"The Kid" supplied with floor, door,  
and window sash for \$3.00 extra.

Delivered to any point east of the Mississippi River and  
north of the Ohio. Half rates allowed to other points.

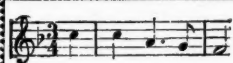
6 ft. x 4 ft. x 5½ ft. high.



"The Kid," price \$15.00.

CASH OR REFERENCE MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER.

H. C. UNDERWOOD MFG. CO., = = = Wabash, Ind.



## Music and fried oysters

have very little in  
common, yet for  
years the makers  
of music boxes  
have put up tunes  
a dozen or half-  
dozen in a box,  
pretty much as  
though they were  
fried oysters.  
There can be no  
satisfaction in an  
instrument con-  
structed that way.  
When the tunes  
grow old and the  
oysters cold, you  
relish one about as  
little as the other.  
The...



## REGINA MUSIC BOX

is a radical departure from old-time music boxes. It is not a box  
of tunes that cannot be changed and must always be ground out  
in the same order. It has no delicately adjusted cylinder to be  
constantly getting out of order, or little wire bristles to bend and  
break off. It doesn't play slower and slower, until the last bars of  
a two-step are played with 30-second intervals between notes.  
When you get a Regina Music Box you get an instrument that is  
very simple in construction and strongly made, that will play  
**A THOUSAND TUNES** in any order you like with perfect  
expression, and will keep the right tempo to the last note. Prices  
from \$7 to \$70. At all music dealers.

REGINA MUSIC BOX CO., RAHWAY, N. J.



Sweetest in Tone. **STELLA** Best in Quality.

The STELLA MUSIC BOX plays any  
number of tunes by means of metallic tune  
sheets, without pins or projections. It is the  
only music box capable of rendering music  
with expression, and compares favorably with  
the piano in quality of tone. No home should  
be without it. Write for catalogue.

JACOT & SON,

39 Union Square, N. Y. Dept. P.

F. W. KALDENBERG'S SONS, 2 & 4 E. 17th St., cor. 5th Ave.  
NEW YORK.

MANUFACTURERS OF

## Fine Meerschaum and Briar Pipes

THIS cut represents one of our most desirable French Briar Pipes; it is  
"Perfection" in every respect. Very easily cleaned and cannot get out  
of order. The amber is simply pushed into the aperture and slightly turned,  
so as to wedge it in position. We will forward this prepaid, delivery guaran-  
teed, to any part of the world on receipt of **One Dollar**, which is one-half the  
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fine leather case, for \$4.00.



BEST FRENCH BRIAR. STERLING SILVER BAND. AMBER MOUTHPIECE.

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**That  
Buoyant  
Pose**

that tells of perfect freedom is natural to all who wear

**Ypsilanti  
Under-  
wear**

The wonderful comfort of a one piece perfect fitting suit that never loses its shape, but yields to the body's slightest sway, will only be understood when you have tried Ypsilanti garments.

Sold in all cities and large towns. Booklet free.

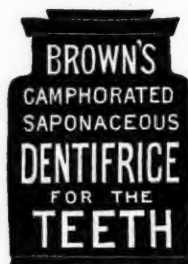
**Hay & Todd Mfg. Co., - Ypsilanti, Mich.**

*"Never rip and never tear,  
Ypsilanti underwear."*

[L. & T. CHL.]

**B&O**

**Solid Trains  
TO  
all Points  
WEST**



**The Best Toilet Luxury as a Dentifrice  
in the World.**

**To Cleanse and Whiten the Teeth,  
To Remove Tartar from the Teeth,  
To Sweeten the Breath and Preserve  
the Teeth,**

**To Make the Gums Hard and Healthy,**

**Use Brown's** Camphorated  
Saponaceous **Dentifrice.**

**Price, Twenty-five Cents a Jar.**

**For Sale Everywhere.**



**EVERY WEEK  
EXCURSIONS  
PERSONALLY CONDUCTED**

Through from Boston to

**CALIFORNIA**

These parties travel in Pullman Tourist Sleeping Cars, which are furnished with every comfort and convenience. The route is over the Boston & Albany, New York Central, and Michigan Central Rys.

**VIA NIAGARA FALLS**

thence to Chicago, and by the Burlington Route to Denver. From Denver the ride over the

**DENVER & RIO GRANDE RAILWAY**

is the most beautiful in America. It is across the Rocky Mountains of Colorado to

**SALT LAKE CITY.**

For particulars address

**T. A. GRADY,**  
EXCURSION MANAGER,  
211 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

**W. J. O'MEARA,**  
NEW ENG. PASS'R AGENT,  
306 Washington St., Boston, Mass



# The Emerson

## SHOES

"Finest in the World" is not too much to say of them. Elegant, staunch, and perfect fitting. Some up-to-date features are their Pratt Fasteners, "Neverbreak" laces, Non-squeaking (and damp proof) soles, and fast color eyelets. Sold only in the 28 Emerson stores in 22 cities, and by mail.

Send for Catalogue "A."

R. B. GROVER & CO., Makers, BROCKTON, MASS.

## From the Land of the Kangaroo

Where Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption are Unknown.

# "HYOMEI" Nature's Own Remedy

It creates the same conditions in the atmosphere of your home as found in that distant land. The first and only treatment for diseases of the respiratory organs ever endorsed by the medical profession.

Physicians have found in "Hyomei" the only germicide which kills the bacilli of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption. They have also discovered that the **Australian Dry Air Treatment** is the only way by which all the diseased parts of the head, throat and lungs can be reached and cured. So positive of this have they become that not *one* physician in good standing in medical society can be found today who will advertise to treat these diseases by the old methods—sprays, douches, atomizers or steam vapors—all *such treatments* being considered worthless, as moisture of any kind cannot enter the bronchial tubes or lungs. Not only this, they have proved positively dangerous, as nine out of every ten persons who suffer from deafness and loss of sense of taste and smell, can trace the beginning of these afflictions to the time when they commenced the use of such barbarous methods of treating the delicate air passages.

## "HYOMEI" Cures by Inhalation.

It is the **one** treatment endorsed by the physicians. It is the **one** treatment which does not require the use of sprays and atomizers. It is the **one** treatment which the manufacturers have enough confidence in to guarantee.

It is **Nature's own remedy**. Taken with the **air you breathe**, it reaches **all** the parts affected, killing the disease germs of **Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness, Coughs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Rose Cold and Hay Fever** at once, and bringing such relief to the sufferer as can be obtained in no other way.

There is no danger, no risk. **Your money is refunded if it fails to relieve.**

"Hyomei" Inhaler Outfit, \$1.00. Extra Bottles "Hyomei," 50c. "Hyomei" Balm, a wonderful healer, 25c. **Sold by all druggists or sent by mail.**

**R. T. BOOTH & CO., 23 East 20th Street, New York.**

Price reduced from \$1.50 to 50 cents for the set.

# "DERRINGFORTH"

By FRANK A. MUNSEY.

"DERRINGFORTH" is a story of today—a story that bears on a problem that every young woman must consider; a problem that every mother should consider. The *Book Buyer* calls it "sweet and true in sentiment, and told in a natural and effective manner."

"Derringforth" is published in two volumes, handsomely bound in cloth. Heretofore it has sold at \$1.50, but in order to make all our books uniform in price, it will now sell at 50 cents for the set.



JUST READY.—Price 25 Cents.

# "UNDER FIRE"

By FRANK A. MUNSEY.

THIS was Mr. Munsey's first long story. It was published in THE ARGOSY in 1885, at a time when there was little cash in the treasury with which to buy stories—and *stories we had to have*. It was written at night, after the long day's work in the business office and editorial rooms. "Business office and editorial rooms," by the way, sounds well, but as a matter of fact they were all one in those days, and a very inexpensive one at that.

The story took the place of one for which we would have had to pay \$500, a sum that went a long way in keeping THE ARGOSY afloat.

"Under Fire" was so well received that soon after its publication had been completed, Mr. Munsey began another serial in THE ARGOSY entitled "Afloat in a Great City," which was quickly followed by "The Boy Broker." Of the two latter books we shall say something in succeeding issues of MUNSEY'S.

In 1889, "Under Fire" was published in book form at \$2—and at this price ran through five editions. It has been out of print several years, owing to the failure of its publishers and the legal complications that followed. We have just succeeded in acquiring control of the plates, but instead of issuing an edition from them, we have made a brand new set, and now publish the book at 25 cents instead of \$2 as formerly. It is uniform in size with the series of cloth books we are now issuing at this marvelously low price—such books as other houses issue at from \$1.00 to \$1.50.

"Under Fire" is for sale by book dealers or will be mailed, post paid, on receipt of price by the publisher.

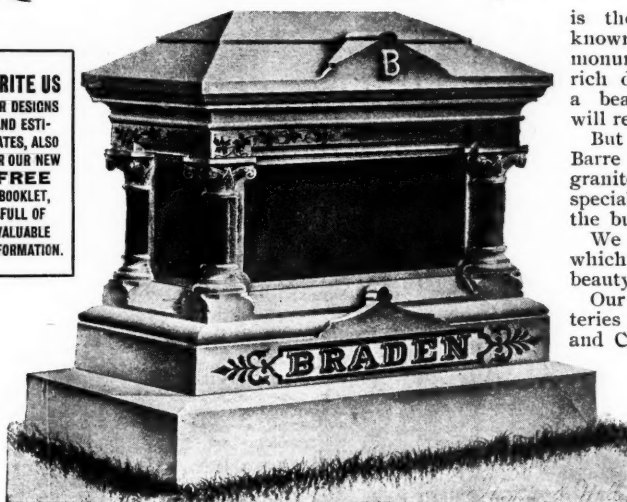


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sable in every  
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**RELIABLE, WATERPROOF, SOFT  
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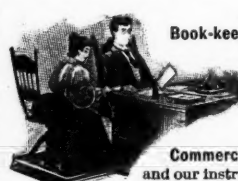
To see or not to see, that is the question. Whether 'tis better far to drive the nimble keys & unseen impressions make; Or to refuse, utter a demand and claim the visibility of work that greets the sight.



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steel, blades hand-forged, tested and warranted for 6 months to be free from defects.  
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make irritable people. A food that is nourishing and that does not cloy the appetite is

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THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL COMPOUND.

After careful research and successful experiments we have scientifically compounded a Formula that will PREVENT and CURE APPENDICITIS. This Formula is endorsed by eminent Physicians and Surgeons for the purpose it is intended, and treatments by this Formula have been highly successful.

The *Appendix*, unlike other organs of the human system, is inactive, hence it is more susceptible to collecting and retaining undigested matter.

At Druggists or mail, postpaid, per box,  
(80 Pink Tablets),

Send for Booklet, "APPENDICURA."

**\$1.00.**

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**Appendicura**  
TRADE MARK REGD.

A DISSOLVENT AND DIGESTANT.

"A Pink Tablet."

APPENDICURA with its active parts regulates the Bowels and cleanses the Stomach, Bladder and *Appendix*; dissolves and eliminates lime deposits and faecal concretions; washes and cleanses the inactive parts; keeps the Kidneys and Bladder free from Stone and Gravel.

It aids digestion. It allays inflammation of the Bowels, Stomach, Bladder, and the *Appendix*; allows no accumulation of *pus* or impure matter in the

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APPENDICURA is a mineral compound in tablet form, and to be taken in a glass of water, making a delightful and refreshing effervescent drink. It is a BOON TO TRAVELERS and TOURISTS who are constantly experiencing CHANGE OF WATER and COOKING OF FOODS.

N.B.—We do not claim or guarantee to cure *Appendicitis* in severe or acute cases where the use of the surgeon's knife is inevitable. But we do claim to PREVENT and CURE incipient cases. We, however, INVITE TRIAL of APPENDICURA in acute cases BEFORE CONSENTING TO THE SURGICAL OPERATION.

Dr. Treves, an eminent French physician, estimates faecal concretions as occurring in nearly one half of all cases. APPENDICURA dissolves, digests, and eliminates faecal concretions and lime deposits. It contains no Morphine, Opium, etc.

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The following are fair samples of the letters we receive daily about their cure:

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Of a case of bronchitis, so severe that some of my friends began to fear it might be tuberculosis, I was cured in this unfavorable climate, in the month of January, without losing a day from my business, by the use of the Pillow-Inhaler Remedy, after all other medicines and measures had proved unavailing.

You are at liberty to publish this statement, as I deem it a duty to make known the merits of this simple and inexpensive, but efficacious, means of treatment.

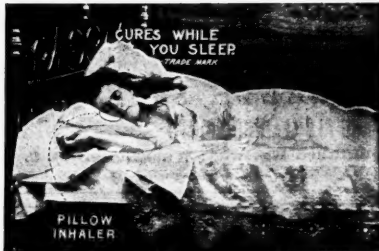
Yours truly,  
E. H. SIBLEY.

(What the Secretary and Manager of a large industrial establishment of New Jersey says.)

STANDARD FIRE-PROOFING CO.,  
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You have a remarkable medicinal agent and appliance.  
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THE PILLOW-INHALER is so constructed, and so charged, that one breathes, during all the sleeping hours, a thoroughly disinfected, pure and curing air (an air charged with tar, iodine, carbolic, and other healing properties). It is simple, safe, and easy to use. It enables you to sleep for from 7 to 10 hours each night in a perfect climate—made in one's own bed-chamber.

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When ordering, send money with order by New York Draft, Registered Letter, Post Office or Express Money Order—and state trouble for which the Pillow-Inhaler is desired.

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When you have tried all other "removers," write me. I advertise but little, my friends keep me busy by sending others. I have no quicklime, soapstone, sulphur or electrical "specific." I have the true secret of killing the hair by dissolving roots. Hair never returns. Over 9000 cases successfully treated last year. Send two stamps for private sealed information. My personal attention given you.

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## HEART DISEASE.

### SOME FACTS REGARDING THE RAPID INCREASE OF HEART TROUBLES.

#### Do Not Be Alarmed, but Look for the Cause.

Heart troubles, at least among Americans, are certainly increasing, and while this may be largely due to the excitement and worry of American business life, it is more often the result of weak stomachs, of poor digestion.

Real organic heart disease is incurable; but not one case in a hundred of heart trouble is organic.

The close relation between heart trouble and poor digestion is because both organs are controlled by branches of the same great nerves, the Sympathetic and Pneumogastric.

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The most sensible treatment for heart troubles is to improve the digestion and to insure the prompt assimilation of food.

This can best be done by the regular use, after meals, of some safe, pleasant, and effective digestive preparation, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, which may be found at most drug stores, and which contain valuable, harmless digestive elements in a pleasant, convenient form.

It is safe to say that the regular, persistent use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at meal time will cure any form of stomach trouble, except cancer of the stomach.

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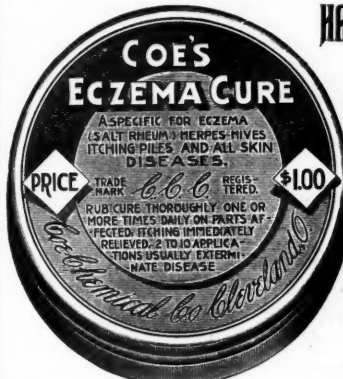
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turn the crank and it comes out perfectly minced. The machine can be cleaned in a minute. It's so strong you couldn't wear it out if you tried; so useful you wonder how you got along without it even for a day.

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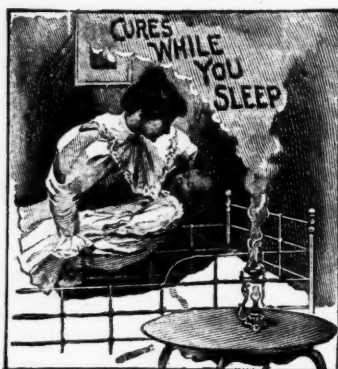
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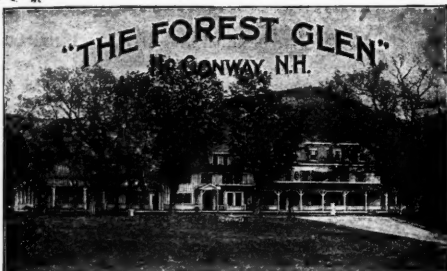
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HAVE you seen the wonderful Microbe Microscope we are offering by mail, post paid, for 50c? It is truly a wonderful little instrument. Everyone is fascinated with it. It has two double convex lenses set in japanned metal discs, which give the image a good, clear definition. Lenses and discs are set in tripod. You focus by simply screwing the disc up or down. Two inch focal length. Cut shows a louse as seen under microscope. You can see the fine saw teeth on his legs, his nippers and eyes with this powerful little glass. Insects invisible to the naked eye seen plainly with the Microbe Microscope. Students will find this instrument invaluable in the study of Botany, Geology, and animalculae. Bankers will find it valuable in examining signatures and figures on checks. Merchants use it to examine fabrics. Farmers will save money if they use it to examine samples of seeds. In fact, there is not a reader of this magazine who will not be benefited, instructed, and amused by possessing the Microbe Microscope. Price, by mail, only 50c.

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are absolutely cured by

## Sulphume

**SULPHUME** is pure sulphur in liquid form, a new chemical discovery. Sulphume when taken internally, and applied as a lotion, will cure any skin disease mankind is heir to.

Price \$1.00 express prepaid.

**SULPHUME SOAP** is the only soap in the world made with liquefied sulphur. It has no equal for the toilet and the bath. Price per box, (3 cakes) 75 cents, express prepaid. One cake for trial, mailed on receipt of 25 cents.

**SULPHUR BATHS** can be taken at home, having all the advantages (and more) of the most famous Sulphur Springs. One bottle of Sulphume makes twelve strong sulphur baths.

Gargling once will cure an ordinary sore throat.

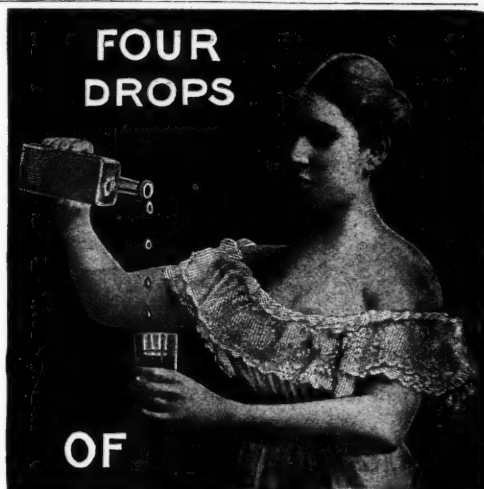
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sively, for health. **Get the Genuine**, made by the **Discoverer and Inventor**, **Dr. H. SANCHE**. Book of particulars and price-list sent free to any address.

DR. H. SANCHE.

*Dear Doctor*,—I have an Oxydonor for every member of my family, and have had for nine years more or less. I would on no account be without them. No one thing, so far as I know, is so efficient and reliable to reinforce our powers in the struggle for existence, outside of Divine aid, as is this discovery of yours.

Yours truly,

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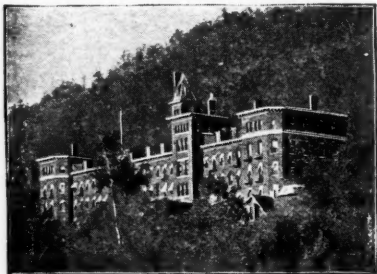
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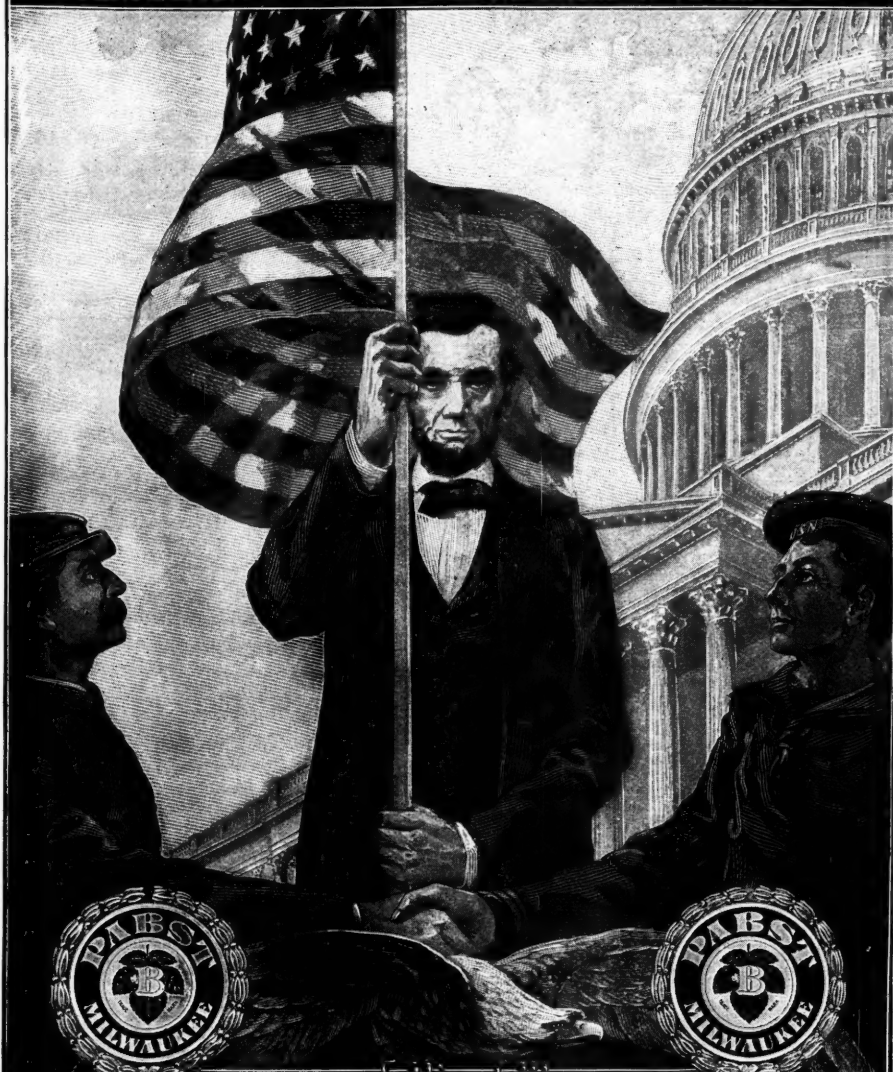
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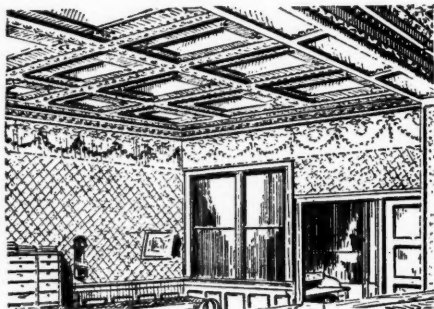
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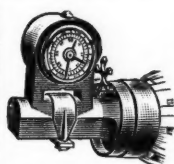
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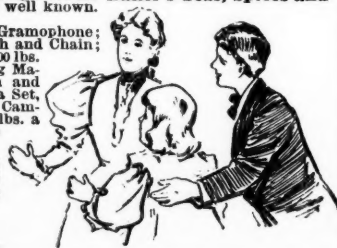


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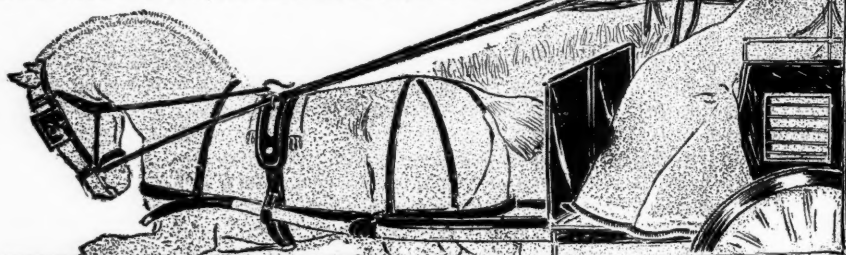
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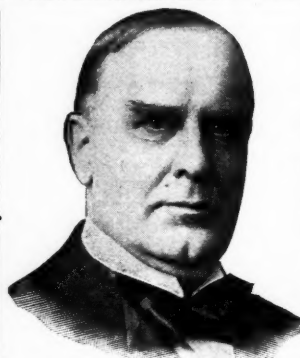
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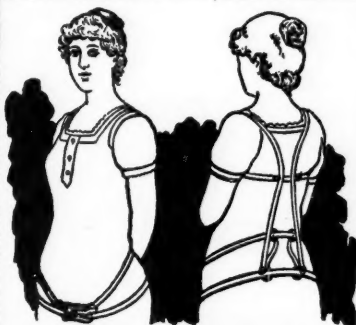
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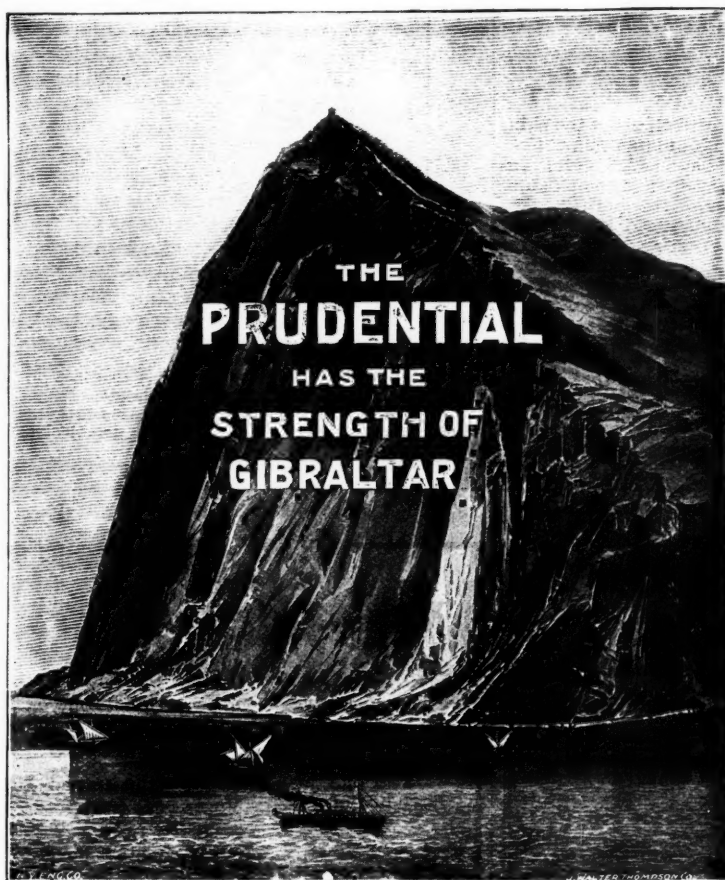
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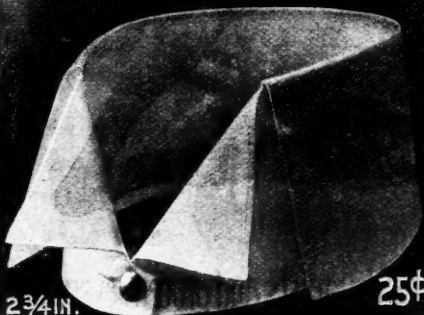
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